Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations

Henry Reed

THE

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

PRACTICAL QUOTATIONS

ENGLISH AND LATIN

WITH AN APPENDIX

CONTAINING

PROVERBS FROM THE LATIN AND MODERN FOREIGN LANGUAGES; LAW AND ECCLESIASTICAL TERMS AND SIGNIFICATIONS; NAMES, DATES AND NATIONALITY OF QUOTED AUTHORS, ETC.,

WITH

COPIOUS INDEXES.

J. K. HOYT AND ANNA L. WARD.

By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we quote.—
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Fourth Edition.

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1882.

A book which hath been culled from the flowers of all books.—
GEORGE ELIOT.

They have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps.—
SHAKESPEARE.

The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract.
ISAAC DISRAELI.

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PREFACE.

The "Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations" now presented to the public, claims to be a novelty only in the abundance of its matter, and the peculiarities of its arrangement. Being, in a large measure, an outgrowth of literary needs, the Editors adopted the word "practical" as expressive of what they believe will be the mission of the book to others; a practical assistant in composition, and a useful addition to every library where books of reference hold a place. Many years of labor have been spent in gathering, proving and arranging the quotations in this volume, and great care has been given to the various indexes. Such explanations as may be necessary to facilitate search are herewith presented.

1. The English and Latin quotations are arranged under subject heads, and it will be noted that, throughout, the arrangement is alphabetical: the subjects first, then the authors, and lastly, the quotations under each name. Those who need merely suggestive thoughts will readily find what they wish under one of the numerous heads, and the same may possibly be the result when a definite quotation is sought, but otherwise a reference to the concordance will be necessary.

2. With each quotation is given the Name of the Writer and the Place where it may be found, thus enabling the reader, if he so desires, to ascertain the context. Very few books of quotations are so complete, in this respect, as the present.

3. The grouping of certain prominent subjects will be found new, attractive and useful. No collections such as those under "Birds," "Flowers," "Months," "Occupations," "Seasons," "Trees," etc., have ever before been made, and their practical value will, we are sure, be appreciated.

If the subjects in the Appendix do not cover quotations, strictly speaking, they certainly do cover much proverbial philosophy, and items of information that are far oftener wanted than found. The object has not been to treat exhaustively any one topic, but to glean what is likely to be most wanted, by popular writers and readers, in the ordinary current of life and work. Here, as elsewhere, usefulness has been studied rather than profuseness. Not a line has been knowingly added merely to expand the book.

INDEXES.

It has been wisely said that no good book is complete without an Index, and the compilers of this volume have a right to claim that, if a good index indicates quality, this book must be very good indeed. The concordance to the English quotations is very full and accurate, and the same may be said of the English translations of the Latin. They are a guide to those not perfectly familiar with that tongue, but who wish to illustrate modern thoughts by ancient wisdom. Any remembered word of prominence will almost surely bring a desired passage to light. A complete alphabetical Latin index is also given.

The attention of the reader is further called to two marked features of the Cyclopædia:

1. The italic letters *a, b, c, d,* etc. These refer to corresponding letters in the page, and enable any person to locate the proper passage with the least possible delay.

2. The asterisk * indicates that the quotation is from Shakespeare, and this will also save time and trouble. The selections from that master of English thought and language are much more numerous than in any other volume of this character.

It will be observed that no one standard of English orthography or composition has been followed. Each author's peculiarities have been respected, as this seemed to be the only safe way to avoid almost insuperable difficulties. In Shakespeare, Knight's text has been adopted, with some slight and seemingly justifiable variations, and in nearly all cases the latest edition of each of the several authors has been taken. The name "Shakespeare" has been given as it has been written for nearly three hundred years. When antiquarians and critics unite upon another orthography, we will use it in a future edition.

A few quotations have been purposely retained under more than one head, where they seemed especially adapted to do double duty, and might be of actual service. In the many thousands of others these would hardly be noticed, even by the persevering critic, without this reference. For other things that may be discovered as actual faults—for sins of commission or omission—the editors beg kindly indulgence. With care and assiduity they have aimed at perfection—but to attain it, in the first edition of a work of this size, is next to an impossibility.

Thanks to those friends whose valuable aid has been a constant joy and sustaining power, through these long years of anxious labor. Their names would be gratefully mentioned, but for the reason that they are so numerous. The value to be set upon the work itself will determine our own and their honor.

New York, December, 1881.

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NOTE.—Readers who seek merely for quotations of a general character will find them best under one of the topical heads. Those in search of a special verse or line should look for it in the concordance guided by some prominent word. If not thus traced it may possibly be found in the proverbs which are not indexed in the concordance but are arranged alphabetically. It will be observed that we give the Latin in two divisions: (*a*) Quotations, (*b*) Proverbs and Mottoes. The first are indexed by their *first lines*, in addition to the full concordance of translations; the second are arranged alphabetically, but are not indexed. There are no quotations from the Bible in this volume, the editors believing that book to be most amply provided for by a score or more of books devoted wholly to it.

THE

CYCLOPÆDIA OF PRACTICAL QUOTATIONS.

A.

ABHORRENCE.

The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
a. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 220.

Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 79.

He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross gartered, a fashion she detests.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me, rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring!
d. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
e. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society.
f. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

For, if the worlds
In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,
He would abhorrent turn.
g. THOMPSON—*The Seasons.* *Summer.* Line 313.

ABILITY.

Men who undertake considerable things, even in a regular way, ought to give us ground to presume ability.
h. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

As we advance in life, we learn the limits of our abilities.
i. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.
j. GAIL HAMILTON—*Country Living and Country Thinking. Men and Women.*

Conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power—
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.
k. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 739.

Whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work.
l. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
m. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 91.

ABSENCE.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
n. THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—*Isle of Beauty.*

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

a. Bishop Heber—*Journal.*

In the hope to meet
Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.

b. Ben Jonson—*Underwoods. Miscellaneous Poems, LVIII.*

Ever absent, ever near;
Still I see thee, still I hear;
Yet I cannot reach thee, dear!

c. Francis Kazinczi—*Separation.*

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

d. Frances Anne Kemble—*Absence.*

Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.
Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
When that dull distance shall no more divide us;
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

e. Longfellow—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Conspicuous by his absence.

f. Lord John Russell—*Quoted from Tacitus. Annals,* III., 76.

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

g. *Sonnet XLIII.*

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere.

h. *Sonnet XCVII.*

I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

ACCIDENT.

Chapter of accidents.

j. Earl of Chesterfield—*Letter,* February 16, 1753.

Nothing with God can be accidental.

k. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

l. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Moving accidents by flood and field.

m. *Othello.* Act 1. Sc. 3.

The accident of an accident.

n. Lord Thurlow—*Speech in reply to Lord Grafton.*

ACTION.

Let's meet and either do or die.

o. Beaumont and Fletcher—*The Island Princess.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Laws and institutions are constantly tending to gravitate. Like clocks, they must be occasionally cleaned, and wound up, and set to true time.

p. Henry Ward Beecher—*Life Thoughts.*

Think that day lost whose (low) descending Sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

q. Bobart.

Fundamentally, there is no such thing as private action. All actions are public—in themselves or their consequences.

r. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Actions.*

Let us do or die.

s. Thos. Campbell—*Gertrude of Wyoming.* Pt. III. St. 37.
Burns—*Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn.* St. 6

Our grand business is, not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand.

t. Carlyle—*Essays. Signs of the Times.*

Every noble activity makes room for itself. A great mind is a good sailor, as a great heart is.

u. Emerson—*Voyage to England.*

Our acts, our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

v. John Fletcher—*Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.* Line 37.

The doing right alone teaches the value or the meaning of right; the doing it willingly, if the will is happily constituted; the doing it unwillingly, or under compulsion, if persuasion fails to convince.

w. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. On Progress.* Pt. III.

A fiery chariot, borne on buoyant pinions,
Sweeps near me now! I soon shall ready be
To pierce the ether's high unknown dominions,
To reach new spheres of pure activity.

x. Goethe—*Faust.*

That action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

y. Hutchinson—*Inquiry; Concerning Moral Good and Evil.* Sec. 3.

Attack is the reaction; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds.
a. Sam'l Johnson—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, An. 1775.

I have always thought the actions of men the best interpreters of their thoughts.
b. Locke—*Human Understanding*. Bk. I. Ch. 3.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.
c. Longfellow—*Psalm of Life.*

—Trust no future howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury their dead!
Act,—act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!
d. Longfellow—*Psalm of Life.*

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.
e. Marvell—*Upon Cromwell's return from Ireland.*

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.
f. Milton—*Paradise Lost*. Bk. I. Line 830.

How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them.
g. *Troilus and Cressida*. Act IV. Sc. 2.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.
h. *Macbeth*. Act I. Sc. 7.

In such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears.
i. *Coriolanus*. Act III. Sc. 2.

So smile the Heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
j. *Romeo and Juliet*. Act II. Sc. 6.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action.
k. *Hamlet*. Act III. Sc. 2.

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.
l. *Henry IV*. Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd.
m. *Henry VIII*. Act I. Sc. 2.

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other then event doth form it.
n. *Troilus and Cressida*. Act II. Sc. 2.

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers.
o. *Henry VIII*. Act I. Sc. 2.

Heaven never helps the men who will not act.
p. *Sophocles*. *Fragment* 288.

Rightness expresses of actions, what straightness does of lines; and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight line.
q. Herbert Spencer—*Social Statics*, Ch. XXXII. Par. 4.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
r. Tennyson—*The Charge of the Light Brigade*. St. 2.

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man, that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.
s. George Washington—*Social Maxims. Friendship.*

Action is transitory, a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that.
t. Wordsworth—*The Borderers*. Act III.

All may do what has by man been done.
u. Young—*Night Thoughts*. Night VI. Line 606.

ADMIRATION.

No nobler feeling than this, of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life.
v. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship*. Lecture I.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.
w. Fitz-Greene Halleck—*On the death of Joseph R. Drake.*

Few men are admired by their servants.
x. Montaigne—*Essays*. Bk. III. Ch. 2.

We always like those who admire us, we do not always like those whom we admire.
y. Rochefoucauld—*Maxim* 294.

What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever.
z. *Winter's Tale*. Act IV. Sc. 3.

ADVERSITY.

And these vicissitudes come best in youth;
For when they happen at a riper age,
People are apt to blame the fates forsooth,
And wonder Providence is not more sage.
Adversity is the first path to truth:
He who hath proved war, storm or woman's rage,
Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
Has won the experience which is deem'd so weighty.
aa. Byron—*Don Juan*. Canto XII. St. 50.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

a. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture V.

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

b. GOLDSMITH—*The Captivity.* Act I.

Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!

c. GRAY—*Ode to Adversity.* St. 1.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.

d. ROCHEFOUCAULD—*Reflections. XV.*

Bold adversity
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war wearied limbs.

e. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 4.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.

f. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

g. *As You Like It.* Act. II. Sc. 1.

Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity.

h. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

They can be meek that have no other cause,
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry.

i. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 1.

ADVICE.

The worst men often give the best advice:
Our deeds are sometimes better than our thoughts.

j. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

She had a good opinion of advice,
Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,
For which small thanks are still the market price,
Even where the article at highest rate is.

k. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XV. St. 29.

Let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil where he is known.

l. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

Be loving and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

m. D. M. MULOCK—*Olive.* Ch. XXIV.

Be niggards of advice on no pretense;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.

n. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 578.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

o. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

p. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve.

q. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again.

r. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

AFFECTION.

Affection is the broadest basis of a good life.

s. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. V. Ch. 35.

As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

t. GOLDSMITH—*She Stoops to Conquer.* Act IV.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

u. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. II. St. 1.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else suffer'd it will set the heart on fire.

v *Venus and Adonis.* Line 387.

So loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.

w. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Such affection and unbroken faith
As temper life's worst bitterness.

x. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act. III. Sc. 1.

AFFLICTION.

Affliction, like the iron-smith, shapes as it smites.

y. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought.* *Affliction.*

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
a. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself,
Enough, Enough, and die.
b. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
c. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Affliction is not sent in vain
From that good God who chastens whom he loves.
d. SOUTHEY—*Madoc.* Pt. III. Line 74.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb!
e. WHITTIER—*To my friend on the death of his sister.*

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
f. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 406.

AGE (OLD.)

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
g. ELIZABETH AKERS—*Rock Me to Sleep.*

Weak withering age no rigid law forbids
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Glibblier to play.
h. JOHN ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. II. Line 486

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.
i. BACON—Essay XLII. *Of Youth and Age.*

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.
j. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. I. St. 25.

To resist with success, the frigidity of old age, one must combine the body, the mind, and the heart; to keep these in parallel vigor, one must exercise, study and love.
k. BONSTETTEN—*In Abel Stevens' Madame de Stael.* Ch. XXVI.

No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.
l. BRYANT—*The Old Man's Funeral.*

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.
m. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 88.

Just as old age is creeping on apace,
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
But in good company—the gout or stone.
n. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 59.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!
o. BYRON—*On my Thirty-sixth Year.*

Dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
p. CAMPBELL—*Lochiel's Warning.* Line 53.

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth.
q. CICERO.

Life's shadows are meeting Eternity's day.
r. JAMES G. CLARKE—*Leona.*

The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe and fit for use:
So age a mature mellowness doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat.
s. Sir JOHN DENHAM—*Cato Major.* Pt. IV.

Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.
t. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—Trans. *Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 212.

We do not count a man's years, until he has nothing else to count.
u. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Old Age.*

Old age is courteous—no one more:
For time after time he knocks at the door,
But nobody says, "Walk in, sir, pray!"
Yet turns he not from the door away,
But lifts the latch, and enters with speed,
And then they cry, "A cool one, indeed."
v. GOETHE—*Old Age.*

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
w. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 251.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline—
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease!
x. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 97

Slow-consuming age.
a. GRAY—*Ode on Eton College.* St. 9.

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?
b. HOOD—*Ballad.*

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
c. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 308.

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 284.

And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act III. Sc. 3.

How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 250.

The course of my long life hath reached at last,
In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,
The common harbor, where must rendered be,
Account of all the actions of the past.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Old Age.*

The sunshine fails, the shadows grow more dreary,
And I am near to fall, infirm and weary.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Canzone.*

Whatever poet, orator, or sage may say of it, old age is still old age.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 264.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.
j. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XL.

Set is the sun of my years;
And over a few poor ashes,
I sit in my darkness and tears.
k. GERALD MASSEY—*A Wail.*

The ages roll
Forward; and forward with them, draw my soul
Into time's infinite sea.
And to be glad, or sad, I care no more:
But to have done, and to have been, before
I cease to do and be.
l. OWEN MEREDITH—*The Wanderer.* Bk. IV. *A Confession and Apology.* St. 9.

So may'st thou live till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 535.

So Life's year begins and closes;
Days, though short'ning, still can shine;
What though youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.
n. MOORE—*Spring and Autumn.*

Thyself no more deceive, thy youth hath fled.
o. PETRARCH—*To Laura in Death. Sonnet LXXXII.*

Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
p. POPE—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 3.

Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way.
q. PORTEUS—*Death.* Line 109.

What makes old age so sad is, not that our joys, but that our hopes cease.
r. RICHTER.

O, roses for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me
Grown old before my time.
s. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Song.* St. 1.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage.
t. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. Pt. XXI.

Thus pleasures fade away;
Youth, talents, beauty thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and gray;
u. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Introduction to Canto II. St. 2.

Old friends are best. King James us'd to call for his old shoes, they were easiest for his feet.
v. SELDEN—*Table Talk. Friends.*

And his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.
w. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

An old man is twice a child.
x. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
y. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

At your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment.
z. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Begin to patch up thine old body for heaven.
aa. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 4.

For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them.
a. *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world.
b. *Titus Andronicus.* Act 1. Sc. 2.

His silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.
d. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this!
e. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

O father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

O, heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,
Make it your cause.
h. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
i. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.
j. *King Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory,
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth maiest know,
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
l. *Sonnet LXXII.*

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.
m. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 3

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzle snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory.
n. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December.
o. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

When the age is in, the wit is out.
p. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 5.

You are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine.
q. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both.
r. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.
s. SWIFT—*Thoughts on Various Subjects, Moral and Diverting.*

Age, too, shines out, and garrulous recounts the feats of youth,
t. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 1229.

O good gray head which all men knew,
u. TENNYSON—*On the Death of the Duke of Wellington.* St. 4.

A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.
v. WORDSWORTH—*The Fountain.*

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.
w. WORDSWORTH—*To a Young Lady.*

Thus fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.
x. WORDSWORTH—*The Fountain.* St. 9.

Shall we—shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of their wretched soil?
y. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 111.

AGONY.

Just prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven and feeling hell.
z. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Fire Worshippers.* Line 1028.

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
aa. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony.
bb. SHELLEY—*Lines written among the Euganean Hills.* Line 66.

AMBITION.

All ambitions, upward tending,
Like plants in mines, which never saw the sun.
a. Robert Browning—*Paracelsus.*

My hour at last is come;
Yet not ingloriously or passively
I die, but first will do some valiant deed,
Of which mankind shall hear in after time.
b. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XXII. Line 375.

No man is born without ambitious worldly desires.
c. Carlyle—*Essays. Schiller.*

Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.
d. Churchill—*Epistle to Hogarth.* Line 51.

The noblest spirit is most strongly attracted by the love of glory.
e. Cicero.

I had a soul above buttons.
f. George Coleman, Jr.—*Sylvester Daggerwood, or New Hay at the Old Market.* Sc. 1.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
And never rests till it the first attain;
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
But never stays till it the last do gain.
g. Sir John Davies—*The Immortality of the Soul.*

Wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
h. Dryden—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 190.

The lover of letters loves power too.
i. Emerson—*Clubs.*

All may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.
j. Herbert—*The Temple. The Church-Porch.*

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
k. John Home—*Douglas.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail.
l. Sam'l Johnson—*Prologue to the Tragedy of Irene,*

I see, but cannot reach, the height
That lies forever in the light.
m. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II. *A Village Church.*

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.
n. Longfellow—*Drift-Wood. Table-Talk.*

What else remains for me?
Youth, hope, and love;
To build a new life on a ruined life.
o. Longfellow—*Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VIII. *In the Garden.*

Ambition has no rest.
p. Bulwer-Lytton—*Richelieu.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows.
A harvest of barren regrets.
q. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto II. St. 10.

Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
r. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 263.

But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd; obnoxious first or last
To basest things.
s. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 168.

Here may we reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell.
t. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 261.

If at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand,
They whom I favor thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want.
u. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 426.

Such joy ambition finds.
v. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 92.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty;
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.
w. James Montgomery—*Aspirations of Youth.* St. 3.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.
x. Moore—*Remember Thee.*

From servants hasting to be gods.
y. Pollok—*Course of Time.* Bk. II. *Just and Unjust Rulers.*

But see how oft ambition's aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost!
z. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto V. Line 108.

Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
a. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 123.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
b. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 74.

Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind.
c. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 157.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.
d. QUARLES—*Emblems.* Bk. IV. Emblem 3.

A threefold measure dwells in Space—
Restless Length, with flying race;
Stretching forward, never ending,
Ever widening, Breadth extendeth
Ever groundless, Depth descendeth.

Types in these thou dost possess;—
Restless, onward thou must press,
Never halt nor languor know,
To the Perfect wouldst thou go;—
Let thy reach with Breadth extend
Till the world it comprehend—
Dive into the Depth to see
Germ and root of all that be.
Ever onward must thy soul;—
'Tis the progress gains the goal;
Ever widen more its bound;
In the Full the clear is found,
And the Truth—dwells under ground.
e. SCHILLER—*Sentences of Confucius.* *Space.*

Ambition is no cure for love.
f. SCOTT—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto I. St. 27.

Ambition's debt is paid.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. III. Sc. 1.

I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor
I am the most offending soul alive.
h. *Henry V.* Act. IV. Sec. 3.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition; which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—
i. *Macbeth.* Act. I. Sc. 7.

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.
j. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act. V. Sc. 4.

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
k. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
By that, sin, fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
l. *Henry VIII.* Act. III. Sc. 2.

The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
m. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. III. Sc. 2.

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have.
n. *Henry VIII.* Act. III. Sc. 2.

The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.
o. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.
p. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

How many a rustic Milton has pass'd by,
Stifling the speechless longings of his heart,
In unremitting drudgery and care!
How many a vulgar Cato has compelled
His energies, no longer tameless then,
To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail!
r. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Pt. V. St. 9.

I was born to other things.
s. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CXIX.

How like a mounting devil in the heart,
Rules the unreined ambition.
t. WILLIS—*Parrhasius.*

Mad ambition trumpeteth to all.
u. WILLIS—*From a Poem delivered at Yale College in* 1827.

Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
Press on!—"for in the grave there is no work
And no device."—Press on! while yet you may!

a. Willis—*From a Poem delivered at Yale College in* 1827.

Ambition has but one reward for all:
A little power, a little transient fame,
A grave to rest in, and a fading name!

b. William Winter—*The Queen's Domain.* Line 90.

Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

c. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 273.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

d. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 215.

ANGELS.

Angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

e. Campbell—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. II. Line 357.

Angel visits, few and far between.

f. Campbell—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. II. Line 386.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

g. Longfellow—*Footsteps of Angels.*

The good one, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.
Now if my act be good, as I believe,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.
The rest is yours.

h. Longfellow—*Christus, The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

All God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.

i. Lowell—*On the Death of a Friend's Child.* Line 21.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

j. Lowell—*She Came and Went.*

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till 'wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The Angels with us unawares.

k. Gerald Massey—*The Ballad of Babe Cristabel.*

As far as Angel's ken.

l. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. 1. Line 59.

God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.

m. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 569.

Sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled!

n. Milton—*Comus.* Line 249.

The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd.

o. Milton—*Hymn on the Nativity.* St. 110.

Angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strung
Their harps.

p. Moore—*Loves of the Angels. Third Angel's Story.*

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

q. Rogers—*Human Life.*

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

r. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

s. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

We hold the keys of Heaven within our hands,
The gift and heirloom of a former state,
And lie in infancy at Heaven's gate,
Transfigured in the light that streams along the lands!
Around our pillow's golden ladders rise,
And up and down the skies,
With winged sandals shod,
The angels come, and go, the Messengers of God!

t. Stoddard—*Hymn to the Beautiful.* St. 3.

ANGER.

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

u. Burns—*Tam O'Shanter.* Line 5.

But curb thou the high spirit in thy breast,
For gentle ways are best, and keep aloof
From sharp contentions.

v. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 317.

Beware the fury of a patient man.
a. DRYDEN—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 1005.

A man deep-wounded may feel too much pain
To feel much anger.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Anger seeks its prey,—
Something to tear with sharp-edged tooth and claw,
Likes not to go off hungry, leaving Love
To feast on milk and honeycomb at will.
c. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul.
d. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Anger.*

Anger wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear-glands; pride, two bent knees.
e. RICHTER. *Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. IV.

Alas why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
f. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.
h. *Coriolanus.* Act. IV. Sc. 2.

Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart.
i. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Come not within the measure of my wrath.
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye,
I can tell who should down.
k. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 2.

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.
l. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Put him to choler straight; He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction.
m. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
n. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Touch me with noble anger!
And let not women's weapon, water drops
Stain my man's cheeks.
o. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4

What, drunk with choler?
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Senseless, and deformed,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent settles into fell revenge.
q. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 280.

ANGLING.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing, is, alone;
All other pastimes, do no less
Than mind and body, both possess:
My hand alone my work can do;
So, I can fish and study too.
r. WILLIAM BASSE—*The Angler's Song.*

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were; and fish the last
Food was, that He on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those,
Whom he to follow him hath chose.
s. WILLIAM BASSE—*The Angler's Song.*

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapors breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
t. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 135.

Give me mine angle, we'll to the river; there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawney-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws.
u. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

3 *Fish.* Master I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones.
v. *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The pleas'nt angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
x. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so.
y. WALTON—*The Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. I.

I am, Sir, a Brother of the angle.
z. WALTON—*The Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. I.

I shall stay him no longer than to wish * * * that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.

a. WALTON—*The Complete Angler. The Author's Preface.*

Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him.

b. WALTON—*The Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. V.

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

c. WALTON—*The Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. V.

ANIMALS.

The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry,
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound.

d. BYRON—*Siege of Corinth.* Pt. XXXIII.

His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest.

e. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 86.

I hold a mouse's hert not worth a leek,
That hath but oon hole to sterte to.

f. CHAUCER—*Prologue of the Wyfe of Bathe,* V. 572.

If 'twere not for my cat and dog,
I think I could not live.

g. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*Poor Andrew.* St. I.

The lion is not so fierce as painted.

h. FULLER—*Of Expecting Preferment.*

The gazelles so gentle and clever,
Skip lightly in frolicsome mood.

i. HEINE—*Book of Songs, Lyrical.* Interlude No. 9.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.

j. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken.

k. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

The swift stag from underground
Bore up his branching head.

l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 469.

They rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness,
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined.

m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 392.

Th' unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis.

n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 345.

Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine.

o. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 50.

The mountain sheep were sweeter,
But the valley sheep were fatter.

p. THOS. L. PEACOCK—*The Misfortunes of Ephur.* (P. 141.)

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

q. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 111.

How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine.

r. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 221.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

s. POPE—*On the Collar of a Dog.*

The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

t. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 41.

The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

u. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 44.

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

v. POPE—*The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue.* Line 298.

Rouse the lion from his lair.

w. SCOTT—*The Talisman.* Ch. VI.

A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

x. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Give me another horse, bind up my wounds.

y. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire.

z. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear.

aa. *King Henry V.* Chorus to Act IV.

The Elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

bb. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanche, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.
a. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 6.

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
b. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 6.

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
c. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Spit on a serpent, and his vigor flies,
He straight devours himself, and quickly dies.
d. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Serpents.*

ANTIQUITY.

Among so many things as are by men possessed or pursued in the whole course of their lives, all the rest are baubles besides (*sic.*), old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read.
e. ALFONSO, KING OF ARAGON. (Quoted by Sir William Temple.)

I love everything that's old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.
f. GOLDSMITH—*She Stoops to Conquer.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink!
Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!
g. MELCHIOR—*Floresta Española de Apothegmaso sentencais,* 11, 1, 20.
BACON—*Apothegms,* 97.

With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears;
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
h. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. V. Line 35.

My copper-lamps, at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought;
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought;
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.
i. PRIOR—*Alma.* Canto III.

In an age
When men were men, and not ashamed of heaven.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 2.

APPAREL.

Dress drains our cellar dry
And keeps our larder clean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
k. COOPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 614.

He that is proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rattling of his fetters. For, indeed, clothes ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocency.
l. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Apparel.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd.
m. BEN JONSON—*The Silent Woman.* Act I. Sc. 5 (*Song*).

So tedious is this day,
As in the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.
n. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The soul of this man is his clothes.
o. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 5.

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace.
q. THOMSON—*Castle of Indolence.* Canto I. St. 26.

APPETITE.

Gazed around them to the left and right
With the prophetic eye of appetite.
r. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 50.

Govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 546.

Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston.
t. RABELAIS—*Works.* Bk. I. Ch. 5.

Doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age.
u. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite.
v. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
w. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Read o'er this;
And after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
x. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Who can cloy the hungry edge of appetite?
a. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

And through the hall there walked to and fro,
A iolly yeoman, marshall of the same,
Whose name was Appetite ; he did bestow
Both guestes and meate, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame.
b. SPENSER—*Faerie Queene.* Bk. II. Canto IX. St. 28.

APPLAUSE.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.
c. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause.
d. EMERSON—*An Address.* July 15, 1838.

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes ;
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement ;
Nor do I think tne man of safe discretion,
That does affect it.
e. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

They threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.
g. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

ARGUMENT.

Much may be said on both sides.
h. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 122.

I've heard old cunning stagers say, fools for arguments use wagers.
i. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto I. Line 297.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.
j. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 131.

A knock-down argument: 'tis but a word and a blow.
k. DYRDEN—*Amphitryon.* Act I. Sc. 1.

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still.
l. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 211.

His conduct still right with his argument wrong.
m. GOLDSMITH—*Retaliation.* Line 46.

I have found you an argument, I am not obliged to find you an understanding.
n. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1784.

If he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar.
o. BEN JONSON—*The Alchemist.* Act II. Sc. 1.

In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.
p. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 903.

Reason not impossibility, may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd
And fall into deception unaware.
q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 360.

Subdue
By force who reason for their law refuse—
Right reason for their law.
r. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 40.

In argument
Similes are like songs in love:
They must describe ; they nothing prove.
s. PRIOR—*Alma.* Canto III.

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
t. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 1.

His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search..
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

I have no other but a woman's reason ;
I think him so, because I think him so.
w. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc 2.

Leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method.
x. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear.
y. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.
z. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Strong reasons make strong actions.
aa. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.
bb. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 1.

They are yet but ear-kissing argument.
a. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 1.

If thou continuest to take delight in idle argumentation thou mayest be qualified to combat with the sophists, but never know how to love with men.
b. SOCRATES.

ART.

The art of a thing is, first, its aim, and next, its manner of accomplishment.
c. C. N. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Art and Artists.*

Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.
d. SIR THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Sec. 16.

There is an art of reading, as well as an art of thinking, and an art of writing.
e. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character.* Ch. XI.

The conscious utterance of thought by speech or action, to any end, is art.
f. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Art.*

The power depends on the depth of the artist's insight of that object he contemplates.
g. EMERSON—*Essay on Art.*

The perfection of an art consists in the employment of a comprehensive system of laws, commensurate to every purpose within its scope, but concealed from the eye of the spectator; and in the production of effects that seem to flow forth spontaneously, as though uncontrolled by their influence, and which are equally excellent, whether regarded individually, or in reference to the proposed result.
h. GOOD—*The Book of Nature.* Series I. Lecture IX.

There are two kinds of artists in this world; those that work because the spirit is in them, and they cannot be silent if they would, and those that speak from a conscientious desire to make apparent to others the beauty that has awakened their own admiration.
i. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. I. Ch. V.

The temple of art is built of words. Painting and sculpture and music are but the blazon of its windows, borrowing all their significance from the light, and suggestive only of the temple's uses.
j. HOLLAND—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Art and Life.*

The one thing that marks the true artist is a clear perception and a firm, bold hand, in distinction from that imperfect mental vision and uncertain touch which give us the feeble pictures and the lumpy statues of the mere artisans on canvas or in stone,
k. HOLMES—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. IX.

Piety in art—poetry in art—puseyism in art, let us be careful how we confound them.
l. Mrs. JAMESON—*Memoirs and Essays. The House of Titian.*

Art is Power.
m. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. 3. Ch. V.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face;
Her aspect and her attitude.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Kéramos.* Line 382.

The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in art.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Kéramos.* Line 380.

Art in fact is the effort of man to express the ideas which Nature suggests to him of a power above Nature, whether that power be within the recesses of his own being, or in the Great First Cause of which Nature, like himself, is but the effect.
p. BULWER LYTTON—*Caxtoniana. On the Moral Effect of Writers.*

Artists may produce excellent designs, but they will avail little, unless the taste of the public is sufficiently cultivated to appreciate them,
q. GEORGE C. MASON—*Art Manufactures* Ch. XIX.

One of the first principles of decorative art is, that in all manufactures, ornament must hold a place subordinate to that of utility; and when, by its exuberance, ornament interferes with utility, it is misplaced and vulgar.
r. GEORGE C. MASON—*Art Manufactures.* Ch. XIX.

Art is Nature made by Man
To Man the interpreter of God.
s. OWEN MEREDITH—*The Artist.* St. 26.

The perfection of art is to conceal art.
t. QUINTILIAN.

Greater completion marks the progress of art, absolute completion usually its decline.
u. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Architecture. The Lamp of Beauty.*

Seraphs share with thee
Knowledge: But Art, O Man, is thine alone!
v. SCHILLER—*The Artist.* St. 2.

His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed.
w. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 292.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light.
a. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

It was Homer who gave laws to the artist.
b. FRANCIS WAYLAND—*The Iliad and the Bible.*

AURORA.

Aurora had but newly chased the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light.
c. DRYDEN—*Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. I. Line 186.

Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying.
d. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 19.

See now, that radiant bow of pillared fires
Spanning the hills like dawn, until they lie
In soft tranquillity,
And all night's ghastly glooms asunder roll.
e. D. M. MULOCK—*The Aurora on the Clyde.*

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards:
f. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.
g. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3. *Song.*

The wolves have prey'd: and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about,
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
h. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 3.

At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegroome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his drawie hayre;
And hurl'd his glistering beams through gloomy ayre.
i. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Ch. V. St. 2.

Aurora doth with gold adorn
The ever beauteous eyelids of the morn.
j. ROGER WALCOTT—*A Brief Account of the Agency of the Hon. John Winthrop.*

AUTHORITY.

All authority must be out of a man's self, turned * * either upon an art, or upon a man.
k. BACON—*Natural History. Century X. Of the Secret Virtue of Sympathy.*

All people said she had authority.
l. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. V. Line 221.

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will.
m. TENNYSON—*Morte d'Arthur.* Line 121.

See that some one with authority
Be near her still.
n. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. VI. Line 219.

And though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold.
o. *A Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sec. 3.

There is no fettering of authority.
p. *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel the title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
q. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.
And the creature run from the cur: There,
There, thou might'st behold the great image of authority;
A dog's obey'd in office.
r. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Thus can the demi-god, Authority
Make us pay down for our offense by weight.
s. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Keep cool and you command everybody.
t. ST. JUST.

AVARICE.

So for a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.
u. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 216.

Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill;
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.
v. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.*

The unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasures.
w. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 398.

He sat among his bags, and, with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed; and midst abundance died—
Sorest of evils!—died of utter want.
x. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. III. Line 276.

Be niggards of advice on no pretense;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
a. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 578.

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
b. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 1.

Decrepit miser; base, ignoble wretch;
I am descended of a gentler blood.
c. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

There grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands.
d. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

This avarice
Strikes deeper, grows with more pernicious root.
f. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Poverty is in want of much, but avarice of everything.
g. PUBLIUS SYRUS.

B.

BALLADS.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.
h. DRYDEN—*Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.*

I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.
i. ANDREW FLETCHER—*Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes.*

I have a passion for ballads.
* * * * * * *
They are the gypsy-children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature,—in the genial Summer-time.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. II.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same meter ballad-mongers.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.
l. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

BEAUTY.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and pales upon the sense.
m. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 4.

There's nothing that allays an angry mind
So soon as a sweet beauty.
n. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Elder Brother.* Act. III. Sc. 5.

Thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.
o. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 42.

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might the majesty of Loveliness?
p. BYRON—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 6.

We do love beauty at first sight; and we do cease to love it, if it is not accompanied by amiable qualities.
q. LYDIA MARIA CHILD—*Beauty.*

A delusion, a mockery, and a snare.
r. LORD DENMAN—*O'Connell. The Queen. Clark and Finnelly.*

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit.
s. DRYDEN—*Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 1.

The beautiful rests on the foundations of the necessary.
t. EMERSON—*Essay. On the Poet.*

In beauty, faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
u. GAY—*Fable. The Peacock, Turkey and Goose.* Line 1.

'Tis impious pleasure to delight in harm,
And beauty should be kind as well as charm.
v. GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne)—*To Myra.* Line 21.

Beauty was lent to nature as the type
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.
w. S. J. HALE—*Beauty. In Dict. of Poetical Quotations.*

Cheeks like the mountain-pink that grows
Among white-headed majesties.
x. JEAN INGELOW—*Reflections.* Pt. II.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
a. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 1.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty.
b. KEATS—*Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

'Tis beauty calls, and glory shows the way.
c. NATHANIEL LEE—*Alexander the Great.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay?
d. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora. The Workshop of Hephæstus. Chorus of the Graces.*

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.
e. LONGFELLOW—*The Wreck of the Hesperus.* St. 2.

Beauty like wit, to judge should be shown;
Both most are valued where they best are known.
f. LYTTLETON—*Soliloquy of a Beauty.* Line 11.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
g. MARLOWE—*Faustus.*

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 220.

Beauty, which, neither waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 14.

Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the bloom of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd grace discloses
The sweetest rose, where all are roses.
j. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LXVI.*

To weave a garland for the rose,
And think thus crown'd 'twould lovelier be,
Were far less vain than to suppose
That silks and gems add grace to thee.
k. MOORE—*Songs from the Greek Anthology. To Weave a Garland.*

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
l. POPE—*Essay. On Criticism.* Pt. II. Line 45.

For when with beauty we can virtue join,
We paint the semblance of a point divine.
m. PRIOR—*To the Countess of Oxford.*

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
n. ROWE—*The Fair Penitent.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The beauty that addresses itself to the eyes is only the spell of the moment; the eye of the body is not always that of the soul.
o. GEORGES SAND—*Handsome Lawrence.* Ch. I.

What as *Beauty* here is won
We shall as *Truth* in some hereafter know.
p. SCHILLER—*The Artists.* St. 5.

Beauty comes, we scarce know how, as an emanation from sources deeper than itself.
q. SHAIRP—*Studies in Poetry and Philosophy. Moral Motive Power.*

Beauty doth varnish age.
r. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
s. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
t. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once's forever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.
u. *The Passionate Pilgrim.* St. 13.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
v. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
w. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 3.

For her own person,
It beggar'd all description.
x. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
y. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act. V. Sc. 3.

I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
z. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.
a. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
c. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring.
d. *Pericles.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
e. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
f. *Twelfth Night.* Act 1. Sc. 5.

I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.
g. Socrates.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the skye withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexion's dew.
h. Spenser—*Faerie Queene.* Canto III. St. 22.

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.
i. Sir John Suckling—*Brennoralt.* Act III.

She stood a sight to make an old man young.
j. Tennyson—*The Gardener's Daughter.*

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
k. Thomson—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 204.

Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self.
l. Thomson—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 209.

Beauty with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sov'reignty in rudest minds.
m. Waller—*Upon His Majesty's Repairing of St. Paul's.*

And beauty born of murmuring sound.
n. Wordsworth—*Three Years she Grew in Sun and Shower.*

What's female beauty but an air divine
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine.
o. Young—*Satire VI.* Line 151.

BED.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.
p. Isaac De Benserade—*Translated by Dr. Johnson.*

The bed has become a place of luxury to me! I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world.
q. Napoleon.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
r. Richard Saunders (Benj. Franklin) *Poor Richard's Almanac.*

BEGGARS.

Beggars should (must) be no choosers.
s. Beaumont and Fletcher—*Scornful Lady.* Act V. Sc. 3.

A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
t. Sir Walter Raleigh—*The Silent Lover.*

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks.
u. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
v. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door,
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
w. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The old adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted, run their horse to death.
x. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 4.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary.
y. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

BELIEF.

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.
z. Bacon—*Essays. Of Atheism.*

O how far removed,
Predestination! is thy foot from such
As see not the First Cause entire: and ye,
O mortal men! be wary how ye judge:
For we, who see the Maker, know not yet
The number of the chosen; and esteem
Such scantiness of knowledge our delight:
For all our good is, in that primal good,
Concentrate; and God's will and ours are one.
aa. Dante—*Vision of Paradise.* Canto XX. Line 122.

You can and you can't,
You will and you won't;
You'll be damn'd if you do,
You'll be damn'd if you don't.
bb. Lorenzo Dow—*Chain (Definition of Calvinism).*

Belief consists in accepting the affirmations of the soul; unbelief, in denying them.
a. EMERSON—*Montaigne.*

The practical effect of a belief is the real test of its soundness.
b. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

When in God thou believest, near God thou wilt certainly be!
c. LELAND—*The Return of the Gods.* Line 150.

O thou, whose days are yet all spring,
Faith, blighted once is past retrieving;
Experience is a dumb, dead thing;
The victory's in believing.
d. LOWELL—*To* ———

A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.
e. MILTON—*Areopagitica.*

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
f. MOORE—*Come Send Round the Wine.*

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
g. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 305.

If I am right thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way!
h. POPE—*Universal Prayer.*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.
i. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Line 330.

And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.
j. PRAED—*Poems of Life and Manners.* Pt. II. *The Vicar.* St. 9.

"Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper,—"orthodoxy is my doxy,—heterodoxy is another man's doxy."
k. JOSEPH PRIESTLY—*Memoirs.*

No one is so much alone in the universe as a denier of God. With an orphaned heart, which has lost the greatest of fathers, he stands mourning by the immeasurable corpse of nature, no longer moved or sustained by the Spirit of the universe, but growing in its grave; and he mourns, until he himself crumbles away from the dead body.
l. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces. First Flower Piece.*

I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

Stands not within the prospect of belief.
n. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

To add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
o. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

What ardently we wish, we soon believe.
p. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Pt. II. Line 1311.

BELLS.

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
q. BOWLES—*Fourteen Sonnets. Ostend. On Hearing the Bells at Sea.*

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell,
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
Which raised us baith.
r. BURNS—*Death and Dr. Hornbook.* St. 31.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the Soul—the dinner bell.
s. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 49.

How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet.
t. COWPER—*The Task. Winter Walk at Noon.* Line 1.

The church-going bell.
u. COWPER—*Alexander Selkirk.*

Wanwordy, crazy, dinsome thing,
As e'er was framed to jow or ring!
What gar'd them sic in steeple hing,
They ken themsel;
But weel wot I, they couldna bring
Waur sounds frae hell.
v. FERGUSSON—*To the Ton-Kirk Bell.*

I call the Living—I mourn the Dead—
I break the Lightning.
w. *Inscribed on the Great Bell of the Minster of Schaffhausen—also on that of the Church of Art, near Lucerne.*

The cheerful Sabbath bells, where ever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion.
x. LAMB—*The Sabbath Bells.* Line 1.

He heard the convent bell,
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
y. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower!
b. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Prologue.

These bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water!
c. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Prologue.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!
d. MOORE—*Those Evening Bells.*

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
e. FATHER PROUT (Francis Mahony). *The Bells of Shandon.*

Sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh.
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act. IV. Sc. 4.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
* * * *
Ring in the Christ that is to be.
h. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CV.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CV.

Hark! the loud-voiced bells
Stream on the world around
With the full wind, as it swells,
Seas of sound!
j. FREDERICK TENNYSON—*The Bridal.* Pt. V.

Softly the loud peal dies,
In passing wind it drowns,
But breathes, like perfect joys,
Tender tones.
k. FREDERICK TENNYSON—*The Bridal.* Pt. VII.

How like the leper, with his own sad cry
Enforcing his own solitude, it tolls!
That lonely bell set in the rushing shoals,
To warn us from the place of jeopardy!
l. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*The Traveller and His Wife's Ringlet.*

BIRDS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous musick wake the dawning day!
m. POPE—*Spring.* Line 23.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool;
And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come!
n. BARRY CORNWALL—*An Invocation to Birds.*

Do you ne'er think what wondrous being these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in man keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
o. LONGFELLOW—*The Birds of Killingworth.*

ALBATROSS.

And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The albatross did follow,
And every day for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;

Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?" "With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross."
p. COLERIDGE—*Ancient Mariner.* Pt. I.

Great albatross!—the meanest birds
Spring up and flit away,
While thou must toil to gain a flight,
And spread those pinions grey;
But when they once are fairly poised,
Far o'er each chirping thing
Thou sailest wide to other lands,
E'en sleeping on the wing.
a. LELAND—*Perseverando.*

BAT.

The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place,
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings.
b. GAY—*Shepherd's Week. Wednesday; or, The Dumps.*

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight.
c. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

BEACH-BIRD.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
And with that boding cry
Along the breakers fly?
d. DANA—*The Little Beach-Bird.*

BLACKBIRD.

And from each hill let music thrill
Give my fair love good morrow,
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow.
e. THOMAS HEYWOOD. 1640.

The birds have ceased their songs,
All save the blackbird, that from yon tall ash,
'Mid Pinkie's greenery, from his mellow throat,
In adoration of the setting sun,
Chants forth his evening hymn.
f. MOIR—*An Evening Sketch.*

A slender young Blackbird built in a thorn-tree:
A spruce little fellow as ever could be;
His bill was so yellow, his feathers so black,
So long was his tail, and so glossy his back,
That good Mrs. B., who sat hatching her eggs,
And only just left them to stretch her poor legs,
And pick for a minute the worm she preferred,
Thought there never was seen such a beautiful bird.
g. D. M. MULOCK—*The Blackbird and the Rooks.*

O Blackbird! sing me something well:
While all the neighbors shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.
The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine: the range of lawn and park:
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine against the garden wall.
h. TENNYSON—*The Blackbird.*

How sweet the harmonies of the afternoon!
The Blackbird sings along the sunny breeze
His ancient song of leaves, and summer boon;
Rich breath of hayfields streams thro' whispering trees;
And birds of morning trim their bustling wings,
And listen fondly—while the Blackbird sings.
i. FREDERICK TENNYSON—*The Blackbird.* St. 1.

BLUEBIRD.

"So the Bluebirds have contracted, have they, for a house?
And a nest is under way for little Mr. Wren?
Hush, dear, hush! Be quiet, dear; quiet as a mouse.
These are weighty secrets, and we must whisper them."
j. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Secrets.*

In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XXI.

BOBOLINK.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat.
l. BRYANT—*Robert of Lincoln.*

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
m. BRYANT—*Robert of Lincoln.*

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings.
n. BRYANT—*Robert of Lincoln.*

The broad blue mountains lift their brows
Barely to bathe them in the blaze;
The bobolinks from silence rouse
And flash along melodious ways!
o. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*Daybreak.*

CANARY.

Thou should'st be carolling thy Maker's praise,
Poor bird! now fetter'd, and here set to draw,
With graceless toil of beak and added claw,
The meagre food that scarce thy want allays!
And this—to gratify the gloating gaze
Of fools, who value Nature not a straw,
But know to prize the infraction of her law
And hard perversion of her creature's ways!
Thee the wild woods await, in leaves attired,
Where notes of liquid utterance should engage
Thy bill, that now with pain scant forage earns.
p. JULIAN FANE—*Poems. Second Edition, with Additional Poems. To a Canary Bird.*

Sing away, ay, sing away,
Merry little bird
Always gayest of the gay,
Though a woodland roundelay
You ne'er sung nor heard ;
Though your life from youth to age
Passes in a narrow cage.
a. D. M. MULOCK—*The Canary in his Cage.*

COCK.

Good-morrow to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek;
Thy crimson morn and azure eye—
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy !
b. JOANNA BAILLIE—*The Black Cock.* St. 1.

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.
d. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
e. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

CROW.

To shoot at crows is powder flung away.
f. GAY. Ep. IV. Last line.

Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.
g. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark.
h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

CUCKOO.

"Cuckoo—Cuckoo!" no other note,
She sings from day to day;
But I, though a poor cottage-girl,
Can work, and read, and pray.
i. BOWLES—*Spring. Cuckoo.* St. 2.

The Attic warbler pours her throat.
Responsive to the cuckoo's note.
j. GRAY—*Ode on the Spring.*

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.
k. JOHN LOGAN—*To the Cuckoo.*

The Cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he, Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to married ear.
l. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act. V. Sc. 2.

List—'twas the Cuckoo. O with what delight
Heard I that voice ! and catch it now, though faint,
Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,
Although invisible as Echo's self,
Is wheeling hitherward.
m. WORDSWORTH—*The Cuckoo at Laverna.*

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?
n. WORDSWORTH—*To the Cuckoo.*

CYGNET.

Cygnets following through the foamy wake,
Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects.
o. MONTGOMERY—*Pelican Island.* Canto IV. Line 236.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
p. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 7.

DOVE.

Oh! when 'tis summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green—
Oh! then 'tis sweet,
In some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together.
q. BOWLES—*The Greenwood.*

The dove returning bore the mark
Of earth restored to the long labouring ark;
The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
Oped every window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message bless'd.
r. DRYDEN—*To Her Grace of Ormond.* Line 70.

Listen, sweet Dove, unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings on me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.
s. HERBERT—*The Church. Whitsunday.*

See how that pair of billing doves
With open murmurs own their loves;
And, heedless of censorious eyes,
Pursue their unpolluted joys:
No fears of future want molest
The downy quiet of their nest.
t. LADY MONTAGU—*Verses. Written in a Garden.* St. 1.

The Dove,
On silver pinions, wing'd her peaceful way.
u. MONTGOMERY—*Pelican Island.* Canto I. Line 173.

Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves.
a. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 185.

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sec. 5.

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace.
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come-at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee;
That was the song,—the song for me!
d. WORDSWORTH.—*O Nightingale! Thou Surely Art.*

EAGLE.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart.
e. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 826.

Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air.
f. GRAY—*The Progress of Poesy.*

The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his airy tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 184.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storm their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
h. PERCIVAL—*The Eagle.*

So in the Libyan fable it is told
That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,
Said when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
"With our own feathers, not by other's hands
Are we now smitten."
i. PLUMPTRE'S *Aeschylus.* Fragm. 123.

Little eagles wave their wings in gold—
j. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. V. Line 30.

All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd, like estridges that with the wind
Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.
l. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams.
m. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby.
n. *Titus Andronicus.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling
With clang of wings and scream, the Eagle sailed
Incessantly.
o. SHELLEY—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto I. St. 10.

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.
p. TENNYSON—*The Eagle.*

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle.
q. TENNYSON—*The Golden Year.* Line 37.

The eagle, with wings strong and free,
Builds her home with the flags in the towering crags
That o'erhang the white foam of the sea.
r. JOHN H. YATES—*A Song of Home.*

ESTRIDGE.

All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd, like estridges that wing the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as the youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

FALCON.

I know a falcon swift and peerless
As e'er was cradled in the pine;
No bird had ever eye so fearless,
Or wing so strong as this of mine.
t. LOWELL—*The Falcon.*

Will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
u. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 53.

A falcon tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
v. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 4.

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
a. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

FOWL, WILD.

The wildfowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed.
b. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 57.

GOLDFINCH.

A goldfinch there I saw, with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopped from side to side.
c. Dryden—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 106.

GOOSE.

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky.
d. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

GULL, SEA.

Lack-lustre eye, and idle wing,
And smirchéd breast that skims no more,
White as the foam itself, the wave—
Hast thou not even a grave
Upon the dreary shore,
Forlorn, forsaken thing?
e. D. M. Mulock—*A Dead Sea-Gull.*

HAWK.

The winds are pillow'd on the waveless deep,
And from the curtain'd sky the midnight moon
Looks sombred o'er the forest depths, that sleep
Unstirring, while a soft, melodious tune
Nature's own voice, the lapsing stream, is heard,
And ever and anon th' unseen, night-wandering bird.
f. Moir—*The Night Hawk.*

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark.
g. *Taming of the Shrew.* *Induction.* Sc. 2.

JAY.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
h. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

KINGFISHER.

She rears her young on yonder tree;
She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em;
Like us, for fish, she sails to sea,
And, plunging, shows us where to find 'em.
Yo, ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
While the slow bending net we sweep,
God bless the Fish-bank and the fisher!
i. Alexander Wilson—*The Fisherman's Hymn.*

LAPWING.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
j. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

LARK.

Oh, stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

* * * * * *

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!
k. Burns—*Address to the Woodlark.* Sts. 1 and 4.

The lark, that holds observance to the sun,
Quaver'd his clear notes in the quiet air,
And on the river's murmuring base did run,
Whilst the pleas'd Heavens her fairest livery wears.
l. Drayton—*Legend of the Duke of Buckingham.* Line 1.

Bird of the wilderness
Blithesome and cumberless
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place.
m. Hogg—*The Skylark.*

Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
n. Hogg—*The Skylark.*

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
o. Hurdis—*The Village Curate.*

None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
p. Lyly—*The Songs of Birds.*

Hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise.
q. Milton—*L'Allegro.* Line 41.

The bird that sings on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.
r. Montgomery—*Humility.*

I said to the sky poised Lark:
"Hark—hark!
Thy note is more loud and free
Because there lies safe for thee
A little nest on the ground."
s. D. M. Mulock—*A Rhyme About Birds.*

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, list'ning in midair suspend their wings.
a. POPE—*Winter.* Line 53.

O earliest singer! O care-charming bird!
Married to morning, by a sweeter hymn
Than priest e'er chanted from his cloister dim
At midnight,—or veiled virgin's holier word
At sunrise or the paler evening heard.
b. PROCTER—*The Flood of Thessaly.*

O happy skylark springing
Up to the broad, blue sky,
Too fearless in thy winging,
Too gladsome in thy singing,
Thou also soon shalt lie
Where no sweet notes are ringing.
c. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Gone Forever.* St 2.

The sunrise wakes the lark to sing.
d. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Bird Raptures.* Line 1.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies.
e. *Cymbeline*—Act II. Sc. 3. *Song.*

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
f. *Romeo amd Juiet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
g. *Romeo and Juliet*—Act III. Sc. 5.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty.
h. *Venus and Adonis*—Line 853.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
i. *Hamlet*—Act I. Sc. 1.

Then my dial goes not true; I took the lark for a bunting.
j. *All's Well That Ends Well*—Act II. Sc. 5.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!
k. SHELLEY—*To a Skylark.*

Day had awakened all things that be,
The larks and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin-bell, and the mountain bee.
l. SHELLEY—*The Boat on the Serchio.*

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.
m. SHELLEY—*To a Skylark.*

Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations.
n. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 587.

The lark sung loud; the music at his heart
Had called him early; upward straight he went,
And bore in nature's quire the merriest part,
As to the lake's broad shore my steps I bent.
o. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*Sonnet. An April Day.*

The lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field.
p. WALLER—*Of the Queen.*

Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,
And watch the early lark arise.
q. WHITE—*Pastoral Song.*

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!
r. WORDSWORTH—*To a Skylark.*

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine:
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam:
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!
s. WORDSWORTH—*To a Skylark.*

Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken lark! thou wouldst be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
t. WORDSWORTH—*To a Skylark.*

LINNET.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.
a. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 33.

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.
b. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXI.

Linnets * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock.
c. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 974.

Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.
d. WORDSWORTH—*The Green Linnet.*

MARTLET.

The martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
e. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

This guest of Summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made its pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.
f. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 6.

MOCKING-BIRD.

Then from the neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. II.

Living echo, bird of eve,
Hush thy wailing, cease to grieve;
Pretty warbler, wake the grove,
To notes of joy, to songs of love.
h. THOMAS MORTON—*Pretty Mocking-bird.*

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and jibe:
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad abbot of misrule!
i. WILDE—*Sonnet. To the Mocking-bird.*

NIGHTINGALE.

Hark! ah, the nightingale—
The tawny-throated!
Hark from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark!—what pain!
* * * * * * * * *
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest?—
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!
j. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Philomela.* Line 1.

As nightingales do upon glow-worms feed,
So poets live upon the living light.
k. PHILIP J. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lov'rs' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.
l. BYRON—*Parisina.* St. 1.

"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird! Oh, idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
m. COLERIDGE—*The Nightingale.* Line 13.

'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!
n. COLERIDGE—*The Nightingale.* Line 43.

Sweet bird that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming void of care,
Well pleaséd with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smelling flowers.
o. DRUMMOND—*Sonnet. The Nightingale.*

Like a wedding-song all-melting
Sings the nightingale, the dear one.
p. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Donna Clara.*

The nightingale appear'd the first,
And as her melody she sang,
The apple into blossom burst,
To life the grass and violets sprang.
q. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 9.

The nightingales are singing
On leafy perch aloft.
r. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 5.

The nightingale's sweet music
Fills the air and leafy bowers.
s. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 51.

Adieu! Adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?
t. KEATS—*To a Nightingale.*

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.
a. KEATS—*To a Nightingale.*

Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth.
b. KEATS—*To the Poets.*

To the red rising moon, and loud and deep
The nightingale is singing from the steep.
c. LONGFELLOW—*Keats.*

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
d. MILTON—*Sonnet. To the Nightingale.*

Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy evening-song.
e. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 61.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day;
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love;
f. MILTON—*Sonnet. To the Nightingale.*

The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
Her passion is to seek roses.
g. LADY MONTAGU.

The bird that sings on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.
h. MONTGOMERY—*Humility.*

I said to the Nightingale;
"Hail, all hail!
Pierce with thy trill the dark,
Like a glittering music-spark,
When the earth grows pale and dumb."
i. D. M. MULOCK—*A Rhyme About Birds.*

Yon nightingale, whose strain so sweetly flows,
Mourning her ravish'd young or much-loved mate,
A soothing charm o'er all the valleys throws
And skies, with notes well tuned to her sad state.
j. PETRARCH—*To Laura in Death. Sonnet XLVII.*

Hark! that's the nightingale,
Telling the self-same tale
Her song told when this ancient earth was young:
So echoes answered when her song was sung
In the first wooded vale.
k. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Twilight Calm.* St. 7.

Make haste to mount, thou wistful moon,
Make haste to wake the nightingale:
Let silence set the world in tune
To harken to that wordless tale
Which warbles from the nightingale.
l. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Bird Raptures.* St. 2.

The sunrise wakes the lark to sing,
The moonrise wakes the nightingale.
Come darkness, moonrise, everything
That is so silent, sweet, and pale:
Come, so ye wake the nightingale.
m. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Bird Raptures.* St. 1.

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
o. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act. III. Sc. 5.

One nightingale in an interfluous wood
Satiate the hungry dark with melody.
p. SHELLEY—*The Woodman and the Nightingale.*

O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamoured tale.
q. SHELLEY—*Scenes from "Magico Prodigioso."* Sc. 3.

Lend me your song, ye nightingales! O, pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse!
r. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 573.

O honey-throated warbler of the grove!
That in the glooming woodland art so proud
Of answering thy sweet mates in soft or loud,
Thou dost not own a note we do not love.
s. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces. To the Nightingale.*

The rose looks out in the valley,
And thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.
t. GIL VICENTE—*The Nightingale.*

—Under the linden,
On the meadow,
Where our bed arranged was,
—There now you may find e'en
In the shadow
Broken flowers and crushed grass.
—Near the woods, down in the vale,
Tandaradi!
Sweetly sang the nightingale.
u. WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE—*Trans. in The Minnesinger of Germany. Under the Linden.*

OWL.

The large white owl that with eye is blind,
That hath sate for years in the old tree hollow,
Is carried away in a gust of wind!
a. E. B. Browning—*Isobel's Child.* St. 19.

The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations
* * * * * *
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert,
From doing town or country hurt.
b. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 709.

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral Owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well!
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him—
All mock him outright, by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away!
Oh, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then, is the reign of the Horned Owl!
c. Barry Cornwall—*The Owl.*

The startled bats flew out—bird after bird—
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seem'd to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter.
d. Hood—*The Haunted House.* Pt. II. St. 2.

St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.
e. Keats—*The Eve of St. Agnes.*

The screech-owl, with ill-boding cry,
Portends strange things, old women say
Stops every fool that passes by,
And frights the school-boy from his play.
f. Lady Montagu—*The Politicians.* St. 4.

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night.
g. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note.
h. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2. *Song.*

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits.
i. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 3.

O thou precious owl!
The wise Minerva's only fowl.
j. Sir Philip Sidney—*A Remedy for Love.*

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.
k. Tennyson—*Song. The Owl.*

The lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes, with the fashionable owls, to bed.
l. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 209.

BIRD OF PARADISE.

Those golden birds that, in the spice time drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood;
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon.
m. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Korassan.*

PARTRIDGE.

Ah, nut-brown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers!—'Tis no sport for peasants.
n. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 75.

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unblooded beak?
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

PEACOCK.

For everything seem'd resting on his nod,
As they could read in all eyes. Now to them,
Who were accustom'd, as a sort of god,
To see the sultan, rich in many a gem,
Like an imperial peacock stalk abroad
(That royal bird, whose tail's a diadem,)
With all the pomp of power, it was a doubt
How power could condescend to do without.
p. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto VII. St. 74.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tale.
q. Gay—*Rural Sports.* Canto I. Line 177.

To Paradise, the Arabs say,
Satan could never find the way
Until the peacock led him in.
r. Leland—*The Peacock.*

PELICAN.

Nature's prime favourites were the Pelicans;
High-fed, long-lived, and sociable and free.
a. MONTGOMERY—*Pelican Island.* Canto V. Line 144.

Nimbly they seized and secreted their prey,
Alive and wriggling in the elastic net,
Which nature hung beneath their grasping beaks;
Till, swol'n with captures, the unwieldy burden
Clogg'd their slow flight, as heavily to land,
These mighty hunters of the deep return'd.
There on the cragged cliffs they perch'd at ease,
Gorging their hapless victims one by one;
Then full and weary, side by side, they slept,
Till evening roused them to the chase again.
b. MONTGOMERY—*The Pelican Island.* Canto IV. Line 141.

The nursery of brooding Pelicans,
The dormitory of their dead, had vanish'd,
And all the minor spots of rock and verdure,
The abodes of happy millions, were no more.
c. MONTGOMERY—*Pelican Island.* Canto VI. Line 74.

PHEASANT.

See, from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
d. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 113.

PIGEON.

Wood-pigeons cooed there, stock-doves nestled there;
My trees were full of songs and flowers and fruit,
Their branches spread a city to the air.
e. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*From House to Home.* St. 7.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.
f. SHENSTONE—*A Pastoral.* Part II. *Hope.*

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.
g. WILLIS—*The Belfry Pigeon.*

'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
h. WILLIS—*The Belfry Pigeon.*

QUAIL.

The song-birds leave us at the summer's close,
Only the empty nests are left behind,
And pipings of the quail among the sheaves.
i. LONGFELLOW—*The Harvest Moon.*

RAVEN.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.
j. ADDISON—*Translations, Ovid's Metamorphoses. Story of Coronis.*

The raven was screeching, the leaves fast fell,
The sun gazed cheerlessly down on the sight.
k. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interludes.* No. 26.

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws the shadow on the floor
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more.
l. POE—*The Raven.* St. 18.

Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
m. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
Boding to all.
n. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.
o. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.
p. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 5.

ROBIN.

Poor Robin sits and sings alone,
When showers of driving sleet,
By the cold winds of winter blown,
The cottage casement beat.
q. BOWLES—*Winter. Redbreast.*

The wood-robin sings at my door,
And her song is the sweetest I hear
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year.
r. JAMES G. CLARKE—*The Wood Robin.*

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.
a. WILLIAM COLLINS—*Odes. Dirge in Cymbeline.*

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The Redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And light footsteps lightly print the ground.
b. GRAY—*Elegy.* Last St. (*Early Edition.*)

Bearing His cross, while Christ passed forth forlorn,
His God-like forehead by the mock crown torn,
A little bird took from that crown one thorn.
To soothe the dear Redeemer's throbbing head,
That bird did what she could; His blood 'tis said,
Down dropping, dyed her tender bosom red.
Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest;
Weasel nor wild cat will her young molest;
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast.
c. HOSKYNS-ABRAHALL—*The Redbreast. A Briton Legend. In English Lyrics.*

The sobered robin, hunger-silent now,
Seeks cedar-berries blue, his autumn cheer.
d. LOWELL—*An Indian Summer Reverie.*

Poor robin, driven in by rain-storms wild
To lie submissive under household hands
With beating heart that no love understands,
And scaréd eye, like a child
Who only knows that he is all alone
And summer's gone.
e. D. M. MULOCK—*Summer Gone.* St. 2.

On fair Brittannia's isle, bright bird,
A legend strange is told of thee,—
'Tis said thy blithesome song was hushed
While Christ toiled up Mount Calvary,
Bowed 'neath the sins of all mankind;
And humbled to the very dust
By the vile cross, while viler man
Mocked with a crown of thorns the Just.
Pierced by our sorrows, and weighed down
By our transgressions,—faint, and weak,
Crushed by an angry Judge's frown,
And agonies no word can speak,—
'Twas then, dear bird, the legend says
That thou, from out His crown, didst tear
The thorns, to lighten the distress,
And ease the pain that he must bear,
While pendant from thy tiny beak
The gory points thy bosom pressed,
And crimsoned with thy Saviour's blood
The sober brownness of thy breast!
Since which proud hour for thee and thine,
As an especial sign of grace
God pours like sacramental wine
Red signs of favor o'er thy race!
f. DELLE W. NORTON—*To the Robin Redbreast.*

The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest.
g. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire II. Line 37.

They'll come again to the apple tree—
Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of the blossoms dressed,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.
h. MARGARET E. SANGSTER—*The Building of the Nest.*

The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates and pays to trusted man
His annual visit.
i. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 246.

Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
j. JOHN WEBSTER—*The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombona. A Dirge.*

Each morning, when my waking eyes first see,
Through the wreathed lattice, golden day appear,
There sits a robin on the old elm-tree,
And with such stirring music fills my ear,
I might forget that life had pain or fear,
And feel again as I was wont to do,
When hope was young, and life itself were new.
k. ANNA MARIA WELLS—*The Old Elm Tree.*

Art thou the bird whom Man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin;
The bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn winds are sobbing?
l. WORDSWORTH—*The Redbreast Chasing the Butterfly.*

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
And humbler growths as moved with one desire
Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
m. WORDSWORTH—*Poor Robin.*

Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.
* * * * * * *
Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring.
n. WORDSWORTH—*To a Redbreast. In Sickness.*

ROOK.

Those Rooks, dear, from morning till night
They seem to do nothing but quarrel and fight,
And wrangle and jangle, and plunder.
a. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. The Blackbird and the Rooks.*

The building rook'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree.
b. TENNYSON—*The May Queen. New Year's Eve.*

The rook who high amid the boughs
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive.
c. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 765.

SEA-BIRD.

Hush! a young sea-bird floats, and that quick cry
Shrieks to the levelled weapon's echoing sound:
Grasp its lank wing, and on, with reckless bound!
Yet, creature of the surf, a sheltering breast
To-night shall haunt in vain thy far-off nest,
A call unanswered search the rocky ground.
d. HAWKER—*Records of the Western Shore. Pater Vester Pascit Illa.*

Between two seas the sea-bird's wing makes halt,
Wind-weary; while with lifting head he waits
For breath to reinspire him from the gates
That open still toward sunrise on the vault
High-domed of morning.
e. SWINBURNE—*Songs of the Spring-Tides.*

SEDGE-BIRD.

Fixed in a white-thorn bush, its summer guest,
So low, e'en grass o'er-topped its tallest twig,
A sedge-bird built its little benty nest,
Close by the meadow pool and wooden brig.
f. CLARE—*The Rural Muse. Poems. The Sedge-Bird's Nest.*

SPARROW.

Blithe wanderer of the wintry air,
Now here, now there, now everywhere,
Quick drifting to and fro,
A cheerful life devoid of care,
A shadow on the snow.
g. GEORGE W. BUNGAY—*The English Sparrow.*

In thy own sermon, thou
That the sparrow falls dost allow,
It shall not cause me any alarm,
For neither so comes the bird to harm,
Seeing our Father, thou hast said,
Is by the sparrow's dying bed;
Therefore it is a blessed place,
And the sparrow in high grace.
h. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Paul Faber. Consider the Ravens.* Ch. XXI.

The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be.
i. LONGFELLOW—*The Birds of Killingworth.* St. 2.

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
j. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Behold, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
k. WORDSWORTH—*The Sparrow's Nest.*

SWALLOW.

The little comer's coming, the comer o'er the sea,
The comer of the summer, all the sunny days to be.
l. THOMAS AIRD—*The Swallow.*

Down comes rain drop, bubble follows;
On the house top one by one
Flock the synagogue of swallows,
Met to vote that autumn's gone.
m. THEOPHILE GAUTIER—*Life, a Bubble. A Bird's-Eye View Thereof.* Trans. F. M.

When Jesus hung upon the cross
The birds, 'tis said, bewailed the loss
Of Him who first to mortals taught,
Guiding with love the life of all,
And heeding e'en the sparrows' fall.

But, as old Swedish legends say,
Of all the birds upon that day,
The swallow felt the deepest grief,
And longed to give her Lord relief,
And chirped when any near would come,
'*Hugswala swala swal honom!*'
Meaning, as they who tell it deem,
Oh, cool, oh, cool and comfort Him!
n. LELAND—*The Swallow.*

I said to the little Swallow:
Who'll follow?
Out of thy nest in the eaves
Under the ivy leaves.
o. D. M. MULOCK—*A Rhyme about Birds.*

It's surely summer, for there's a swallow:
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird race quicken and wheel and thicken.
p. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*A Bird Song.* St. 2.

There goes the swallow,—
Could we but follow!
Hasty swallow stay,
Point us out the way;
Look back swallow, turn back swallow, stop swallow.
q. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Songs in a Cornfield.* St. 7.

The swallow twitters about the eaves;
Blithely she sings, and sweet, and clear;
Around her climb the woodbine leaves
In a golden atmosphere.
a. CELIA THAXTER—*The Swallow.* St. 1.

The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house.
b. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 651.

SWAN.

And over the pond are sailing
Two swans all white as snow;
Sweet voices mysteriously wailing
Pierce through me as onward they go.
They sail along, and a ringing
Sweet melody rises on high,
And when the swans begin singing,
They presently must die.
c. HEINE—*Early Poems. Evening Songs.* No. 2.

The swan in the pool is singing,
And up and down doth he steer,
And, singing gently ever,
Dips under the water clear.
d. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 64.

The swan, like the soul of the poet,
By the dull world is ill understood.
e. HEINE—*Early Poems. Evening Songs.* No. 3.

The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet.
f MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 438.

The white swan, as he lies on the wet grass, when the
Fates summon him, sing at the fords of Mæander.
g. RILEY'S *Ovid.* Ep. VII.

All the water in the ocean,
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
h. *Titus Andronicus.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
i. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act. I. Sc. 4.

The swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young.
k. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 775.

THROSTLE.

The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.
l. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 1.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.
m. WORDSWORTH—*The Tables Turned.*

THRUSH.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watch'd her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And modell'd it within with wood and clay.
n. CLARE—*The Thrush's Nest.*

I said to the brown, brown Thrush:
"Hush—hush!
Through the wood's full strains I hear
Thy monotone deep and clear,
Like a sound amid sounds most fine."
o. D. M. MULOCK—*A Rhyme About Birds.*

There the thrushes
Sing till latest sunlight flushes
In the west.
p. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Sound Sleep.* St. 2.

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush.
q. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XC.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years.
r. WORDSWORTH—*Reverie of Poor Susan.*

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

All day in silence thou dost hide,
At eve thy call is drifted wide,
Scarce melody, a tender trill,
And sad, oh, strange, wild whip-poor-will.
s. MARIE LE BARON—*The Whip-Poor-Will.*

Where deep and misty shadows float
In forests depths is heard thy note.
Like a lost spirit, earthbound still,
Art thou, mysterious whip-poor-will.
t. MARIE LE BARON—*The Whip-Poor-Will.*

But the whip-poor-will wails on the moor,
And day has deserted the west:
The moon glimmers down thro' the vines at my door
And the robin has flown to her nest.
u. JAMES G. CLARKE—*The Wood-Robin.*

WHITE-THROAT.

The happy white-throat on the swaying bough,
Rocked by the impulse of the gadding wind
That ushers in the showers of April, now
Carols right joyously; and now reclined,
Crouching, she clings close to her moving seat,
To keep her hold.

c. CLARE—*The Rural Muse. Poems. The Happy Bird.*

WREN.

I took the wren's nest;—
Heaven forgive me!
Its merry architects so small
Had scarcely finished their wee hall,
That, empty still, and neat and fair,
Hung idly in the summer air.

b. D. M. MULOCK—*The Wren's Nest.*

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

c. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Among the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

d. WORDSWORTH—*A Wren's Nest.*

YELLOW-BIRD.

Yellow-bird, where did you learn that song,
Perched on the trellis where grape-vines clamber,
In and out fluttering, all day long,
With your golden breast bedropping with amber?

e. CELIA THAXTER—*Yellow-Bird.*

BIRTHDAY.

My birthday!—"How many years ago?
Twenty or thirty?" Don't ask me!
"Forty or fifty?"—How can I tell?
I do not remember my birth, you see!

f. JULIA C. R. DORR—*My Birthday.*

A birthday:—and now a day that rose
With much of hope, with meaning rife—
A thoughtful day from dawn to close:
The middle day of human life.

g. JEAN INGELOW—*A Birthday Walk.*

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

h. JEAN INGELOW—*Songs of Seven. Seven Times One.*

Show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

i. JEAN INGELOW—*Songs of Seven. Seven Times One.*

As this auspicious day began the race
Of ev'ry virtue join'd with ev'ry grace;
May you, who own them, welcome its return,
Till excellence, like yours, again is born.
The years we wish, will half your charms impair;
The years we wish, the better half will spare,
The victims of your eyes will bleed no more,
But all the beauties of your mind adore.

j. JEFFERY—*Miscellanies. To a Lady on her Birthday.*

This is my birthday, and a happier one
was never mine.

k. LONGFELLOW—*The Divine Tragedy. The Second Passover.* Pt. II.

Believing hear, what you deserve to hear:
Your birthday, as my own, to me is dear.
Blest and distinguish'd days! which we should prize
The first, the kindest, bounty of the skies.
But yours gives most; for mine did only lend
Me to the world, yours gave to me a friend.

l. MARTIAL—IX. 53.

Every anniversary of a birthday is the dispelling of a dream.

m. ZSCHOKKE.

BLESSINGS.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

n. ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. IV. Line 260.

Blessings star forth forever; but a curse
Is like a cloud—it passes.

o. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Hades.*

Blest
Is he whose heart is the home of the great dead,
And their great thoughts.

p. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

God bless you! I have nothing to tell, sir.

q. CANNING—*The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.*

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

r. CONGREVE—*The Mourning Bride.* Act V. Sc. 7.

What is remote and difficult of success we are apt to overrate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.

s. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXX.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet.

t. RICH. MONCKTON MILNES—*The Men of Old.*

The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.
a. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 75.

God bless the King! God bless the faith's defender!
God bless—No harm in blessing the Pretender,
Who that Pretender is, and who that King——
God bless us all!—Is quite another thing.
b. SCOTT—*Redgauntlet.* Ch. VII.

Jove bless thee, master parson.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew.
d. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Like birds, whose beauties languish half concealed,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded, shine with azure, green and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight.
e. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 599.

BLINDNESS.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark! total eclipse,
Without one hope of day.
f. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 80.

He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

And when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!
h. WORDSWORTH—*Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have Frowned.*

BLISS.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
i. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 423.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe.
j. GRAY—*Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.* Line 45.

But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.
k. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 262.

I know I am—that simplest bliss
The millions of my brothers miss.
I know the fortune to be born,
Even to the meanest wretch they scorn.
l. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Prince Deukalion.* Act IV.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!
m. WORDSWORTH—*The Prelude.* Bk. XI.

BLUSHES.

Blushed like the waves of hell.
n. BYRON—*The Devil's Drive.* St. 5.

Pure friendship's well-feigned blush.
o. BYRON—*Stanzas to Her who can Best Understand Them.* St. 12.

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.
p. BYRON—*Stanzas for Music.*

A blush is no language: only a dubious flag-signal which may mean either of two contradictories.
q. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. V. Ch. XXXV.

Such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.
r. HOOD—*Ruth.*

Mantling on the maiden's cheek
Young roses kindled into thought.
s. MOORE—*Evenings in Greece.* Evening II. *Song.*

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.
t. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast.
u. *A Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes.
v. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act. IV. Sc. 1.

I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine.
w. *The Rape of Lucrece.* Line 792.

I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no.
x. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 9.

Prolixious blushes that banish what they sue for.
y. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, * * * *
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed.
z. *The Rape of Lucrece.* Line 1354.

Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so betrayed.
a. *The Passionate Pilgrim.* Pt. XIX. Line 53.

How pretty
Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again.
b. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. III. Line 83.

The man that blushes, is not quite a brute.
c. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Line 496.

BOATING.

Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale.
d. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 177.

The oars were silver:
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

BOOKS.

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.
f. ADDISON—*The Spectator.* No. 166.

One cannot celebrate books sufficiently. After saying his best, still something better remains to be spoken in their praise.
g. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk.* Bk. I. *Learning-Books.*

That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.
h. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk.* Bk. I. *Learning-Books.*

The books that charmed us in youth recall the delight ever afterwards; we are hardly persuaded there are any like them, any deserving equally our affections. Fortunate if the best fall in our way during this susceptible and forming period of our lives.
i. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk.* Bk. I. *Learning-Books.*

Books are delightful when prosperity happily smiles; when adversity threatens, they are inseparable comforters. They give strength to human compacts, nor are grave opinions brought forward without books. Arts and sciences, the benefits of which no mind can calculate, depend upon books.
j. RICHARD AUNGERVYLE (Richard De Bury)—*Philobiblon.*

You, O Books, are the golden vessels of the temple, the arms of the clerical militia with which the missiles of the most wicked are destroyed; fruitful olives, vines of Engaddi, fig-trees knowing no sterility; burning lamps to be ever held in the hand.
k. RICHARD AUNGERVYLE (Richard De Bury)—*Philobiblon.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.
l. BACON—*Essay. Of Studies.*

The images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation.
m. BACON—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. I. *Advantages of Learning.*

They are true friends, that will neither flatter nor dissemble: be you but true to yourself, applying that which they teach unto the party grieved, and you shall need no other comfort nor counsel.
n. BACON—*An Expostulation to the Lord Chief-Justice Coke.*

Worthy books
Are not companions—they are solitudes:
We lose ourselves in them and all our cares.
o. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

Books are life-long friends whom we come to love and know as we do our children.
p. S. L. BOARDMAN—*Library Economy.*

Books are embalmed minds.
q. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought.* *Books.*

Books, books, books!
I found the secret of a garret-room
Piled high with cases in my father's name;
Piled high, packed large,—where, creeping in and out
Among the giant fossils of my past,
Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs
Of a mastadon, I nibbled here and there
At this or that box, pulling through the gap,
In heats of terror, haste, victorious joy,
The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow, in the morning's dark,
An hour before the sun would let me read!
My books!
At last, because the time was ripe,
I chanced upon the poets.
r. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I. Line 830.

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty, and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.
s. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I. Line 700.

Some said, "John, print it," others said, "Not so,"
Some said, "It might do good," others said, "No."
t. BUNYAN—*Apology for his Book.*

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;
A book 's a book, although there's nothing in't.

a. Byron—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 51.

All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been * * is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

b. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture V.

If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small amount to that.

c. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture II.

If time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all.

d. Carlyle—*Essays. Goethe's Helena.*

In the poorest cottage are Books: is one Book, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light, and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is Deepest in him.

e. Carlyle—*Essays. Corn-Law Rhymes.*

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare, to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society, in the place where I live.

f. Channing—*On Self-Culture.*

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.

g. Channing—*On Self-Culture.*

And as for me, though than I konne but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But yt be seldome on the holy day.
Save, certeynly, whan that the monthe of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,
And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Farwel my boke, and my devocion.

h. Chaucer—*Legende of Goode Women.* Prologue. Line 29.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe
Cometh all of this new corne fro yere to yere,
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh all this new science that men lere.

i. Chaucer—*The Assembly of Foules.* Line 22.

It is saying less than the truth to affirm that an excellent book (and the remark holds almost equally good of a Raphael as of a Milton) is like a well-chosen and well-tended fruit tree. Its fruits are not of one season only. With the due and natural intervals, we may recur to it year after year, and it will supply the same nourishment and the same gratification, it only we ourselves return to it with the same healthful appetite.

j. Coleridge—*Literary Remains. Prospectus of Lectures.*

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

k. Cowley—*Of Myself.*

Books cannot always please; however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.

l. Crabbe—*The Bourough.* Letter XXIV. *Schools.*

The monument of vanished mindes,

m. Sir Wm. Davenant—*Gondibert.* Bk. II. Canto V.

Remember, we know well only the great nations whose books we possess; of the others we know nothing, or but little.

n. Dawson—*Address on opening the Birmingham Free Library.* Oct. 26, 1866.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

o. Sir John Denham—*Of Prudence.*

Golden volumes! richest treasures,
Object of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize!
Brilliant wits and musing sages,
Lights who beam'd through many ages!
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory;
And now their hope of fame achiev'd,
Dear volumes! you have not deceived!

p. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Libraries.*

Great collections of books are subject to certain accidents besides the damp, the worms, and the rats; one not less common is that of the *borrowers*, not to say a word of the *purloiners*.

q. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. The Bibliomania.*

Living more with books than with men, which is often becoming better acquainted with man himself, though not always with men, the man of letters is more tolerant of opinions than opinionists are among themselves.

r. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXI. *Living with Books.*

Books are the best things, well used; abused, among the worst.

a. EMERSON—*The American Scholar.*

In every man's memory, with the hours when life culminated are usually associated certain books which met his views.

b. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

There are many virtues in books—but the essential value is the adding of knowledge to our stock, by the record of new facts, and, better, by the record of intuitions, which distribute facts, and are the formulas which supersede all histories.

c. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Persian Poetry.*

We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise.

d. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

e. FULLER—*The Holy and the Profane State. Of Books.*

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of.

f. FULLER—*The Holy and the Profane State. Of Books.*

A taste for books, which is still the pleasure and glory of my life.

g. GIBBON—*Letter to Lord Sheffield.*

Books are necessary to correct the vices of the polite; but those vices are ever changing, and the antidote should be changed accordingly—should still be new.

h. GOLDSMITH—*The Citizen of the World.* Letter LXXV.

I armed her against the censures of the world, showed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

i. GOLDSMITH—*Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. XXII.

In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become more necessary.

j. GOLDSMITH—*The Citizen of the World.* Letter LXXV.

Of every wisdom the parfit
The highe god of his spirit
Yaf to men in erthe here
Upon the forme and the matere
Of that he wolde make hem wise.
And thus cam in the first apprise
Of bokes and of alle good
Through hem, that whilom understood
The lore, which to hem was yive,
Wherof these other, that now live,
Ben every day to lerne new.

k. JOHN GOWER—*Confessio Amantis.* Bk. IV.

I have even gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most: and, when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.

l. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do misse;
This book of starres lights to eternal blisse.

m. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Holy Scriptures.*

Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never,
But, like a laurell, to grow green for ever.

n. HERRICK—*Hesperides. To His Booke.*

The foolishest book is a kind of leaky boat on a sea of wisdom; some of the wisdom will get in anyhow.

o. HOLMES—*The Poet at the Breakfast-Table.* Ch. XI.

Medicine for the soul.

p. *Inscription over the door of the Library at Thebes. Diodorus Simlus.* 1.

Books have always a secret influence on the understanding; we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas: he that reads books of science, though without any desire of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.

q. SAM'L JOHNSON—*The Adventurer.* No. 137.

Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,
To read it well; that is to understand.

r. BEN. JONSON—*Epigram* 1.

When I would know thee * * * * my thought looks
Upon thy well-made choice of friends and books;
Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends.

s. BEN JONSON—*Epigram* 86.

Books which are no books.

t. LAMB—*Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*

I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

u. LAMB—*Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*

A book is a friend whose face is constantly changing. If you read it when you are recovering from an illness, and return to it years after, it is changed surely, with the change in yourself.

v. ANDREW LANG—*The Library.* Ch. I.

As companions and acquaintances books are without rivals; and they are companions and acquaintances to be had at all times and under all circumstances. They are never out when you knock at the door; are never "not at home" when you call. In the lightest as well as in the deepest moods they may be applied to, and will never be found wanting. In the good sense of the phrase, they are all things to all men, and are faithful alike to all.

a. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

As friends and companions, as teachers and consolers, as recreators and amusers books are always with us, and always ready to respond to our wants. We can take them with us in our wanderings, or gather them around us at our firesides. In the lonely wilderness, and the crowded city, their spirit will be with us, giving a meaning to the seemingly confused movements of humanity, and peopling the desert with their own bright creations.

b. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

A wise man will select his books, for he would not wish to class them all under the sacred name of friends. Some can be accepted only as acquaintances. The best books of all kinds are taken to the heart, and cherished as his most precious possessions. Others to be chatted with for a time, to spend a few pleasant hours with, and laid aside, but not forgotten.

c. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Books are also among man's truest consolers. In the hour of affliction, trouble, or sorrow, he can turn to them with confidence and trust.

d. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Books *are* friends, and what friends they are! Their love is deep and unchanging; their patience inexhaustible; their gentleness perennial; their forbearance unbounded; and their sympathy without selfishness. Strong as man, and tender as woman, they welcome you in every mood, and never turn from you in distress.

e. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Books are friends which every man may call his own. * * * * The friendship of books never dies; it grows by use, increases by distribution, and possesses an immortality of perpetual youth. It is the friendship, not of "dead things" but of ever-living souls; and books are friends who, under no circumstances, are ever applied to in vain. They can be relied on, whoever else, or whatever else may fail.

f. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Gentlemen use books as Gentlewomen handle their flowers, who in the morning stick them in their heads, and at night strawe them at their heeles.

g. LYLY—*Euphues. To the Gentlemen Readers.*

All books grow homilies by time; they are Temples, at once, and Landmarks.

h. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books.* Pt. IV. Line 1.

Hark, the world so loud,
And they, the movers of the world, so still!

i. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books.* Pt. III. Line 14.

In you are sent
The types of Truths whose life is THE TO COME;
In you soars up the Adam from the fall;
In you the FUTURE as the PAST is given—
Ev'n in our death ye bid us hail our birth;—
Unfold these pages, and behold the Heaven,
Without one grave-stone left upon the Earth?

j. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books* St. 5.

Laws die, Books never.

k. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act I. Sc. 2.

There is no Past, so long as Books shall live!

l. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books.* St. 4.

The Wise
(Minstrel and Sage,) *out* of their books are clay;
But *in* their books, as from their graves they rise.
Angels—that, side by side, upon one way,
Walk with and warn us!

m. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books.* Pt. III. Line 9.

We call some books immortal! *Do they live?*
If so, believe me, TIME hath made them pure.
In Books, the veriest wicked rest in peace.

n. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books.* St. 3.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book.

o. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XLII.

A good book is the precious lifeblood of a masterspirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond.

p. MILTON—*Areopagitica.*

As good almost kill a man as a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye.

q. MILTON—*Areopagitica.*

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.

a. MILTON—*Areopagitica.*

For books are as meats and viands are; some of good, some of evil substance.

b. MILTON—*Areopagitica.*

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends, who can alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take.

c. Mrs. NORTON—*Sonnet. To My Books.*

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole.

d. POPE—*Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 127.

Chiefs of elder Art!
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you.

e. WILLIAM ROSCOE—*Poetical Works. To my Books on Parting with Them.*

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!

f. SCOTT—*The Monastery.* Vol. I. Ch. XII.

No book can be so good, as to be profitable when negligently read.

g. SENECA.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

h. *The Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I had rather than forty shillings,
I had my book.

i. *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Keep thy pen from lender's books, and defy the foul fiend.

j. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnished me with volumes that I prize above my dukedom.

k. *The Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presager of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

l. *Sonnet XXIII.*

O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners.

m. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.

n. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

That book, in many's eyes doth show the glory,
That in gold clasps, locks in the golden story.

o. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

We turn'd o'er many books together.

p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.

q. SHERIDAN—*School for Scandal.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Books like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

r. Sir WM. TEMPLE—*Ancient and Modern Learning.*

But every page having an ample marge,
An every marge enclosing in the midst
A square of text that looks a little blot.

s. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Vivien.* Line 520.

A small number of choice books are sufficient.

t. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Books.* Sec. 1.

Books are made from books.

u. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Books.* Sec. 1.

It is with books as with men; a very small number play a great part; the rest are confounded with the multitude.

v. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Books.* Sec. 1.

You despise books; you whose whole lives are absorbed in the vanities of ambition, the pursuit of pleasure, or in indolence; but remember that all the known world, excepting only savage nations, is governed by books.

w. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Books.* Sec. 1.

They are for company the best friends in Doubts Counsellors, in Damps Comforters, Time's Prospective, the Home Traveller's Ship or Horse, the busie Man's best Recreation, the Opiate of idle Weariness, the Mindes best Ordinary, Nature's Garden and Seed-plot of Immortality.

x. BULSTRODE WHITELOCK—*Zootamia.* 1654.

Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

y. WORDSWORTH—*Poetical Works. Personal Talk.*

Some future strain, in which the muse shall tell
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.
How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

z. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire VII. Line 94.

BORES.

Society is now one polished horde,
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.
a. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 95.

The bore is usually considered a harmless creature, or of that class of irrational bipeds who hurt only themselves.
b. Maria Edgeworth—*Thoughts on Bores.*

That old hereditary bore,
The steward.
c. Rogers—*Italy. A Character.* Line 13.

BORROWERS.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
d. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Who goeth a borrowing,
Goeth a sorrowing.
e. Tusser—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Inne's Abstract.*

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements not their own.
f. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire III. Line 23.

BRAVERY.

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!
g. Byron—*The Giaour.* Line 969.

The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppressed with odds,
Are touched with a desire to shield and save;—
A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods
Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave,
Now moved with pity; even as sometimes nods
The rugged tree unto the summer wind,
Compassion breathes along the savage mind.
h. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto VIII. St. 106.

Toll for the brave—
The brave that are no more!
i. Cowper—*On the Loss of the Royal George.*

So that my life be brave, what though not long?
j. Drummond—*Sonnet.*

And dashed through thick and thin.
k. Dryden—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. II. Line 414.

The brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.
l. Gay—*Fable. The Lion, Tiger and Traveller.* Line 33

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.
m. Pomfret—*To His Friend.*

True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world.
n. Rochefoucauld.

The Guard dies, but never surrenders.
o. Rougemont—*Invented Days after the Battle of Waterloo.*

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit;
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit.
p. Scott—*The Talisman.* Ch. XXVI.

He did not look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest; he hasted long,
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act.
q. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
r. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Whoever is brave, should be a man of great soul.
s. Yonge's *Cicero. The Tusculan Disputations.*

BROOKS.

The streams, rejoiced that winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips as they run.
t. Ebenezer Elliott—*The Village Patriarch. Love and Other Poems. Spring.*

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing to soothing tones.
u. Hood—*Town and Country.* St. 10.

Thou hastenest down between the hills to meet me at the road,
The secret scarcely lisping of thy beautiful abode
Among the pines and mosses of yonder shadowy height,
Where thou dost sparkle into song, and fill the woods with light.
v. Lucy Larcom—*Friend Brook.*

See, how the stream has overflowed
Its banks, and o'er the meadow road
Is spreading far and wide!
w. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. III. *The Nativity.*

The music of the brook silenced all conversation.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXI.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.
b. TENNYSON—*The Brook.*

Brook! whose society the Poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks.
c. WORDSWORTH—*Brook! Whose Society the Poet Seeks.*

C.

CALUMNY.

Whenever you would ruin a person or a government, you must begin by spreading calumnies to defame them.
d. BUSENBAUM.

Calumny is only the noise of madmen.
e. DIOGENES.

A nickname a man may chance to wear out; but a system of calumny, pursued by a faction, may descend even to posterity. This principle has taken full effect on this state favorite.
f. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Amenities of Literature. The First Jesuits in England.*

There are calumnies against which even innocence loses courage.
g. NAPOLEON.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.
h. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Calumny will sear
Virtue itself;—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's.
i. *Winter's Tale.* Act II. Sc. 1.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes.
j. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.
k. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

CANDOR.

Candor is the seal of a noble mind, the ornament and pride of man, the sweetest charm of woman, the scorn of rascals, and the rarest virtue of sociability.
l. BENTZEL-STERNAU.

As frank as rain
On cherry blossoms.
m. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. III.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend.
n. GEORGE CANNING—*New Morality.*

CARE.

Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree.
Begone, old Care.
o. PLAYFORD'S *Musical Companion.*

Care is no care, but rather a corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
p. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 3.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He cannot long hold out these pangs;
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through and will break out.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

I am sure, care's an enemy to life.
s. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 3.

O polished perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away.
u. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear.
v. SHELLEY—*Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples.*

Care will kill a cat.
a. GEORGE WITHER—*Poem on Christmas.*

Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt;
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.
b. JOHN WOLCOT—*Expostulatory Odes. Ode* 15.

CAUSE.

To all facts there are laws,
The effect has its cause, and I mount to the cause.
c. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto III. St. 8.

Find out the cause of this effect:
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause.
d. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

God befriend us, as our cause is just.
e. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

Mine's not an idle cause.
f. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Your cause doth strike my heart.
g. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 7.

CAUTION.

And by a prudent flight and cunning save
A life, which valour could not, from the grave.
A better buckler I can soon regain,
But who can get another life again?
h. ARCHILOCHUS—*Plutarch's Morals. Essay on the Laws, &c., of the Lacedemonians.* Pt. I.

Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise:
At least be more than I was; and be sure
You credit anything the light gives light to,
Before a man.
i. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*The Maid's Tragedy.* Act II. Sc. 2.

And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow, y' are like to reap.
j. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto II. Line 502.

Consider the end.
k. CHILO of Sparta,

The cautious seldom err.
l. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.*

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.
m. COWPER—*The Needless Alarm.* Line 132.

Learn to live well that thou may'st die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do.
n. Sir JOHN DENHAM—*Of Prudence.*

According to her cloth she cut her coat.
o. DRYDEN—*Cock and the Fox.* Line 20.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.
p. BENJ. FRANKLIN—*Poor Richard.*

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.
q. BENJ. FRANKLIN—*Poor Richard.*

Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
r. BEN. JONSON—*The Alchemist.* Act III. Sc. 1.

In ancient times all things were cheape,
'Tis good to looke before thou leape,
When corn is ripe 'tis time to reape.
s. MARTIN PARKER—*An Excellent New Medley.* (*The Roxburghe Ballads.*)

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that.
t. POPE—Bk. II. Satire II. Line 61.

Be prudent, and if you hear, * * * * some insult or some threat, * * * have the appearance of not hearing it.
u. GEORGES SAND—*Handsome Lawrence.* Ch. II.

All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, If you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.
v. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 4.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.
w. *Hamlet*—Act I. Sc. 5.

It engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
x. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act. IV. Sc. 1.

Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd.
y. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Let every eye negotiate for itself. And trust no agent.
z. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then.
aa. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.
a. *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning.
c. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

When me mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And, then we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or, at least desist
To build at all?
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 3.

A prudent man must neglect no circumstance.
e. Sophocles—Œd. Col. 1152.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.
f. Thos. Tusser—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

Safe bind, safe find.
g. Thos. Tusser—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

CEREMONY.

Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown.
h. *Timon of Athens.* Act. I. Sc. 2.

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
i. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
j. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

What art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers.
k. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
l. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony;
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
m. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

CHANCE.

Next him high arbiter
Chance governs all.
n. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 909.

"Chance, though blind, is the sole
Author of the creation."
o. J. X. B. Saintine—*Picciola.* Ch. III.

Discouragement seizes us only when we can no longer count on chance.
p. Georges Sand—*Handsome Lawrence.* Ch. II.

Chance will not do the work—chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us towards the port
May dash us on the shelves. The steersman's part
Is vigilance, blow it rough or smooth.
q. Scott—*Fortunes of Nigel.* Ch. XXII. *Old Play.*

Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.
s. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.
t. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXIII.

Naught venture, naught have.
u. Thos. Tusser—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. October's Extract.*

Chance is a word void of sense; nothing can exist without a cause.
v. Voltaire—*A Philosophical Dictionary.*

CHANGE.

Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows
Like the wave;
Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men,
Love lends life a little grace,
A few sad smiles; and then,
Both are laid in one cold place,
In the grave.
w. Matthew Arnold—*A Question.* St. 1.

Like the race of leaves
Is that of humankind. Upon the ground
The winds strew one year's leaves; the sprouting grove
Puts forth another brood, that shoot and grow
In the spring season. So it is with man:
One generation grows while one decays.
a. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. VI. Line 186.

All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the sweetest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
b. MOORE—*All That's Bright Must Fade.*

Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.
c. BURNS—*Epistle to a Young Friend.*

Full from the fount of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.
d. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 82.

I am not now
That which I have been.
e. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 185.

Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
f. BYRON—*The Gaiour.* Line 106.

To-day is not yesterday: we ourselves change; how can our Works and Thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change, indeed, is painful; yet ever needful; and if Memory have its force and worth, so also has hope.
g. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

Sancho Panza am I, unless I was changed in the cradle.
h. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. II. Bk. II. Ch. XIII.

Still ending, and beginning still.
i. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 627.

Variety 's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.
j. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II.
" *The Timepiece,* I., 606.

Heaven gave him all at once; then snatched away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could survey;
Just like the flower that buds and withers in a day.
k. DRYDEN—*On the Death of Amyntas.*

Everything lives, flourishes, and decays: everything dies, but nothing is lost: for the great principle of life only changes its form, and the destruction of one generation is the vivification of the next.
l. GOOD—*The Book of Nature.* Series I. Lecture VIII.

"Passing away" is written on the world, and all the world contains.
m. MRS. HEMANS—*Passing Away.*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
n. HERRICK—*To the Virgins to make much of Time.*

Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.
o. HOOD—*Miss Kilmansegg. Her Moral.*

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections.
p. MRS. JAMESON—*Studies. Detached Thoughts.*

Time fleeth on,
Youth soon is gone,
Naught earthly may abide;
Life seemeth fast;
But may not last,—
It runs as runs the tide.
q. LELAND—*Many in One.* Pt. II. St. 21.

All things must change
To something new, to something strange.
r. LONGFELLOW—*Kéramos.* Line 32.

But the nearer the dawn, the darker the night,
And by going wrong all things come right;
Things have been mended that were worse,
And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.
s. LONGFELLOW—*The Baron of St. Castine.* Line 264.

Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.
t. LONGFELLOW—*Kéramos.* Line 34

Do not think that years leave us and find us the same!
u. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto II. St. 3.

Weary the cloud falleth out of the sky,
Dreary the leaf lieth low.
All things must come to the earth by and by,
Out of which all things grow.
v. OWEN MEREDITH—*The Wanderer. Earth's Havings.* Bk. III.

This world
Is full of change, change, change,—nothing but change!
w. D. M. MULOCK—*Immutable.*

My merry, merry, merry roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods, they change for worse!
x. GEORGE PEELE—*Cupid's Curse; From the Arraignment of Paris.*

Alas! in truth, the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
a. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 127.

Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use.
b. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 161.

From the mid-most the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
c. Pope—*The Dunciad.* Bk. II. Line 410.

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.
d. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 172.

See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again;
All forms that perish other forms supply;
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die.)
e. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 15.

Hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.
f. Scott—*Rokeby.* Canto VI. St. 2.

When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.
g. Sir Chas. Sedley—*Reasons for Constancy.*

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells:
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
h. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
i. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.
j. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.
k. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "*would*" changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "*should*" is like a spendthrift's sigh,
That hurts by easing.
l. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.
m. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 1.

This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
n. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change.
o. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
p. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

When we were happy, we had other names.
q. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change.
r. Shelley—*Lines Written among the Enganean Hills.* Line 232.

The loppéd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower,
The sorriest wight may find release from pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.
s. Southwell—*Time Go by Turns.*

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
t. Tennyson. *Idyls of the King. Elaine.* Line 885.

Life is arched with changing skies:
Rarely are they what they seem:
Children we of smiles and sighs—
Much we know but more we dream.
u. William Winter—*Light and Shadow.*

As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low.
v. Wordsworth—*Resolution and Independence.* St. 4.

Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 600.

CHAOS.

Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—Chaos of ruins!
b. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 80.

The chaos of events.
c. BYRON—*The Prophecy of Dante.* Canto II. Line 6.

The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
d. BYRON—*Darkness.* Line 69.

Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades.
e. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 334.

Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
f. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 232.

Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 894.

Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light.
h. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 13.

Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
i. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

CHARACTER.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both.
j. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act II. Sc. 5.

No great genius was ever without some mixture of madness, nor can anything grand or superior to the voice of common mortals be spoken except by the agitated soul.
k. ARISTOTLE.

Both man and womankind belie their nature
When they are not kind.
l. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Many men are mere warehouses full of merchandise—the head, the heart, are stuffed with goods. * * * * * * There are apartments in their souls which were once tenanted by taste, and love, and joy, and worship, but they are all deserted now, and the rooms are filled with earthy and material things.
m. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Life Thoughts.*

Many men build as cathedrals were built, the part nearest the ground finished; but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and the spires, forever incomplete.
n. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Life Thoughts.*

In a wicked man there is not wherewithal to make a good man.
o. DE LA BRUYERE—*Of Judgments and Opinions.*

Incivility is not a Vice of the Soul, but the effect of several Vices; of Vanity, Ignorance of Duty, Laziness, Stupidity, Distraction, Contempt of others, and Jealousy.
p. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Vol. II. Ch. XI.

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.
q. BURKE—*On a Regicide Peace.*

He was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.
r. BURKE—*On Pitt's First Speech.*

Everywhere in life, the true question is, not what we *gain*, but what we *do*.
s. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's Helena.*

It is in general more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments.
t. CARLYLE—*Essays. Signs of the Times.*

Every one is as God made has made him and oftentimes a great deal worse.
u. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. II. Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Every one is the son of his own works.
v. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. I. Bk. IV. Ch. XX.

Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;
We may be independent if we will.
w. CHURCHILL—*Independence.* Line 471.

There is the love of firmness without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to extravagant conduct.
x. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.*

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.
y. CONFUCIUS *Analects.*

His mind his kingdom, and his will his law.
z. COWPER—*Truth.* Line 405.

Let thy labors one by one go forth:
Some happier scrap capricious wits may find
On a fair day, and be profusely kind;
Which, buried in the rubbish of a throng,
Had pleased as little as a new-year's song.
a. CRABBE—*The Candidate.*

O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep yet clear, tho gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
b. Sir JOHN DENHAM—*Cooper's Hill.* Line 189.

Plain without pomp, and rich without a show.
c. DRYDEN—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 187.

There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in explanation of our gusts and storms.
d. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. III. Ch. XXIV.

Character is higher than intellect. * * * * * * * A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.
e. EMERSON—*The American Scholar.*

Character is the centrality, the impossibility of being displaced or overset.
f. EMERSON—*Essay. On Character.*

No circumstances can repair a defect of character.
g. EMERSON—*Essay. On Character.*

Belief and practice tend in the long run, and in some degree, to correspond; but in detail and in particular instances they may be wide asunder as the poles.
h. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. On Progress.* Pt. II.

Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.
i. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. On Progress.* Pt. II.

Human improvement is from within outwards.
j. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Dirus Cæsar.*

Our thoughts and our conduct are our own.
k. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

In every deed of mischief, he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.
l. GIBBON—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Ch. XLVIII.

Handsome is that handsome does.
m. GOLDSMITH—*The Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. I.

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
n. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 12.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man.
o. SARAH J. HALE—*Iron.*

None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.
p. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK—*On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.*

Most painters have painted themselves. So have most poets; not so palpably indeed and confessedly, but still more assidiously. Some have done nothing else.
q. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth*

Any one must be mainly ignorant or thoughtless, who is surprised at everything he sees; or wonderfully conceited, who expects everything to conform to his standard of propriety.
r. WM. HAZLITT—*Lectures on the English Comic Writers. Wit and Humour.*

Only a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.
s. HERBERT—*The Church. Vertue.*

'Tis the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.
t. HILL—*Verses Written on a Window in Scotland.*

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary-words, are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't care most for those flat-pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.
u. HOLMES—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. III. *Iris*

The love of moral beauty, and that retention of the spirit of youth, which is implied by the indulgence of a poetical taste, are evidences of good disposition in any man, and argue well for the largeness of his mind in other respects.
v. LEIGH HUNT—*Men, Women and Books. Of Statesmen Who Have Written Verses.*

A Soul of power, a well of lofty Thought,
A chastened Hope that ever points to Heaven.
w. JOHN HUNTER—*Sonnet. A Replication of Rhymes.*

Conflict, which rouses up the best and highest powers in some characters, in others not only jars the whole being, but paralyzes the faculties.

a. Mrs. Jameson—*The Communion of Labor; The Influence of Legislation on the Morals and Happiness of Men and Women.*

Where the vivacity of the intellect and the strength of the passions, exceed the development of the moral faculties, the character is likely to be embittered or corrupted by extremes, either of adversity or prosperity.

b. Mrs. Jameson—*Studies. On the Female Character.*

Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.

c. Junius—Letter XXXVII.

He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honors.

d. Thomas à Kempis—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

When a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.

e. *Koran.*

They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,
And go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

f. Frederick Locker—*The Jester's Plea.*

A tender heart; a will inflexible.

g. Longfellow—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act III. Sc. 2.

In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer.

h. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. IV. Ch. VII.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

i. Longfellow—*The Poets.*

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.

j. Longfellow—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. IX. *The Wedding Day.*

Thou hast the patience and the faith of Saints.

k. Longfellow—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act III. Sc. 3.

A nature wise
With finding in itself the types of all,—
With watching from the dim verge of the time
What things to be are visible in the gleams
Thrown forward on them from the luminous past,—
Wise with the history of its own frail heart,
With reverence and sorrow, and with love,
Broad as the world, for freedom and for men.

l. Lowell—*Prometheus.* Line 221.

To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience provided he has a very large heart.

m. Bulwer-Lytton—*What Will He Do With It.* Bk. V. Ch. IV.

The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence.

n. Macaulay—*Essay. Conversation Touching the Great Civil War.*

Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that is, more knave than fool.

o. Marlowe—*The Jew of Malta.* Act II.

Rather the ground that's deep enough for graves,
Rather the stream that's strong enough for waves,
Than the loose sandy drift
Whose shifting surface cherishes no seed
Either of any flower or any weed,
Whichever way it shift.

p. Owen Meredith—*The Wanderer.* Bk. IV. *A Confession and Apology.* St. 14.

Who knows nothing base,
Fears nothing known.

q. Owen Meredith—*A Great Man.* St. 8.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.

r. Mickle—*The Sailor's Wife.*

Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares,

s. Rich. Monckton Milnes—*The Men of Old.*

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.

t. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 502.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

u. Milton—*Comus.* Line 381.

Where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.

v. Milton—*Comus.* Line 410.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!

w. Hannah More—*Sensibility.*

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

x. Ovid—*Metamorphoses,* VII. 20.

Every man has at times in his mind the Ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. * * * Man never falls so low, that he can see nothing higher than himself.

a. THEODORE PARKER—*Critical and Miscellaneous Writings.* Essay I.

Yet, if he would, man cannot live all to this world. If not religious, he will be superstitious. If he worship not the true God, he will have his idols.

b. THEODORE PARKER—*Critical and Miscellaneous Writings.* Essay I.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

c. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto V. Line 123.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.

d. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 250.

Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance,

e. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 293.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake.
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But every lady would be queen for life.

f. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 215.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She, who can own a sister's charms, and hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
And if she rules him, never shows she rules.

g. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 257.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place or out:
Early at Bus'ness and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

h. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 71.

'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is just, a Chanc'llor juster still;
A Gown-man, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a King,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.

i. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 135.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.

j. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 231.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

k. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 203.

No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.

l. PRIOR—*An Epitaph.*

It is of the utmost importance that a nation should have a correct standard by which to weigh the character of its rulers.

m. LORD JOHN RUSSELL—*Introduction to the Correspondence of the Duke of Bedford.*

Be absolute for death; either death, or life, shall thereby be the sweeter.

n. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

o. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

p. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly.

q. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

* * * * *

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

r. *Othello.*—Act III. Sc. 3.

He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly.

s. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 1.

He wants wit that wants resolved will.

t. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 6.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;

* * * * * * *

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

u. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 7.

How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! How big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
a. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.
b. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind.
c. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blur'd those lines of favour
Which he wore.
d. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
e. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act III. Sc. 1.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st;
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance.
f. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

My nature is subdued
To what it works in.
h. *Sonnet CXI.*

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper:
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed.
j. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Now the melancholy god protect thee: and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal.
k. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
l. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 3.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults.
And, for the most, become much more the better,
For being a little bad.
m. *Measure for Measure.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Thou art, most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd.
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon.
n. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous.
o. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win.
q. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before.
r. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

I'm called away by particular business, but I leave my character behind me.
s. SHERIDAN—*School for Scandal.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam engine in trousers.
t. SYDNEY SMITH—*Lady Holland's Memoir.*

The most reasoning characters are often the easiest abashed.
u. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

Nothing can work me damage, except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.
v. ST. BERNARD.

A man's body and his mind (with the utmost reverence to both I speak it) are exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining; rumple the one, you rumple the other.

a. STERNE—*Tristam Shandy.* Ch. XLVIII.

The True Grandeur of Nations is in those qualities which constitute the true greatness of the individual.

b. CHARLES SUMNER—*Oration on the True Grandeur of Nations.*

Fame is what you have taken,
Character's what you give;
When to this truth you waken,
Then you begin to live.

c. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Improvisations.* St. II.

The hearts that dare are quick to feel;
The hands that wound are soft to heal.

d. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Soldiers of Peace.* St. 1.

Such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages.

e. HENRY TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 5.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.

f. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Elaine.* Line 1109.

None but himself can be his parallel.

g. LOUIS THEOBALD—*The Double Falsehood.*

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating.

h. THOMSON—*Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Though lone the way as that already trod,
Cling to thine own integrity and God!

i. TUCKERMAN—*Sonnet. To One Deceived.*

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough, to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "Honest Man."

j. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Moral Maxims. Virtue and Vice. The Most Enviable of Titles.*

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.

k. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass. Manhattan's Streets I Sauntered, Pondering.* St. 6.

Nothing endures but personal qualities.

l. WALT WHITMAN—*Song of the Broad-Axe.* Pt. 4. St. 5.

Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man!
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church, with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of, while their hands were still.

m. WHITTIER—*Daniel Neall.*

Whom neither shape of anger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray.

n. WORDSWORTH—*Character of the Happy Warrior.*

And let men so conduct themselves in life
As to be always strangers to defeat.

o. YONGE'S *Cicero*—*A precept of Atreus. Tusculan Disp.* Bk. V. Div. 18.

The man that makes a character, makes foes.

p. YOUNG—*Epistles to Mr. Pope.* Ep. 1. Line 28.

CHARITY.

Charity is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands.

q. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 166.

Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue.

r. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 166.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it.

s. BACON—*Essay. On Goodness.*

No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity.

t. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.* 1790.

Now, at a certain time, in pleasant mood,
He tried the luxury of doing good.

u. CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.* Bk. III.
GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 22.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side.

v. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 163.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

w. HOOD—*The Bridge of Sighs.*

In silence, * * *
Steals on soft-handed Charity,
Tempering her gifts, that seem so free,
By time and place,
Till not a woe the bleak world see,
But finds her grace.

x. KEBLE—*The Christian Year. Sunday After Ascension.* St. 6.

He is truly great, that is great in charity.
a. THOMAS À KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

Act a charity sometimes.
b. LAMB—*Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis.*

Shut not thy purse-strings
Always against painted distress.
c. LAMB—*Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis.*

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.
d. LINCOLN—*Second Inaugural Address.*

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all can say My Brother here,
And hear My Son in heaven!
e. LOWELL—*Godwinster Chimes.*

The soul of the truly benevolent man does not seem to reside much in its own body. Its life, to a great extent, is a mere reflex of the lives of others. It migrates into their bodies, and, identifying its existence with their existence, finds its own happiness in increasing and prolonging their pleasures, in extinguishing or solacing their pains.
f. HORACE MANN—*Lectures on Education.* Lecture IV.

To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is Godlike.
g. HORACE MANN—*Lectures on Education.* Lecture VI.

They serve God well,
Who serves His creatures.
h. MRS. NORTON—*The Lady of La Garaye. Conclusion.* Line 9.

With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
i. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. VIII. Line 632.

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.
j. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 307.

So much his courage and his mercy strive,
He wounds to cure, and conquers to forgive.
k. PRIOR—*Ode in Imitation of Horace.* Bk. III. Ode II.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
l. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
m. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

For his bounty
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin like.
n. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

For this relief, much thanks; 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
o. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
p. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

We are born to do benefits. * * * O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!
q. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment; drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
r. TALFOURD—*Ion.* Act I. Sc. 2.

CHASE, THE.

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
Plunges, and bears me through the tide.
Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height;
And kind the voice, and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.
s. BRYANT—*The Hunter of the Prairies.*

Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn.
t. GAY—*Rural Sports.* Canto II. Line 93.

Love's torments made me seek the chace;
Rifle in hand, I roam'd apace.
Down from the tree, with hollow scoff,
The raven cried: "head off! head off!"
u. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Youthful Sorrows.* No. 8.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield.
v. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 9.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
w. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

CHASTITY.

So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand hovered angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
x. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 453.

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity;
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
a. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 420.

As chaste as unsunn'd snow,
b. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.
c. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from my ancestors.
d. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The very ice of chastity is in them.
e. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
f. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

To the pure all things are pure!
g. SHELLEY—*The Revolt of Islam.* Canto VI. St. 30.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
h. TENNYSON—*Godiva.* Line 53.

CHEERFULNESS.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured.
i. ADDISON—*The Tattler.* No. 192,

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom.
j. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Cheerfulness.*

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep.
k. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 4.

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.
l. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 185.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
m. *A Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
n. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
o. *A Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
q. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music.
r. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CVI.

CHILDREN.

'Tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
s. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Philaster.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
t. E. B. BROWNING—*The Cry of the Children.*

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the rapture thrill of joy.
u. BURNS—*Address to Edinburgh.*

Better to be driven out from among men, than to be disliked of children.
v. DANA—*The Idle Man. Domestic Life.*

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise.
w. CHARLES M. DICKINSON—*The Children.*

Childhood has no forebodings; but then, it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow.
x. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. I. Ch. IX.

Children are what the mothers are.
y. LANDOR—*Children.*

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
z. LONGFELLOW—*Children.* St. 4.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
aa. LONGFELLOW—*To a Child.*

He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God:
O blest word—Evermore!
a. LOWELL—*Threnodia.*

A sweet, new blossom of Humanity,
Fresh fallen from God's own home to flower on earth.
b. MASSEY—*Wooed and Won.*

Ay, these young things lie safe in our hearts just so long
As their wings are in growing; and when these are strong
They break it, and farewell! the bird flies!
c. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Canto VI. Pt. II. St. 29.

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.
d. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 330.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 220.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle tickled with a straw.
f. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 275.

Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are my jewels!" Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might the language be,
"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"
g. ROGERS—*Human Life.*

Children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe.
h. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto. II. St. 14.

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too.
i. *Twelfth Night*—Act II. Sc. 4.

O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure.
j. *King John*—Act III. Sc. 4.

We have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of her's again; therefore begone
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.
k. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
l. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

A truthful page is childhood's lovely face,
Whereon sweet Innocence has record made,—
An outward semblance of the young heart's grace,
Where truth, and love, and trust are all portrayed.
m. SHILLABER—*On a Picture of Lillie.*

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.
n. TUPPER—*Of Education.*

A garland, of seven lilies wrought.
o. WORDSWORTH—*The Seven Sisters.*

A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb.
What should it know of death.
p. WORDSWORTH—*We Are Seven.*

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.
q. WORDSWORTH—*To A Butterfly.*

The child is father of the man.
r. WORDSWORTH—*My Heart Leaps Up.* Line 7.

CHOICE.

Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.
s. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. II. St. 30.

He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.
t. BURTON—*Anat. of Mel.* Pt. III. Sec. 2. Mem. 5. Subs. 5.

Life often presents us with a choice of evils, rather than of goods.
u. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

The strongest principle of growth lies in human choice.
v. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VI. Ch. XLII.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose.
w. EMERSON—*Essay. Intellect.*

Give house-room to the best; 'tis never known
Vertue and pleasure both to dwell in one.
x. HERRICK—*Hesperides.*

Rather than be less
Cared not to be at all.
y. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 47.

Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
* * * * *
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain?
z. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. 889.

Of two evils I have chose the least.
a. PRIOR—*Imitation of Horace.*

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.
b. PYTHAGORAS.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
c. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

Preferment goes by letter, and affection.
d. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There's a small choice in rotten apples.
e. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive.
f. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Great God? I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses, that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
g. WORDSWORTH—*Miscellaneous Sonnets.* Pt. I. *Sonnet XXXIII.*

A strange alternative * * *
Must women have a doctor or a dance?
h. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 192.

CHRIST.

Star unto star speaks light, and world to world
Repeats the passage of the universe
To God; the name of Christ—the one great word
Well worth all languages in earth or Heaven.
i. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Heaven.*

Lovely was the death
Of Him whose life was Love! Holy, with power.
He on the thought-benighted Skeptic beamed
Manifest Godhead.
j. COLERIDGE—*Religious Musings.* Line 29.

He was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.
k. DONNE—*Divine Poems. On the Sacrament.*

In darkness there is no choice. It is light, that enables us to see the differences between things; and it is Christ, that gives us light.
l. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Who did leave his Father's throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.
m. HERBERT—*The Temple. Business.*

One name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
n. KEBLE—*Septuagesima Sunday.*

All the glory and beauty of Christ are manifested within, and there he delights to dwell; his visits there are frequent, his condescension amazing, his conversations sweet, his comforts refreshing; and the peace that he brings passeth all understanding.
o. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

God never gave man a thing to do concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of God would have done it.
p. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LIX.

The pilot of the Galilean lake.
q. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 109.

Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,
And oh! still harder lesson, how to die!
r. BISHOP PORTEUS—*Death.* Line 316.

In those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 1.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In lovliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the waves
In roarings round the coral reef.
t. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXXVI.

His love at once, and dread instruct our thought;
As man he suffer'd and as God he taught.
u. WALLER—*Of Divine Love.* Line 41.

CHRISTIAN.

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.
v. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Look in, and see Christ's chosen saint
In triumph wear his Christ-like chain;
No fear lest he should swerve or faint;
"His life is Christ, his death is gain."
w. KEBLE—*St. Luke.*

Of simple understandings, little inquisitive, and little instructed, are made good Christians, who by reverence and obedience implicitly believe, and are constant in their belief.

a. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. LIV. *Of Vain Subtleties.*

A sad, good Christian at her heart.

b. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 68.

A Christian is the highest style of man.

c. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 788.

CHRISTMAS.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.

d. BAYLY—*The Mistletoe Bough.*

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

e. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Christmas.*

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever:
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love—salvation and release.

f. KEBLE—*Christmas Day.*

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

g. LONGFELLOW—*Flower de Luce. Christmas Bells.*

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.

h. LONGFELLOW—*By the Fireside. A Christmas Carol.*

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so:)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

i. MILTON—*On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.* St. 13.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

j. MILTON—*On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.* St. 1.

'Twas the night before Christmas.

k. CLEMENT C. MOORE—*A Visit from St. Nicholas.*

God rest ye, little children; but nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas day.

l. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. A Christmas Carol.*

It is the Christmas time:
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
In the glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.

m. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. A Hymn for Christmas Morning.*

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

n. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto VI. Introduction.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows.

o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.

p. W. R. SPENCER—*The Joys of Christmas.*

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

q. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXVIII.

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

r. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXX.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

s. TUSSER—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.* Ch. XII.

CHURCH, THE.

Where God hath a temple, the Devil will have a chapel.

t. BURTON—*Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. III. Sc. 4.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there.

u. DEFOE—*The Trueborn Englishman.* Line 1.

God never had a church but there men say,
The devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles,
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Gyles.
a. DRUMMOND—*Posthumous Poems.*

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by.
b. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.
c. MACAULAY—*Review of Ranke's History of the Popes.*

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
d. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 159.

No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
e. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 137.

Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame
Will never mark the marble with his Name.
f. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 285.

CIRCLES.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all.
g. Sir THOS. BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

The eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world.
h. EMERSON—*Essays. Circles.*

The small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The circle mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads.
i. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 364.

I'm up and down and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
j. JONATHAN SWIFT—*On a Circle.*

I watch'd the little circles die;
They past unto the level flood.
k. TENNYSON—*The Miller's Daughter.* St. 10.

On the lecture slate
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration.
l. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. II. Line 359.

Circles are praised, not that abound
In largeness, but th'exactly round.
m. WALLER—*Long and Short Life.*

CIRCUMSTANCES.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to *elbow* himself through the world, giving and receiving offence.
n. CARLYLE—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

The objects that we have known in better days are the main props that sustain the weight of our affections, and give us strength to await our future lot.
o. WM. HAZLITT—*Table Talk. On the Past and Future.*

Sprinkled along the waste of years
Full many a soft green isle appears:
Pause where we may upon the desert road,
Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe abode.
p. KEBLE—*The Christian Year. Advent Sunday.* St. 8.

Occasions do not make a man frail, but they shew what he is.
q. THOMAS À KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. XVI.

Condition, circumstance is not the thing.
r. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 57.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid.
s. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Leave frivolous circumstances.
t. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 1.

My circumstances
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe.
u. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 4.

What means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

So runs the round of life from hour to hour.
w. TENNYSON—*Circumstance.*

CITIES.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structure rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Look'd to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!
x. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 1.

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World.
a. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 145.

At Dresden on the Elbe, that handsome city,
Where straw hats, verses, and cigars are made,
They've built (it well may make us feel afraid)
A music-club and music warehouse pretty.
b. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Sonnets. Dresden Poetry.*

Even cities have their graves!
c. LONGFELLOW—*Amalfi.* St. 6.

What land is this? Yon pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed:
The pride, the market-place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Kéramos.* Line 66.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.
e. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 117.

See the wild Waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad Sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
f. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep.V. Line 1.

I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!
g. ROGERS—*Rome.*

CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God.
h. BACON—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. I.

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness."
i. JOHN WESLEY. *Sermon XCII. On Dress.*

CLOUDS.

O it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy.
j. COLERIDGE—*Poetical Works. Sonnet.*

The sky is filled with rolling, fleecy clouds, whose flat receding bases seem to float upon a transparent amber sea.
k. W. HAMILTON GIBSON—*Pastoral Days. Autumn.*

Die down, O dismal day! * * *
And come, blue deeps! magnificently strown
With coloured clouds—large, light, and fugitive—
By upper winds through pompous motions blown.
l. DAVID GRAY—*The Luggie and Other Poems. In the Shadows. Sonnet XX.*

The cloudlets are lazily sailing
O'er the blue Atlantic sea.
m. HEINE—*Early Poems. Evening Songs.* No. 4.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away
Over the snowy peaks!
n. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

The louring element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscip.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 490.

There does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
p. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 223.

Clouds on clouds, in volumes driven,
Curtain round the vault of heaven.
q. THOS. LORE PEACOCK—*Rhododaphne.*

Clouds on the western side
Grow gray and grayer, hiding the warm sun.
r. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Twilight Calm.* St. 1.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.
s. SCOTT—*The Setting Sun.*

Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds.
t. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
u. SHELLEY—*The Cloud.* St. 1.

Yonder cloud
That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a laboring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.
v. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XV.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
* * * * *
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow;
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
a. JOHN WILSON—*Isle of Palms and Other Poems. The Evening Cloud.*

COMPARISONS.

To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say comparisons are odd.
b. BURNS—*Brigs of Ayr.* Line 177.

Comparisons are odious.
c. BURTON—*Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. III. Sec. 3.
DONNE—*Elegy* 8. Line 54.
GEORGE HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*
HEYWOOD—*A Woman Killed With Kindness.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Comparisons are offensive.
d. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. II. Ch. I.

O God, show compassion on the wicked,
The virtuous have already been blessed by Thee in being virtuous.
e. *Prayer of a Persian Dervish.*

Comparisons are odorous.
f. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 5.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
g. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

COMPENSATION.

What we gave, we have:
What we spent, we had:
What we left, we lost,
h. *Epitaph of Edward, Earl of Devon.*

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Endymion.* St. 7.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.
j. LOWELL—*The Vision of Sir Launfal.* Prelude to Pt. I.

When fate has allowed to any man more than one great gift, accident or necessity seems usually to contrive that one shall encumber and impede the other.
k. SWINBURNE—*Essays and Studies.* The Poems of DANTE, GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.
l. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LIII.

COMPLIMENTS.

Though all compliments are lies, yet because they are known to be such, nobody depends on them, so there is no hurt in them; you return them in the same manner you receive them; yet it is best to make as few as one can.
m. LADY GETHIN.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for paying it.
n. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

What honour that,
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 122.

'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.
p. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Current among men
Like coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
q. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. II. Line 40.

CONFESSION.

Confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove, or choke, the strong conception
That I do groan withal.
r. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
s. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I own the soft impeachment.
t. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Act V. Sc. 3.

CONCEIT.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. V. Ch. VI.

When self-esteem expresses itself in contempt of another, be it the meanest, it must be repellant. A flippant, frivolous man may ridicule others, may controvert them, scorn them; but he who has any respect for himself seems to have renounced the right of thinking meanly of others.
v. GOETHE—*Lewes Life of Goethe.* Bk. V.

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.
a. HANNAH MORE—*Florio.* Pt. I.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
b. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 438.

If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be.
c. Sir WALTER RALEIGH—*Oldy's Life of Raleigh.*

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.
d. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Morals and Religion. Functions of the Artist.*

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
e. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I am not in the roll of common men.
f. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

CONFIDENCE.

He who does not respect confidence, will never find happiness in his path. The belief in virtue vanishes from his heart, the source of nobler actions becomes extinct in him.
g. AUFFENBERG.

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.
h. BOISTE.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth.
i. EARL OF CHATHAM—*Speech.* January 14, 1766.

Confidence is that feeling by which the mind embarks in great and honourable courses with a sure hope and trust in itself.
j. CICERO—*Rhetorical Invention.*

Self-trust is the essence of heroism.
k. EMERSON—*Essay. On Heroism.*

The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue; and no genius can long or often utter anything which is not invited and gladly entertained by men around him.
l. EMERSON—*Race.*

Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great.
m. EMERSON—*Essay. On Prudence.*

In tracing the shade, I shall find out the sun.
Trust to me!
n. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 15.

Though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 686.

Be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
p. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I renounce all confidence.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence
Do not go forth to-day.
t. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 2.

CONSCIENCE.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body: it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befal us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.
u. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 135.

Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return?
v. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto II. Line 317.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And there hath been thy bane.
w. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 42.

Nor ear can hear, nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!
x. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 748.

There is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.
y. BYRON—*Manfred.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through Gain's silence, and o'er Glory's din;
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.
z. BYRON—*The Island.* Canto I. St. 6.

The great theatre for virtue is conscience.
aa. CICERO.

The still small voice is wanted.
bb. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 685.

Conscience is harder than our enemies,
Knows more, accuses with more nicety.
cc. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk 1.

Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.
a. GOLDSMITH—*Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. XIII.

'Tis the first constant punishment of sin,
That no bad man absolves himself within.
b. JUVENAL—XIII. 2.

Let his tormentor, conscience, find him out.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 130.

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what he is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue!
d. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 23.

O conscience! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 842.

The hell within him.
f. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 20.

Whom conscience, ne'er asleep,
Wounds with incessant strokes, not loud, but deep.
g. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. II. Ch. V. *Of Conscience.*

Despotic conscience rules our hopes and fears.
h. OVID—*Fast.* I. 485.

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
i. POPE—*To Mrs. M. B.*

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs.
j. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 255.

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to Church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice."
k. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 365.

True, conscious Honour, is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of Brass.
l. POPE—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 93.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.
m. POPE—*Universal Prayer.*

There is a higher law than the constitution.
n. WM. SEWARD—*Speech.* March 11, 1850.

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act. III. Sc. 3.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy.
p. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Conscience is a blushing shame-faced spirit
That mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills
One full of obstacles.
q. *Richard III.* Act. I. Sc. 4.

Conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.
r. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.
s. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour;
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day, nor light.
t. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 6.

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience.
u. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe.
v. *Titus Andronicus.* Act V. Sc. 1.

My conscience had a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
w. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
x. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
y. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors whilst thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
a. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.
b. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Trust that man in nothing, who has not a conscience in everything.
c. STERNE—*Tristram Shandy.* Ch. XVII.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called Conscience.
d. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Moral Maxims. Virtue and Vice. Conscience.*

CONSIDERATION.

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.
e. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
f. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

CONSISTENCY.

Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as eves Athens heard;
And, strange to tell, he practic'd what he preached.
h. JOHN ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. IV. Line 302.

Tush! tush! my lassie such thoughts resigne,
Comparisons are cruele:
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine
Consistencie's a jewell.
For thee and me coarse cloathes are best
Rude folks in homelye raiment drest
Wife Joan and goodman Robin.
i. *Jolly Robyn-Roughhead. From Murtagh's Collection of Scotch Ballads, Pub. in* 1754. (*Doubted.*)

CONSOLATION.

All are not taken! there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
j. E. B. BROWNING—*Consolation.*

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.
k. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto VIII. St. 3.

God has commanded time to console the unhappy.
l. JOUBERT.

Empty heads console with empty sound.
m. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 542.

Grief is crowned with consolation.
n. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act. I. Sc. 2.

I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear.
o. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 2.

CONSPIRACY.

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed.
p. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life.
q. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free?
r. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Open-eye Conspiracy
His time doth take.
s. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1. *Song.*

Take no care
Who chafes, who frets, and where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be.
t. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
As stranger to thy thoughts.
u. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

CONSTANCY.

Death cannot sever
The ties that bind our souls through mortal years—
They last forever!
v. KATE B. W. BARNES—*The Departed.*

Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him.
w. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto II. Line 369.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.
x. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto II. Line 175.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives.
a. HERBERT—*Virtue.*

'Tis often constancy to change the mind.
b. HOOLE'S *Anastatio. Sieves.*

Keep your love true, I can engage that mine
Shall, like my soul, immortal prove.
c. JOHN MORRIS—*Damon and Pythias. On Friendship and Perfection.*

Be true to your word and your work and your friend.
d. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY—*Rules of the Road.*

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.
e. PRIOR—*Solomon on the Vanity of the World.* Bk. II. Line 364.

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes.
f. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I could be well nerv'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star
Of whose true fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.
h. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.
i. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.
j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
k. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 4.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all th' sins.
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
l. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
m. *Sonnet CXVI.*

Out upon it! I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.
n. Sir JOHN SUCKLING—*Constancy.*

CONTAMINATION.

The sun, too, shines into cess-pools, and is not polluted.
o. DIOGENES LAERTIUS—Lib. VI. Sec. 63.

Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
p. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

They that touch pitch will be defiled.
q. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

CONTEMPLATION.

The act of contemplation then creates the thing contemplated.
r. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character.* Ch. XII.

But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation.
s. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 51.

In discourse more sweet,
For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the sense,
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 555.

Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets
Under his advanced plumes!
u. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 5.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
v. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

CONTEMPT.

He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.
w. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 506.

Most contemptible to shun contempt.
a. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 196.

Becomes it thee to taunt this valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 2.

But, (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the hand of Scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at.
c. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.
d. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Get thee glass eyes;
And, and like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
e. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

He talks to me that never had a son.
f. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon;
Than such a Roman.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 1.

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
i. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

CONTENT.

I have a heart with room for every joy.
j. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Mountain.*

Ah, sweet Content, where dost thou safely rest?
k. BARNABE BARNES—*Parthenophil and Parthenophe.*

Ah, sweet Content, where doth thine harbour hold?
l. BARNABE BARNES—*Parthenophil and Parthenophe.*

Ah, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?
m. BARNABE BARNES—*Parthenophil and Parthenophe.*

From labour health, from health contentment spring:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
n. JAMES BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. I.

There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee;
He danced and sang from morn to night—
No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
"I care for nobody, no not I,
If nobody cares for me."
o. BIRKERSTAFF—*Love in a Village.* Act I. Sc. 4.

One contented with what he has done, stands but small chance of becoming famous for what he will do. He has laid down to die. The grass is already growing over him.
p. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought.* *Contentment.*

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nae-body;
If nae-body cares for me,
I'll care for nae-body.
q. BURNS—*Nae-body.*

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.
r. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. I. Bk. IV. Ch. XXIII.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudent to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.
s. NATHANIEL COTTON—*The Fireside.* St. 10.

Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear nor wish th' approaches of the last.
t. COWLEY—*Imitations. Martial.* Lib. X. Ep. XLVII.

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the Great Babel, and not feel the crowd.
u. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 88.

This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
v. SAMUEL DANIEL—*An Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.*

Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
w. DRYDEN—*Second Book of Horace.* *Ode* 29.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
x. DRYDEN—*Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 84.

With equal minds what happens let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
y. DRYDEN—*Palemon and Arcite.* Bk. III. Line 883.

Map me no maps, sir; my head is a map, a map of the whole world.
z. FIELDING—*Rape upon Rape.* Act 1. Sc. 5.

What happiness the rural maid attends
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
a. GAY—*Rural Sports.* Canto II. Line 148.

His best companions, innocence and health
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.
b. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 61.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.
c. GOLDSMITH—*The Hermit.* St. 8.

Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
d. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 210.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himself content;
In thought or act accountable to none
But to himself and to the gods alone.
e. GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne.)—*Epistle to Mrs. Higgins.*

Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind.
f. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Church Yard.* St. 22.

Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.
g. ROBERT GREENE—*Song. Farewell to Folly.*

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
h. ROBERT GREENE—*Song. Farewell to Folly.*

Praise they that will times past, I joy to see
My selfe now live: this age best pleaseth mee.
i. HERRICK—*Hesperides.*

Of little meddling cometh rest,
The busy man ne'er wanted woe:
The best woe is in all worlds sent,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.
j. JASPER HEYWOOD—*Look ere you Leap.* St. 4.

Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.
k. JOHN HEYWOOD—*Be Merry Friends.*

Yes! in the poor man's garden grow,
Far more than herbs and flowers,
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.
l. MARY HOWITT—*The Poor Man's Garden.*

Contentment furnishes constant joy. Much covetousness, constant grief. To the contented, even poverty is joy. To the discontented, even wealth is a vexation.
m. MING SUM PAOU KEËN. *In Chinese Repository.* (Trans. by Dr. Milne).

O what a glory doth this world put on,
For him who, with a fervent heart goes forth,
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Autumn.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet, take
That for a hermitage.
o. LOVELACE—*To Althea from Prison.* Percy's Rel. 343.

I rest content; I kiss your eyes,
I kiss your hair in my delight:
I kiss my hand and say, "Good-night."
p. JOAQUIN MILLER—*Songs of the Sun-Lands. Isles of the Amazons.* Pt. V.

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
q. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 261.

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.
s. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. I.

I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm.
t. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

If it were now to die,
'Twere to be most happy; for, I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
u. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I'm glad of't with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.
w. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act III. Sc. 1

My more-having, would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more.
x. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Our content
Is our best having.
a. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Shut up
In measureless content.
b. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.
c. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
d. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 3.

'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Fear not the future, weep not for the past.
f. Shelley—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto XI. St. 18.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.
g. Spenser—*Faerie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto II. Line 35.

Dear little head, that lies in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder, where He meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid.
h. Celia Thaxter—*Song.*

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
i. Thomson—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 1158.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes—to few from heaven sent—
That much in little—all in nought—content.
j. Wilbye—*Madrigal.*

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.
k. Wordsworth—*The Excursion.* Bk. VII.

Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.
l. Sir Henry Wotton—*The Character of a Happy Life.*

CONTENTION.

Contention is a hydra's head; the more they strive the more they may: and as Praxiteles did by his glass, when he saw a scurvy face in it, brake it in pieces: but for that one he saw many more as bad in a moment.
m. Burton—*Anat. of Mel.* Pt. II. Sec. 3. Mem. 7.

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing.
n. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto II. Line 79.

That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,
"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.
o. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 96.

Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed the more they still disjoin.
p. Sir Sam'l Garth—*The Dispensary.* Canto III. Line 184.

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
q. Gay—*Fable. The Mastiffs.* Line 1.

Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead;
Who living, had no roofe to shrowd his head.
r. John Heywood—*The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels.*

Contentions fierce,
Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause
s. Scott—*Peveril of the Peak.* Ch. XL.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring.
t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act. V. Sc. 1.

Greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake.
u. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
v. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The Retort Courteous; the Quip Modest; the Reply Churlish; the Reproof Valiant; the Counter check Quarrelsome; the Lie with Circumstance; the Lie Direct.
w. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes.
x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.
y. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.

a. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

b. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto I. *Song.*

Weakness on both sides is, as we know, the motto of all quarrels.

c. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Weakness on Both Sides.*

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

d. WATTS—*Divine Songs. Song XVI.*

CONTRAST.

'Tis light translateth night; 'tis inspiration
Expounds experience; 'tis the west explains
The east; 'tis time unfolds eternity.

e. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Ruined Temple.*

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

f. WORDSWORTH—*Guilt and Sorrow.* St. 41.

The rose and the thorn, sorrow and gladness, are linked together.

g. SAADI.

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.

h. Cymbeline. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court.

i. As You Like It. Act III. Sc. 2.

The little may contrast with the great, in painting, but cannot be said to be contrary to it. Oppositions of colors contrast; but there are also colors contrary to each other, that is, which produce an ill effect because they shock the eye when brought very near it.

j. VOLTAIRE—*Essay. Contrast.*

CONVERSATION.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, providing a man would talk to make himself understood.

k. ADDISON—*The Spectator.* No. 476.

When with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk.
For all a Rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

l. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 89.

Discourse may want an animated "No,"
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.

m. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 101.

Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness,
For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest dress.

n. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 217.

Conversation is a game of circles.

o. EMERSON—*Essays. Circles.*

Conversation is the laboratory and workshop of the student.

p. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Clubs.*

I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
* * * * *
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain.

q. GAY—*Fables.* Pt. I. Introduction. Line 53.

With thee conversing I forget the way.

r. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. II. Line 480.

Men of great conversational powers almost universally practice a sort of lively sophistry and exaggeration, which deceives, for the moment, both themselves and their auditors.

s. MACAULAY—*Essay. On the Athenian Orators.*

With thee conversing, I forget all time.

t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 639.

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

u. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 379.

Equality is the life of conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any part above another; as he who considers himself below the rest of the society.

v. Sir RICHARD STEELE—*Tatler.* No. 225.

COQUETRY.

Like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

w. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 128.

'Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two strings unto your bow.

x. CHURCHILL—*The Ghost.* Bk. IV. *Heywood's Proverbs*, 1546; *Letters of Queen Elizabeth to James VI.*, June, 1585; *Hooker's Polity*, Bk. V., Ch. LXXX; *Butler's Hudibras*, Pt. III., Ch. I., Line 1; *Fielding, Love in Several Masques*, Sc. 13.

Coquetry whets the appetite; flirtation depraves it. Coquetry is the thorn that guards the rose — easily trimmed off when once plucked. Flirtation is like the slime on water-plants, making them hard to handle, and when caught only to be cherished in slimy waters.

a. Ik Marvel—*Reveries of a Bachelor.*

COUNTRIES.

Give me but one hour of Scotland,
Let me see it ere I die.

b. Aytoun—*A Scotch Ballad. Charles Edward at Versailles.*

America! half brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land.

c. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *The Surface.*

England! my country, great and free!
Heart of the world, I leap to thee!

d. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *The Surface.*

Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs arose
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,
And shook within their pyramids to hear
A new Cambyses thundering in their ear;
While the dark shades of forty ages stood
Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood.

e. Byron—*The Age of Bronze.* Pt. V.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!

f. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 73.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.

g. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 86.

Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.

h. Churchill—*The Farewell.*

The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England.

i. Sam'l Johnson—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1763.

The Americans equally detest the pageantry of a King, and the supercilious hypocrisy of a Bishop.

j. Junius—*Letter No.* 35.

Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

k. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault!

l. *Henry V.* Act II. Chorus.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea.

m. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters.

n. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Month after month the gather'd rains descend,
Drenching yon secret Ethiopian dells,
And from the Desert's ice-girt pinnacles,
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.

o. Shelley—*Sonnet. To the Nile.*

In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue?

p. Sydney Smith—*Review on Seybert's Annals of the United States.*

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves;
Britons never shall be slaves.

q. Thompson—*Alfred.* Act II. Sc. 5.

COUNTRY LIFE.

God Almighty first planted a garden.

r. Bacon—*Essays. Of Gardens.*

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature.

s. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. I. Line 181.

I hate the countrie's dirt and manners, yet
I love the silence; I embrace the wit
A courtship, flowing here in full tide.
But loathe the expence, the vanity, and pride.
No place each way is happy.

t. William Habington—*To my Noblest Friend, I. C., Esquire.*

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

u. Keats—*Sonnet I.* Line 1.

As I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead.

v. Longfellow—*Chaucer.*

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashion'd country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,
"Forever! never!
Never—forever!"

w. Longfellow—*Old Clock on the Stairs.* St. 1.

Far from the gay cities and the ways of men.
a. POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XIV. Line 410.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless
Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens.
b. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 260.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.
c. ROGERS—*A Wish.*

Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming.
To own dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.
d. ROBERT TANNAHILL—*The Braes o' Balquhither.*

COUNTRY, LOVE OF

There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.
e. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

My dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
f. BURNS—*Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 20.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
g. BURNS—*Caledonia.*

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new.
h. BYRON.—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 12.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 15.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
j. CAMPBELL.—*The Exile of Erin.*

O beautiful and grand
My own my Native Land!
Of thee I boast:
Great Empire of the West,
The dearest and the best,
Made up of all the rest,
I love thee most.
k. ABRAHAM COLES—*My Native Land.*

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English mind and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee.
l. COWPER—*The Task.* Line 206.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.
m. STEPHEN DECATUR—*Toast given at Norfolk.*

The loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native shore.
n. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 217.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale.
o. HOLMES—*A Metrical Essay.*

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation!
p. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. I.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.
q. LONGFELLOW—*The Building of the Ship.*

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
r. LONGFELLOW—*The Building of the Ship.*

Sweet the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Amalfi.* St. 1.

Hail, dear country! I embrace thee, seeing thee after a long time.
t. MENANDER. Piscat 8

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

a. Moore—*Dear Harp of My Country.* St. 2.

Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

b. Pope—*On his Grotto at Twickenham.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!

c. Scott—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto VI. St. 1.

Land of my sires! what mortal hand,
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

d. Scott—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto VI. St. 2.

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor.

e. Scott—*Rob Roy.* Ch. XXXIV.

I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate.

f. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

g. Sam'l F. Smith—*National Hymn.*

I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.

h. Daniel Webster—*Speech.* July 17, 1850.

Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.

i. Daniel Webster—*An address delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.*

Our country—whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less;—still our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.

j. Robt. C. Winthrop—*Toast at Faneuil Hall on the 4th of July,* 1845.

COURAGE.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

k. Addison—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live.

l. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. XLIV.

O friends, be men; so act that none may feel
Ashamed to meet the eyes of other men.
Think each one of his children and his wife,
His home, his parents, living yet or dead.
For them, the absent ones, I supplicate,
And bid you rally here, and scorn to fly.

m. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XV. Line 843.

And let us mind faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair.

n. Burns—*To Dr. Blacklock.*

None but the brave deserves the fair.

o. Dryden—*Alexander's Feast.* St. 1.

The charm of the best courages is that they are inventions, inspirations, flashes of genius.

p. Emerson—*Society and Solitude.* *Courage.*

Courage the highest gift, that scorns to bend
To mean devices for a sordid end.
Courage—an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.
Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,
Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.
Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,
By which those great in war, are great in love.
The spring of all brave acts is seated here,
As falsehoods draw their sordid birth from fear.

q. Farquhar—*Love and a Bottle. Part of dedication to the Lord Marquis of Carmarthen.*

Courage is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character.

r. Froude—*Representative Men.*

Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are.

s. J. C. and A. W. Hare—*Guesses at Truth.*

Tender handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

t. Aaron Hill—*Verses written on a Window in Scotland.*

"Be bold!" *first gate;* "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold," *second gate;* "Be not too bold!" *third gate.*

u. *Inscription on the Gates of Busyrane.*

There's a brave fellow! There's a man of pluck!
A man who's not afraid to say his say,
Though a whole town's against him.

v. Longfellow—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere—"Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 100.

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered, "Yes"; that thunder swell
Rocked Europe, and discharged the tripple crown.
b. LOWELL—*To W. L. Garrison.*

How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.
c. MACAULAY—*Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius* 70.

'Tis more brave
To live, than to die.
d. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 11.

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.
e. MILTON—*Sonnet. To Cyriack Skinner.*

Stand fast and all temptation to transgress repel.
f. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 640.

Courage in danger is half the battle.
g. PLAUTUS.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I.
h. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto V. St. 10.

But how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence:
For courage mounteth with occasion.
i. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Come let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
j. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
k. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 7.

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion.
l. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe.
m. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more, is none.
n. *Macbeth.* Act 1. Sc. 7.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
o. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 4.

In that day's feats
* * * * * * *
He prov'd the best man i' the field; and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak.
p. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

The thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.
r. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
* * * * * * *
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
* * * * * * *
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
s. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety,
t. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or, to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?
u. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.
v. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.
w. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.
x. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 4.

Wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
y. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

A man of courage is also full of faith.
z. YONGE'S *Cicero.* *The Tusculan Disputations*

COURTESY.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me; and no other can.
a. Cowper—*Conversation.* Line 193.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.
b. Emerson—*Social Aims.*

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please:
All such is courteous, useful, new or wittie:
Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease;
Courtesie grows in court; news in the citie.
c. Herbert—*The Church. Church Porch.* St. 49.

Shepherd I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry hall
And courts of princes.
d. Milton—*Comus.* Line 322.

I am the very pink of courtesy.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 4.

The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth Civility.
f. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Too civil by half.
g. Sheridan—*The Rivals.* Act III. Sc. 4.

COWARDICE

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
h. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto III. Line 243.

For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.
i. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 609.

That all men would be cowards if they dare,
Some men we know have courage to declare.
j. Crabbe—Tale I. *The Dumb Orators.*

That same man, that runnith awaie,
Maie again fight another daie.
k. Erasmus—*Apothegms.* Trans. by Udall.

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.
l. Goldsmith—*The Art of Poetry on a New Plan.*

When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.
m. Sam'l Johnson—*Irene.* Act. IV. Sc. 1.

He
That kills himself to 'void misery, fears it,
And, at the best, shows but a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up, till it be forced:
Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity.
n. Massinger—*Maid of Honour.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Cowards (may) fear to die; but courage stout
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.
o. Sir Walter Raleigh—*On the Snuff of a Candle the night before he died*

He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.
p. Ray—*History of the Rebellion.* Bristol, 1752.

Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!
q. Scott—*Marmion.* Canto IV. St. 30.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.
r. Dr. Sewell—*The Suicide.* Bk. XI. Ep. LV.

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afear'd of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.
s. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.
t. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.
u. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
v. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.
w. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act. IV. Sc. 2.

I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt I. Act V. Sc. 1.

It was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
y. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.
z. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him.

a. *Twe'fth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like whelps, we crying run away.

b. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act. I. Sc. 5.

So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
As doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

c. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 4.

What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight.

d. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

e. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

f. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

'You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat!

g. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 4.

My valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands.

h. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Ah, Fool! faint heart fair lady n'er could win.

i. SPENSER—*Britain's Ida.* Canto V. St. I.

The man that lays his hand on woman, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.

j. TOBIN—*The Honeymoon.* Act II. Sc. 1.

CREATION.

Creation is great, and cannot be understood.

k. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.

l. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 144.

O mighty nothing! unto thee,
Nothing, we owe all things that be;
God spake once when he all things made,
He saved all when he nothing said,
The world was made of nothing then;
'Tis made by nothing now again.

m. CRASHAW—*Steps to the Temple.*

Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate:
No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung!
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

n. BISHOP HEBER—*Palestine.* Line 137.

Open, ye heavens, your living'doors! let in
The great Creator, from his work returned
Magnificent, his six days' work, a world.

o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 566.

To recount almighty works
What words of tongue or seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?

p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 112.

What cause
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest
Through all eternity, so late to build
In Chaos; and, the work begun, how soon
Absolvéd.

q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 89.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

r. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 267.

No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe; it descended out of heaven from God.

s. SEELEY—*Ecce Homo.* Ch. XXIV.

Through knowledge we behould the World's creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was,
And judge of Nature's cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formless mass.

t. SPENSER—*Tears of the Muses. Urania.* Line 499.

CRIME.

If Poverty is the Mother of Crimes, want of Sense is the Father.

u. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Vol. II. Ch. II.

Responsibility prevents crimes.

v. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands.

w. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto IX. St. 59.

Crime is not punished as an offense against God, but as prejudicial to society.

x. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Reciprocal Duties of State and Subjects.*

A man who has no excuse for crime is indeed defenceless!

a. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Lady of Lyons.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

b. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?

d. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

e. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

f. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

g. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

h. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Tremble thou wretch,
That has within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice.

j. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

k. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Do evil deeds thus quickly come to end?
O, that the vain remorse which must chastise
Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn
As its keen sting is mortal to avenge!
O, that the hour when present had cast off
The mantle of its mystery, and shown
The ghastly form with which it now returns
When its scared game is roused, cheering the hounds
Of conscience to their prey!

l. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act V. Sc. 1.

CRITICISM.

When I read rules of criticism I inquire immediately after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition.

m. ADDISON—*Guardian.* No. 115.

He was in Logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.

n. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 65.

A man must serve his time to every trade,
Save censure—critics all are ready made.
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet;
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

o. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 63.

As soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June,
Hope, constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics.

p. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 75.

A servile race
Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to rusty rules.

q. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 183.

But spite of all the criticizing elves,
Those who would make us feel—must feel themselves.

r. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 322.

Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read.

s. CHURCHILL—*The Candidate.* Line 57.

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part,
Nature in him was almost lost in art.

t. COLLINS—*Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakspere.*

There are some critics so with spleen diseased,
They scarcely come inclining to be pleased:
And sure he must have more than mortal skill,
Who pleases one against his will.

u. CONGREVE—*The Way of the World.* Epilogue.

I would beg the critics to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varus; that Fundamus and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them; and that, in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious; and those who were the most esteemed, were the best natured.

a. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Preface to Horace's Art of Poetry.*

The press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age.

b. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 7.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

c. DISRAELI (Earl of Beaconsfield)—*Speech in House of Commons.* Jan'y 24, 1860.

The most noble criticism is that in which the critic is not the antagonist so much as the rival of the author.

d. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Curiosities of Literature. Literary Journals.*

The talent of judging may exist separately from the power of execution.

e. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Curiosities of Literature. Literary Dutch.*

Those who do not read criticism will rarely merit to be criticised.

f. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. VI.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

g. DAVID EVERETT—*Lines written for a School Declamation.*

Reviewers are forever telling authors, they can't understand them. The author might often reply: Is that my fault?

h. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

i. Sir JOHN HARRINGTON—*Against Writers that Carp at other Men's Books.*

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author.

j. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised,

k. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXX.

It may be laid down as an almost universal rule that good poets are bad critics.

l. MACAULAY—*Criticisms on the Principal Italian Writers. Dante.*

The opinion of the great body of the reading public is very materially influenced even by the unsupported assertions of those who assume a right to criticise.

m. MACAULAY—*Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems.*

To check young Genius' proud career,
The slaves, who now his throne invaded,
Made Criticism his prime Vizir,
And from that hour his glories faded.

n. MOORE—*Genius and Criticism.*

Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost.

o. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 522.

And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

p. POPE—*Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 125.

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the Whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind.

q. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 235.

Be not the first by whom the new are tryd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

r. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 336.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd not as bad but new;
While if our Elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

s. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 115.

In every work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

t. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 255.

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

u. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 6.

The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.

v. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 100.

The line too labours, and the words move slow.

w. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 370.

With pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.

x. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 571.

Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whose remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.

y. PRIOR—*An Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq.*

For I am nothing if not critical.
a. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

'Tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

For, poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse.
And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
d. JONATHAN SWIFT—*On Poetry.*

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
e. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire VII. Line 97.

CRUELTY.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
f. BURNS—*Man Was Made to Mourn.*

Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain.
g. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 326.

It's not the linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.
h. HOOD—*Song of the Shirt.*

The Puritans hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.
i. MACAULAY—*History of England.* Vol. I. Ch. III.

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.
j. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

If ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't.
k. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I must be cruel, only to be kind.
l. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

You are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.
m. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Inhumanity is caught from man—
From smiling man.
n. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 158.

CURIOSITY.

I loathe that low vice, Curiosity.
o. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 23.

The poorest of the sex have still an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid inquires, if she shall take
The trusty tailor, and the cook forsake.
p. DRYDEN—*Sixth Satire of Juvenal.* Line 762.

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.
q. GOLDSMITH—*She Stoops to Conquer.* Act III.

I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrained by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far),
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out.
r. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. I. Line 330.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men.
s. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire XI. Line 17.

I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness.
t. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

They mocked thee for too much curiosity.
u. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inlaid ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely.
v. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. 6.

CUSTOM.

Great things astonish us, and small dishearten: Custom makes both familiar.
w. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Vol. II. Ch. II.

Man yields to custom, as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled—mind, body, and estate;
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not why.
x. CRABBE—*Tale. The Gentleman Farmer.*

And to my mind, though I am a native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honor'd in the breach than the observance.
y. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Custom calls me to 't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't?
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to overpeer.
z. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
a. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are followed.
b. *Henry VIII.* Act. I. Sc. 3.

That monster, custom, * * * is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on.
c. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The tyrant custom, most-grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice driven bed of down.
d. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Use can almost change the stamp of nature.
e. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

D.

DARKNESS.

The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd! Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the Universe!
f. Byron—*Darkness.*

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night.
g. Longfellow—*The Goblet of Life.*

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man had power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.
h. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.
i. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.
j. *Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1.

DAY.

Day is a snow-white Dove of heaven,
That from the east glad message brings:
Night is a stealthy, evil Raven,
Wrapt to the eyes in his black wings.
k. Aldrich—*Day and Night.*

The long days are no happier than the short ones.
l. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

Out of Eternity this new day was born;
Into Eternity it might well return.
m. Carlyle—*To-Day.*

I count my time by times that I meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons
And nights, these are my old moons and my new moons.
Slow fly the hours, fast the hours flee,
If thou art far from or art near to me:
If thou art far, the bird's tunes are no tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes—
Darkness is light and sorrow cannot be.
Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream,
The air I breathe, the world wherein I dwell,
My journey's end thou art, and thou the way;
Thou art what I would be, yet only seem;
Thou art my heaven and thou art my hell;
Thou art my ever-living judgment day.
n. Gilder—*The New Day.* Pt. IV. *Sonnet VI.*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.
o. Herbert—*The Temple.* *Virtue.*

O sweet, delusive noon,
Which the morning climbs to find;
O moment sped too soon,
And morning left behind.
p. Helen Hunt—Verses. *Noon.*

Blest power of sunshine!—genial Day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel there is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow, of the tomb.
a. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.*

O how glorious is Noon day!
With the cool large shadows lying
Underneath the giant forest,
The far hill-tops towering dimly
O'er the conquered plains below.
b. D. M. MULOCK—*A Stream's Singing.*

How troublesome is day!
It calls us from our sleep away;
It bids us from our pleasant dreams awake,
And sends us forth to keep or break
Our promises to pay;
How troublesome is day!
c. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Fly-By-Night.* (Paper Money Lyrics.)

O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton.
e. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 3.

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
f. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.
g. STANIFORD—*Art of Reading.*

A day for Gods to stoop,
And men to soar.
h. TENNYSON—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 304.

One of those heavenly days that cannot die.
i. WORDSWORTH—*Nutting.*

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 99.

DEATH.

Death is a black camel, which kneels at the gates of all.
k. ABD-EL-KADER.

But when the sun in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.
l. ALDRICH—*A Death Bed.*

Sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes.
m. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 642.

It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as faithful as the other.
n. BACON—*Essay. Of Death.*

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark.
o. BACON—*Essay. Of Death.*

Death is the universal salt of states;
Blood is the base of all things—law and war.
p. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

The death-change comes.
Death is another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the king's
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.
And then in shadowy glimpses, disconnect,
The story, flower like, closes thus its leaves.
The will of God is all in all. He makes,
Destroys, remakes, for His own pleasure all.
q. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.
r. JAMES BEATTIE—*The Hermit.* St. 6. Last lines.

Death hath so many doors to let out life.
s. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Custom of the Country.* Act. II. Sc. 2.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
t. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 3.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts at parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.
u. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 334.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.
v. BRYANT—*Thanatopsis.*

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.
w. BRYANT—Trans. *The Love of God.*

He slept an iron sleep,—
Slain fighting for his country.
a. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XI. Line 285.

They die
An equal death,—the idler and the man
Of mighty deeds.
b. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 396.

I have been dying for years, now I shall begin to live.
c JAS. DRUMMOND BURNS—*His Last Words.*

Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.
d. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 108.

Death, so called, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.
e. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 3.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers,
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)—
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there.
f. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 68.

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.
g. BYRON—*Prisoner of Chillon.* St. 8.

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
h. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 92.

The absent are the dead—for they are cold,
And ne'er can be what once we did behold;
And they are changed, and cheerless,—or if yet
The unforgotten do not all forget,
Since thus divided—equal must it be
If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;
It may be both—but one day end it must
In the dark union of insensate dust.
i. BYRON—*A Fragment.*

Without a grave—unknell'd—uncoffin'd and unknown.
j. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 179.

'Tis ever wrong to say a good man dies.
k. CALLIMACHUS—*Epigram on a Good Man.*

Some men make a womanish complaint that it is a great misfortune to die before our time. I would ask what time? Is it that of Nature? But she indeed, has lent us life, as we do a sum of money, only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason then to complain if she demands it at pleasure, since it was on this condition that you received it.
l. CICERO.

They who make the least of death, consider it as having a great resemblance to sleep.
m. CICERO—*Tusculan Disputations.* Bk. I. Div. 38.

Thank God for Death: bright thing with dreary name,
We wrong with mournful flowers her pure, still brow.
n. SUSAN COOLIDGE. *Benedicam Domino.*

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death.
o. DONNE—*Divine Poems. Holy Sonnets.* No. 17.

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.
p. DONNE—*Divine Poems. Holy Sonnets.* No. 17.

He was exhal'd: his Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
q. DRYDEN—*On the Death of a Very Young Gentleman.*

Led like a victim, to my death I'll go,
And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow.
r. DRYDEN—*The Spanish Friar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Death is the king of this world: 'tis his park
Where he breeds life to feed him. Cries of pain
Are music for his banquet.
s. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. 2.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
t. EMERSON—*Good-Bye.*

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.
u. FULLER—*The Holy and the Profane State.* Bk. I. Ch. II.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke 'tis oe'r.
v. GARTH—*The Dispensary.* Canto III. Line 225.

Where the brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand,
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath.
w. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. II. Line 467.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?
x. GRAY—*Elegy.* St. 11.

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
a. GRAY—*Progress of Poesy.* St. 8.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
b. MATTHEW GREEN—*The Spleen.* Line 93.

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in our grave.
c. BISHOP HALL—*Christian Moderation. Introduction.*

Ere the dolphin dies
Its hues are brightest. Like an infant's breath
Are tropic winds before the voice of death.
d. HALLECK—*Fortune.*

The ancients dreaded death: the Christian can only fear dying.
e. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower.
f. HEBER—*At a Funeral.*

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb.
g. HEBER—*At a Funeral.*

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.
h. MRS. HEMANS—*A Dirge.*

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.
i. MRS. HEMANS—*The Hour of Death.*

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.
* * * * * *
Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.
j. HOOD—*The Death-bed.*

Those whom God loves, die young.
k. *Monumental Inscription in Morwenstow Church, Cornwall.*

The world will turn when we are earth
As though we had not come nor gone;
There was no lack before our birth,
When we are gone there will be none.
l. OMAR KHAYYAM—*Friederich Bodenstedt.* Trans.

The merry merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea;
And the merry merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.
Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea;
And the baby in his cradle in the churchyard
Sleeps sound till the bell brings me.
m. CHARLES KINGSLEY—*A Lament.*

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore.
n. LAMB—*Hester.* St. 1.

One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
o. LORD LANSDOWNE—*Meditation on Death.*

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. II.

Death never takes one alone, but two!
Whenever he enters in at a door,
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,
He always leaves it upon the latch,
And comes again ere the year is o'er.
Never one of a household only.
q. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

Oh, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old!
r. LONGFELLOW—*Three Friends of Mine.* Pt. II.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Resignation.*

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.
t. LONGFELLOW—*The Two Angels.* St. 9.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
u. LONGFELLOW—*The Reaper and the Flowers.*

There is no confessor like unto Death!
Thou canst not see him, but he is near:
Thou needest not whisper above thy breath,
And he will hear;
He will answer the questions,
The vague surmises and suggestions,
That fill thy soul with doubt and fear.
v. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Resignation.*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.
b. LONGFELLOW—*Resignation.*

The young may die, but the old must!
c. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?
d. MACAULAY—*Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius.* XXVII.

She thought our good-night kiss was given,
And like a lily her life did close;
Angels uncurtain'd that repose,
And the next waking dawn'd in heaven.
e. MASSEY—*The Ballad of Babe Christabel.*

Death hath a thousand doors to let out life,
I shall find one.
f. MASSINGER—*A Very Woman.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Stood grim Death now in view.
g. MASSINGER—*The Roman Actor.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

There's nothing certain in man's life but this,
That he must lose it.
h. OWEN MEREDITH—*Clytemnestra.* Pt. XX.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 803.

Behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse!
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 588.

But death comes not at call: justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 858.

Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 845.

I fled and cried out Death!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her cares, and back resounded Death.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 787.

Spake the grisly Terror.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 704.

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
o. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 13.

There's nothing terrible in death;
'Tis but to cast our robes away,
And sleep at night without a breath
To break repose till dawn of day.
p. MONTGOMERY—*In Memory of E. G.*

How short is human life! the very breath,
Which frames my words, accelerates my death.
q. HANNAH MORE—*King Hezekiah.*

Since, howe'er protracted, death will come,
Why fondly study, with ingenious pains,
To put it off? To breathe a little longer
Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it.
r. HANNAH MORE—*David and Goliath.*

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done;
Two pale feet cross'd in rest,
The race is won.
s. D. M. MULOCK—*Now and Afterwards.*

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.
t. PARNELL—*A Night-Piece on Death.* Line 67.

Death comes to all. His cold and sapless hand
Waves o'er the world, and beckons us away.
Who shall resist the summons?
u. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Time.*

Death betimes is comfort, not dismay,
And who can rightly die needs no delay.
v. PETRARCH—*To Laura in Death.* Canzone V.

He whom the gods love dies young, while he is in health, has his senses and his judgment sound.
w. PLAUTUS—*Bacchid.* IV. 7, 18.

Come, let the burial rite be read,
The funeral song be sung!
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead
In that she died so young.
x. POE—*Leonore.* St. 1.

A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.
y. POPE—*To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.* Line 73.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.
a. POPE—*To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.* Line 51.

Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd
Thank'd Heav'n that he had lived, and that he died.
b. POPE—*Epitaph X.*

O death, all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
c. POPE—*Eloise to Abelard.* Line 355.

Sleep and death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.
d. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XVI. Line 831.

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
e. POPE—*The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

Tired, he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
f. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 282.

Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks.
g. QUARLES—*Divine Poems.* Ed. 1669.

Sleep that no pain shall wake,
Night that no moon shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect calm.
h. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. *Dream-Land.* St. 4.

O stanch thy bootlesse teares, thy weeping is in vain;
I am not lost, for we in heaven shall one day meet again.
i. *Roxburghe Ballads. The Bride's Buriall.* Edited by Chas. Hindley.

Day's lustrous eyes grow heavy in sweet death.
j. SCHILLER—*The Expectation.* St. 4.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
k. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 16.

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!
l. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 12.

Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast,
That shall ne'er know waking.
m. SCOTT—*Guy Mannering.* Ch. XXVII.

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
n. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

'A made a finer end and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' th' tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with the flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times; now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.
o. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 3.

A man can die but once;—we owe God a death.
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

And there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
q. *Richard II.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd still the nearer death.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 2.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
s. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
t. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
u. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Death, death! oh, amiable, lovely death,
* * * * * * *
Come grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st.
w. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Death! my lord
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too.
y. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy
breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
a. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O
you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous
kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
c. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2. *Song.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
That hand shall burn in never-quenching
fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy
fierce hand
Hath, with thy king's blood, stain'd the
king's own land.
Mount, mount my soul! thy seat is up on
high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here
to die.
d. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?
e. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 4.

He dies, and makes no sign.
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 3.

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in
peace.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
h. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

He that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
i. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

He that dies, pays all debts.
j. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 2.

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers
call
A lightning before death.
k. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal?
l. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
m. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

In that sleep of death what dreams may come.
n. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that sour ferryman which poets write
of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
o. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc 4.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
p. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely
eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spread-
ing tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
wind.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 2.

Nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
r. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.
s. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once!
t. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shoot,
So bloodily hast struck?
u. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
v. *Macbeth.* Act. III. Sc. 4.

That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
w. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. III. Sc. 1.

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
x. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
y. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The wills above be done! but I would fain
die a dry death.
z. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
a. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared, and look not for it.
b. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 2.

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round-about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howlings!—'tis too horrible!
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

To die,—to sleep,
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.
d. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

We cannot hold mortalitie's strong hand.
e. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
f. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

We shall profane the service of the dead,
To sing sage requiem, and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.
g. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?
Pist. As nail in door.
h. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 3.

What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.
i. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
j. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. II. Sc. 2.

Where art thou death?
k. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
l. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 2.

Within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.
m. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.
n. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 2.

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.
o. SHELLEY—*Death.*

How wonderful is death, death and his brother, sleep!
p. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Line 1.

The lone couch of his everlasting sleep.
q. SHELLEY—*Alastor.* Line 57.

All buildings are but monuments of death,
All clothes but winding-sheets for our last knell,
All dainty fattings for the worms beneath,
All curious music, but our passing bell:
Thus death is nobly waited on, for why?
All that we have is but death's livery.
r. SHIRLEY—*The Passing Bell.*

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And, in the dust, be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
s. SHIRLEY—*Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.* Sc. 3.

We count it death to falter, not to die.
t. SIMONIDES—*Jacobs I.* 63, 20.

To our graves we walk
In the thick footprints of departed men.
u. ALEX. SMITH—*Horton.* Line 570.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible;
But thou the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter! the friend of all
Who have no friend beside!
v. SOUTHEY—*Joan of Arc.* Bk. I. Line 326.

Death is not rare, alas! nor burials few,
And soon the grassy coverlet of God
Spreads equal green above their ashes pale.
w. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Picture of St. John.* Bk. III. St. 84.

He that would die well must always look for death, every day knocking at the gates of the grave; and then the grave shall never prevail against him to do him mischief.
x. JEREMY TAYLOR—*Holy Dying.* Ch. II. Pt. I.

Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.
y. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXIII.

God's finger touched him and he slept.
z. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXXIV.

The night comes on that knows not morn,
When I shall cease to be alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.
aa. TENNYSON—*Mariana in the South.* Last verse.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.
a. TENNYSON—*Two Voices.* St. 132.

No evil is honourable; but death is honourable; therefore death is no evil.
b. TENO.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
c. TICKELL—*Colin and Lucy.*

There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The prices for knowledge) taught us how to die.
d. TICKELL—*On the Death of Addison.* Line 81.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me.
e. UHLAND—*The Passage.*

How beautiful it is for a man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armour off, and rest in heaven.
f. WILLIS—*On the Death of a Missionary.*

For I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.
And He cares for nothing! a king is He!
Come on old fellow, and drink with me.
With you I will drink to the solemn Past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.
g. WILLIAM WINTER—*Orgia. The Song of a Ruined Man.*

He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
h. WOLFE—*Monody on the Death of Sir John Moore.*

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had pass'd,
That time would e'er be o'er—
When I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.
i. WOLFE—*The Death of Mary.*

Her first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.
j. WOTTON—*On the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife.*

A death-bed's a detector of heart.
k. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 641.

Death is the crown of life;
Were death denyed, poor man would live in vain:
Were death denyed, to live would not be life:
Were death denyed, ev'n fools would wish to die.
l. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night III. Line 523.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.
m. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 1011.

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain!
n. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 212.

Man makes a death which nature never made.
o. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 15.

Men drop so fast, 'ere life's mid-stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive, as dead.
p. YOUNG—*Home of Fame.* Line 97.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
q. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 633.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm.
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 10.

Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never sat.
s. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 52.

DECAY.

A gilded halo hovering round decay.
t. BYRON—*Giaour.* Line 100.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords whose parents were, the Lord knows who.
u. DEFOE—*True-born Englishman.* Pt. I. Line 1.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made—
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.
v. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 51.

History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet: the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust?
w. IRVING—*The Sketch Book. Westminster Abbey.*

There seems to be a constant decay of all our ideas; even of those which are struck deepest, and in minds the most retentive, so that if they be not sometimes renewed by repeated exercises of the senses, or reflection on those kinds of objects which at first occasioned them, the print wears out, and at last there remains nothing to be seen.
a. LOCKE—*Human Understanding.* Bk. II. Ch. I.

Lips must fade and roses wither.
b. LOWELL—*The Token.*

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest
c. MOORE—*National Airs.*

In the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells.
d. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent.
e. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

DECEIT.

Hateful to me, as are the gates of hell,
Is he who, hiding one thing in his heart,
Utters another.
f. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 386.

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat,
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.
g. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 821.

I think not I am what I appear.
h. BYRON—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 12.

But al thing, which that schineth as the gold.
Is naught gold, as that I have herd told.
i. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. Prologue to the Chanounes Yemanne's Tale.* Line 409.

Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade.
j. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 421.

All as they say that glitters is not gold.
k. DRYDEN—*Hind and Panther.*

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.
l. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

Nor all that glisters gold.
m. GRAY—*On a Favourite Cat.* St. 7.

That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
n. BRET HARTE—*Plain Language from Truthful James.*

Where most sweets are, there lyes a snake:
Kisses and favours are sweet things.
o. ROBERT HERRICK—*The Shower of Blossomes.*

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?
p. J. P. KEMBLE—*The Panel.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

It is in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving wherein men find pleasure to be deceived.
q. LOCKE—*Human Understanding.* Bk. III. Ch. II.

All is not golde that outward shewith bright.
r. LYDGATE—*On the Mutibility of Human Affairs.*

All is not gold that glisteneth.
s. MIDDLETON—*A Fair Quarrel.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
t. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 120.

Like Dead sea fruit that tempts the eye
But turns to ashes on the lips.
u. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers* Line 1018.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
v. POPE—*Prologue to the Satires.* Line 1.

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.
w. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto VI. St. 17.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice.
x. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 2.

All is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.
y. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

All that glisters is not gold.
z. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 7.
Heywood's Proverbs, 1546.
Herbert. Jacula Prudentum.
Goorge's Eglogs, Epitaphs, &c., 1563.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
aa. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

A quicksand of deceit.
bb. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 4.

Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
cc. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.
a. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
b. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out.
c. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass.
d. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
f. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.
i. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thus much of this, will make
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this?
j. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Why, I can smile, and murther whiles I smile;
And cry, content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
k. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act III. Sc. 2.

With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole.
l. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Yes, this is life; and everywhere we meet,
Not victor crowns, but wailings of defeat.
m. Elizabeth Oakes Smith—*Sonnet. The Unattained.*

Gold all is not that doth golden seem.
n. Spenser—*Faerie Queene.* Bk. II. Canto VIII. St. 14.

And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it makes it two.
o. Watts—*Song XV.*

DECISION.

Decide not rashly. The decision made
Can never be recalled. The gods implore not,
Plead not, solicit not; they only offer
Choice and occasion, which once being passed
Return no more. Dost thou accept the gift?
p. Longfellow—*Masque of Pandora. Tower of Prometheus on Mount Caucasus.*

Once to every man and nation, come the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
q. Lowell—*The Present Crisis.*

Men must be decided on what they will NOT do, and then they are able to act with vigor in what they ought to do.
r. Mencius—*Maxims.*

Pleasure and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.
s. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

DEEDS.

Who doth right deeds
Is twice born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
t. Edwin Arnold—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 78.

Deeds, not words.
u. Beaumont and Fletcher—*Lover's Progress.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds.
v. George Eliot—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XIX.

Things of to-day?
Deeds which are harvest for Eternity!
w. Ebenezer Elliott—*Hymn.* Line 22.

We are our own fates. Our own deeds
Are our doomsmen. Man's life was made
Not for men's creeds,
But men's actions.
x. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto V. St. 8.

I on the other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.
y. Milton—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 246.

You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.
z. Milton's *Trans. of Sophocles. Electra.* Line 624.

The deed I intend is great,
But what, as yet, I know not.
aa. Sandy's *Trans. of Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

A deed without a name.
a. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour; good alone
Is good without a name.
b. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.
c. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 3.

He covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.
d. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness.
e. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.
f. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.
g. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds.
h. *Sonnet LXIX.*

DELIGHT.

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.
i. Burke—*The Sublime and Beautiful.* Pt. I. Sec. 14.

In this fool's paradise he drank delight.
j. Crabbe—*The Borough Payers.* Letter XII.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.
k. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Why, all delights are vain; and that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.
l. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.
m. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
n. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 4.

A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
The mists enfolded me with soft white arms;
The birds did sing to lap me in content,
The rivers wove their charms,—
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass!
o. Stoddard—*Hymn to the Beautiful.* St. 4.

DESIRE.

"Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long,"
'Tis not with me exactly so;
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.
p. John Quincy Adams—*The Wants of Man.*

Every wish
Is like a prayer—with God.
q. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. II.

The impatient Wish, that never feels repose,
Desire, that with perpetual current flows;
The fluctuating pangs, of Hope and Fear,
Joy distant still, and Sorrow ever near.
r. Falconer—*The Shipwreck.* Canto I. Line 493.

Oh! could I throw aside these earthly bands
That tie me down where wretched mortals sigh—
To join blest spirits in celestial lands!
s. Petrarch—*To Laura in Death.* *Sonnet XLV.*

Can one desire too much of a good thing?
t. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I have
Immortal longings in me.
u. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
w. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc 3.

Lacking my love, I go from place to place,
Like a young fawn that late hath lost the hind,
And seek each where where last I saw her face,
Whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.
x. Spenser—*Sonnet LXXVIII.*

We grow like flowers, and bear desire,
The odor of the human flowers.
a. STODDARD—*The Squire of Low Degree. The Princess Answers.* I. Line 13.

But O, for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.
b. TENNYSON—*Break, Break, Break.*

Father of life and light! Thou Good Supreme!
* * * * * * * * *
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
c. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 217.

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.
d. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 661.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst,
Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay!
e. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 71.

DESOLATION.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh;
The rocks moan wildly as it passes by;
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.
f. BRYANT—Trans. *The Paradise of Tears.*

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.
g. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 24.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
h. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 98.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.
i. GEORGE ELIOT—*Romola.* Ch. XLIV.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Endymion.*

My desolation does begin to make
A better life.
k. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

There is no creature loves me;
And if I die no soul shall pity me.
l. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Gone—flitted away,
Taken the stars from the night and the sun from the day!
Gone, and a cloud in my heart.
m. TENNYSON—*The Window. Gone.*

DESPAIR.

The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone."
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.
n. E. B. BROWNING—*De Profundis.* St. 5.

A happier lot were mine,
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone,
Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
And no dear mother.
o. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. VI. Line 530.

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?"—an echo answers—"Where?"
p. BYRON—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto II. St. 27.

No longer I follow a sound,
No longer a dream I pursue;
O happiness not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, Adieu!
q. COWPER—*Song on Peace.*

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.
r. DANTE—*Hell.* Canto III. Line 9.

To tell men that they cannot help themselves is to fling them into recklessness and despair.
s. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover.
There's no rain left in heaven.
t. JEAN INGELOW—*Song of Seven. Seven Times One.*

Abashed the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her own shape how lovely; saw
And pined his loss.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 846.

Farewell happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells: Hail horrors! hail.
v. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 249.

How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap!
w. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 775.

In the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 76.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day.
a. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 80.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost
Evil be thou my good.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 108.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 40.

Yet from those flames
No light; but only darkness visible.
d. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 62.

Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
e. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.
f. *Venus and Adonis.* St. 170.

For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
g. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
i. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.
j. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear,
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
k. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

O break, my heart!—poor bankrout, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
l. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Of comfort no man speak;
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.
m. *Richard II.* Act. III. Sc 2.

O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew.
n. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid on't.
o. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore, betake thee
To nothing but despair.
p. *Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
r. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
s. SHELLEY—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act I.

Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.
t. SHELLEY—*Revolt of Islam. Dedication.* St. 6.

Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.
u. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Guinevere.* Line 169.

The fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed.
v. WORDSWORTH—*Resolution and Independence.*

When pain can't bless, heaven quits us in despair.
w. YOUNG—*Night thoughts.* Night IX. Line 500.

DESTINY.

No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time; no man of woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.
x. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. VI.

All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was register'd in Heav'n ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightest works
Die too.
a. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 529.

Art and power will go on as they have done,—will make day out of night, time out of space, and space out of time.
b. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Work and Days.*

Take life too seriously, and what is it worth? If the morning wake us to no new joys, if the evening bring us not the hope of new pleasures, is it worth while to dress and undress? Does the sun shine on me to-day that I may reflect on yesterday? That I may endeavour to foresee and to control what can neither be foreseen nor controlled—the destiny of to-morrow?
c. GOETHE—*Egmont.* (*Lewes' Life of Goethe.*)

That each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilleth the task which destiny hath set down.
d. HIPPOCRATES.

Man proposes, but God disposes.
e. THOMAS À. KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. XIX.

What a glorious thing human life is, * * * and how glorious man's destiny.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. XI. Ch. VI.

The future works out great men's destinies;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay wherein the footprints of their age
Are petrified forever.
g. LOWELL—*Act for Truth.*

We are but as the instrument of Heaven.
Our work is not design, but destiny.
h. OWEN MEREDITH—*Clytemnestra.* Pt. XIX.

The irrevocable Hand
That opes the year's fair gate, doth ope and shut
The portals of our earthly destinies;
We walk through blinfold, and the noiseless doors
Close after us, forever.
i. D. M. MULOCK—*April.*

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
j. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

For it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.
k. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave king Henry light.
l. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 6.

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting.
m. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
n. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
o. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

The bustle of departure—sometimes sad, sometimes intoxicating—just as fear or hope may be inspired by the new chances of coming destiny.
p. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. X. Ch. VI.

DEVIL, THE.

I call'd the devil, and he came,
And with wonder his form did I closely scan;
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
But really a handsome and charming man.
A man in the prime of life is the devil,
Obliging, a man of the world, and civil;
A diplomatist too, well skill'd in debate,
He talks right glibly of church and state.
q. HEINE—*Pictures of Travels. The Return Home.* No. 37.

The Devil is an Ass, I do acknowledge it.
r. BEN JONSON—*The Devil is an Ass.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Lucifer,
The son of mystery;
And since God suffers him to be,
He, too is God's minister,
And labors for some good
By us not understood.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Epilogue.

His form had not yet lost
All his original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruined, and th'excess
Of glory obscured.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 591.

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 633.

Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th'arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.
v. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 707.

Into the wild abyss, the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd awhile,
Pond'ring his voyage.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 917.

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 5.

Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 658.

The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he.
d. RABELAIS—*Works.* Bk. IV. Ch. XXIV.

Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayers.
e. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The lunatic, the lover and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold.
g. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.
h. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.
i. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

DEW-DROP.

The dewdrop slips into the shining sea!
j. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VIII. Last Line.

Dewdrops, Nature's tears which she
Sheds in her own breast for the fair which die.
The sun insists on gladness; but at night
When he is gone, poor Nature loves to weep.
k. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood. Midnight.*

The dew,
'Tis of the tears which stars weep, sweet with joy.
l. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
m. COLERIDGE—*Youth and Age.*

The dew-bead
Gem of earth and sky begotten.
n. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Every dew-drop and rain-drop had a whole heaven within it.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. VII.

Stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 746.

The dew-drops in the breeze of morn,
Trembling and sparkling on the thorn,
Falls to the ground, escapes the eye,
Yet mounts on sunbeams to the sky.
q. MONTGOMERY—*A Recollection of Mary F.*

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
r. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 1.

And every dew-drop paints a bow.
s. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CXXI.

DIGNITY.

The dignity of truth is lost
With much protesting.
t. BEN JONSON—*Catiline.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the Dignity of Vice be lost?
u. POPE—*Epilogue to Satires.* Dialogue I. Line 113.

Clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike.
v. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
w. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
And leave us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.
x. BURNS—*To a Mouse.* St. 7.

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!
y. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 188.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of space and time
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
z. GRAY—*The Progress of Poesy.* III. 2.

Howe'er we trust to mortal things,
Each hath its pair of folded wings;
Though long their terrors rest unspread,
Their fatal plumes are never shed;
At last, at last, they stretch in flight,
And blot the day and blast the night!
aa. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. After the Fire.*

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.
a MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.* Line 278.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

All is but toys; renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.
c. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, with'ring on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
d. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To loose good dayes that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.
* * * * * * * *
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
e. SPENSER—*Mother Hubberd's Tales.* Line 895.

DISCONTENT.

Fret not, my friend, and peevish say,
Your loss is worse than common,
For "gold makes wings, and flies away,"
And time will wait for no man.
f. ERSKINE—*To one who was Grieving for the Loss of his Watch.*

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.
g. MOORE—*The Blue Stocking.*

O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or woman have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
h. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

No great thought, no great object, satisfies the mind at first view—nor at the last.
i. ABEL STEVENS—*Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXVIII.

We love in others what we lack ourselves, and would be everything but what we are.
j. STODDARD—*Arcadian Idyl.* Line 30.

Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast.
k. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Line 44.

DISCRETION.

Discretion, the best part of valour.
l. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*A King and no King.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake, as by never repeating it.
m. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Discretion.*

Covering discretion with a coat of folly.
n. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 4.

For 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.
o. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion.
p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
q. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action.
r. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life.
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

DISEASE.

That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower.
t. GOLDSMITH—*Double Transformation.* Line 75.

Just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds.
u. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 165.

I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.
v. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it easy.
w. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Therefore, the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
a. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.
b. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise.
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns,
And 'tis a poor relief we gain
To change the place, but keep the pain.
d. WATTS—*Hymns and Spiritual Songs.* Bk. II. Hymn 146.

DISGRACE.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone.
e. BURKE—*Reflection on the Revolution in France.*

Come, Death, and snatch me from disgrace.
f. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
g. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

DISSENSION.

Doubt and Discord step 'twixt thine and thee.
h. BYRON—*The Prophecy of Dante.* Canto II. Line 140.

In every age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
i. GAY—*Fable. Rat Catcher and Cats.* Line 33.

An old affront will stir the heart
Through years of rankling pain.
j. JEAN INGELOW—*Poems. Strife and Peace.*

Bitter waxed the fray;
Brother with brother spake no word
When they met in the way.
k. JEAN INGELOW—*Poems. Strife and Peace.*

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off.
l. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Light of the Harem.*

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act. III. Sc. 1.

If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience and rebel?
n. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act. IV. Sc. 1.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government.
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 6.

DISTRUST.

Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.
p. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Self-Reliance.*

What loneliness is more lonely than distrust?
q. GEORGE ELIOT—*Middlemarch.* Bk. V. Ch. XLIV.

A certain amount of distrust is wholesome, but not so much of others as of ourselves; neither vanity nor conceit can exist in the same atmosphere with it.
r. MADAME NECKER.

Three things a wise man will not trust,
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith.
s. SOUTHEY—*Madoc in Azthan.* Pt. XXIII. Line 51.

DOCTRINE.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.
t. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 189.

"Get Money, Money still!
And then let virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James' up to high St. Paul.
u. POPE—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 79.

Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life.
v. PRIOR—*To Dr. Sherlock. On his Practical Discourse Concerning Death.*

As thou these ashes, little brook! will bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accurst,
An emblem yields to friends and enemies
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth shall spread throughout the world dispersed.

a. WORDSWORTH—*Ecclesiastical Sketches.* Pt. II. *Wicliffe.*

DOUBT.

Who never doubted, never half believed.
Where doubt, there truth is—'tis her shadow.

b. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own.

c. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 96.

Uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.

d. DENHAM—*Cooper's Hill.* Line 399.

Doubt indulged soon becomes doubt realized.

e. F. R. HAVERGAL—*Royal Bounty. The Imagination of the Thoughts of the Heart.*

But the gods are dead—
Ay, Zeus is dead, and all the gods but Doubt,
And Doubt is brother devil to Despair!

f. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY—*Prometheus. Christ.*

I am just going to leap into the dark.

g. RABELAIS—*From Motteux's Life.*

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise.

h. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

No hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

i. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

j. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 5.

To be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd.

k. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

DREAMS.

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all!
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasure o'er again,
To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
Gay dreams to all! good night, good night!

l. JOANNA BAILLIE—*The Phantom. Song.*

Sleep brings dreams; and dreams are often most vivid and fantastical, before we have yet been wholly lost in slumber.

m. ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD—*Calavar.* Ch. XXXI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

n. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 3.

Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy,
They have a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being.

o. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 1.

I had a dream which was not all a dream.

p. BYRON—*Darkness.*

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream;
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

q. ALICE CARY—*Lover's Diary.*

Dreams,
Children of night, of indigestion bred.

r. CHURCHILL—*The Candidate.* Line 784.

My eyes make pictures when they are shut.

s. COLERIDGE—*A Day Dream.*

Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed.

t. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 127.

Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.

u. DRYDEN—*The Cock and the Fox.* Line 325.

In blissful dream, in silent night,
There came to me, with magic might,
With magic might, my own sweet love,
Into my little room above.

v. HEINE—*Youthful Sorrow.* Pt. VI. St. 1.

"Do you believe in dreams?" "Why, yes and no.
When they come true, then I believe in them;
When they come false, I don't believe in them."

w. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *Giles Corey.* Act. III. Sc. 1.

Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!

x. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act III. Sc. 5.

'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless.

y. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VII.

Ground not upon dreams, you know they are ever contrary.
a. MIDDLETON—*The Family of Love.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I believe it to be true that dreams are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is art required to sort and understand them.
b. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. III. Ch. XIII.

The lilies blossomed in our path,
Wild roses on the spray.
c. MRS. NICHOLS—*The Isle of Dreams.*

Dreams, which, beneath the hov'ring shades of night,
Sport with the ever-restless minds of men,
Descend not from the gods. Each busy brain
Creates its own.
d. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Dreams.*

Eat in dreams, the custard of the day.
e. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 92.

Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
The air-built Castle, and the Golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.
f. POPE—*Dunciad.* Bk. III. Line 9.

I'll dream no more—by manly mind
Not even in sleep is well resigned.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest and dream no more.
g. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. St. 35.

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
h. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc 1.

I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was.
i. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
k. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Oh! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.
l. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep.
m. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

There is some ill a-brewing toward my rest,
For I did dream of money bags to-night.
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 5.

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal.
o. *Pericles.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me.
p. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
q. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

An ocean of dreams without a sound.
r. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I. St. 26.

Those dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.
s. SWIFT—*On Dreams.*

A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.
t. TENNYSON—*Sea Dreams.* Line 146.

Seeing, I saw not, hearing not, I heard:
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all
So often that I spake as having seen.
u. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. VI. Line 3.

The dream
Dreamed by a happy man, when the dark East
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.
v. TENNYSON—*The Gardener's Daughter.* Line 71.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted dreams,
And into glory peep.
w. VAUGHAN—*Ascension Hymn.*

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.
a. WORDSWORTH—*Hart-Leap Well.* Pt. II.

They dreamt not of a perishable home.
b. WORDSWORTH—*Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge.*

DRINKING.

Merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid.
c. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. I. St. 44.

But while you have it use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.
d. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Bloody Brother.* Act II. Sc. 2. *Song.*

Why
Should every creature drink but I?
e. COWLEY—*From Anacreon. Drinking.*

Come, old fellow, drink down to your peg!
But do not drink any farther, I beg!
f. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

I drink no more than a sponge.
g. RABELAIS—*Works.* Bk. I. Ch. V.

Drink down all unkindness.
h. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.
i. BISHOP STILL—*Gammer Gurton's Needle.* Act II.

Drink, pretty creature, drink!
j. WORDSWORTH—*The Pet Lamb.*

For drink, there was beer which was very strong when not mingled with water, but was agreeable to those who were used to it. They drank this with a reed, out of the vessel that held the beer, upon which they saw the barley swim.
k. ZENOPHON.

DUTY.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
l. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.
m. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Life Thoughts.*

Time is indeed a precious boon,
But with the boon a task is given;
The heart must learn its duty well,
To man on earth and God in heaven.
n. ELIZA COOK—*Time.*

Maintain your post: That's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
o. DRYDEN—*To Mr. Congreve, on his Comedy "The Double Dealer."*

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.
p. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VI. Ch. XLVI.

In common things the law of sacrifice takes the form of positive duty.
q. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Sea Studies.*

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still.
r. HEBER—*Journal.*

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty:—
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
s. ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER—*Duty.*

I am not aware that payment, or even favours, however gracious, bind any man's soul and conscience in questions of highest morality and highest public importance.
t. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Health and Education. George Buchanan.*

Every mission constitutes a pledge of duty. Every man is bound to consecrate his every faculty to its fulfillment. He will derive his rule of action from the profound conviction of that duty.
u. MAZZINI—*Life and Writings. Young Europe. General Principles.*

The thing which must be, must be for the best,
God helps us do our duty and not shrink,
And trust His mercy humbly for the rest.
v. OWEN MEREDITH—*Imperfection.* St. 6.

Knowledge is the hill which few may hope to climb;
Duty is the path that all may tread.
w. LEWIS MORRIS—*Epic of Hades. Quoted by John Bright at Unveiling of Cobden Statue.*

Thy sum of duty let two words contain,
(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble and be just.
x. PRIOR—*Solomon on the Vanity of the World.* Bk. III.

When Duty grows thy law, enjoyment fades away.
y. SCHILLER—*The Playing Infant.*

Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with the harness on our back.
z. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

I do perceive here a divided duty.
aa. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty.
a. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Simple duty hath no place for fear.
c. WHITTIER—*Tent on the Beach. Abraham Davenport.* Last Line.

Stern daughter of the voice of God.
d. WORDSWORTH—*Ode to Duty.*

E.

EATING.

When the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace gates,
The pet of the Harem, Rose in Bloom,
Orders a feast in his favorite room,—
Glittering square of colored ice,
Sweetened with syrups, tinctured with spice;
Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates;
Syrian apples, Othmanee Quinces,
Limes and citrons and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes.
e. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH—*When the Sultan Goes to Ispahan.*

I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,
The Sweets of Hasty Pudding.
f. BARLOW—*The Hasty Pudding.* Canto I.

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it?
g. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Size.*

The chief pleasure (in eating) does not consist in costly seasoning or exquisite flavour, but in yourself. Do you seek for sauce in sweating?
h. HORACE.

Your supper is like the Hidalgo's dinner; very little meat, and a great deal of table-cloth.
i. LONGFELLOW—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Oh, better no doubt is a dinner of herbs,
When season'd by love, which no rancor disturbs,
And sweeten'd by all that is sweetest in life
Than turbot, bisque, ortolans, eaten in strife!
But if out of humour, and hungry, alone
A man should sit down to dinner, each one
Of the dishes of which the cook chooses to spoil
With a horrible mixture of garlic and oil,
The chances are ten against one, I must own,
He gets up as ill-tempered as when he sat down.
j. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto II. St. 27.

O hour, of all hours, the most bless'd upon earth,
Blesséd hour of our dinners!
k. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto II. St. 22.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?
l. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto II. St. 24.

Simple diet is best, for many dishes bring many diseases, and rich sauces are worse than even heaping several meats upon each other.
m. PLINY.

"An't it please your Honour," quoth the Peasant,
"This same Dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow Tree,
A crust of Bread, and Liberty."
n. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire II. Line 219.

A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
o. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 157.

"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word,
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.
p. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 461.

One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.
q. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 447.

And men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper.
a. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.
b. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 3.

At dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.
c. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.
d. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.
e. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

I fear, it is too choleric a meat:
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
f. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.
g. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd.
h. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.
i. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the marts he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister let us dine and never fret.
j. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 1.

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
l. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.
m. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
n. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine,
Yet let's be merry: we'll have tea and toast;
Custards for supper, and an endless host
Of syllabubs and jellies and mince-pies,
And other such ladylike luxuries.
o. SHELLEY—*Letter to Maria Gisborne.*

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.
p. SYDNEY SMITH—*Receipt for Salad.*

In after-dinner talk,
Across the walnuts and the wine.
q. TENNYSON—*The Miller's Daughter.*

ECHO.

Let Echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
And in a low expiring strain
Play all the concert o'er again.
r. ADDISON—*Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.*

To Echo, mute or talkative
Address good words; for she can give
Retorts to those who dare her:
If you provoke me, I reply;
If you are silent, so am I—
Can any tongue speak fairer?
s. ARCHIAS—II., 83, XV.

Pursuing echoes calling 'mong the rocks.
t. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Microcosm Hearing. Powers of Sound.*

Echo speaks not on these radiant moors.
u. BARRY CORNWALL—*English Songs and Other Small Poems. The Sea in Calm.*

Mysterious haunts of echoes old and far,
The voice divine of human loyalty.
v. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled.
w. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 249.

Sweetest echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green
And in the violet embroidered vale.
x. MILTON—*Comus. Song.*

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.
y. MOORE—*Echo.*

More than Echoes talk along the walls.
z. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 306.

The babbling echo mocks the hounds
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once.
aa. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Let Echo sit amid the voiceless mountains,
And feed her grief.
bb. SHELLEY—*Adonais.* St. 15.

Never sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
a. SWIFT—*An Echo.*

A million horrible bellowing echoes broke
From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood,
And thunder'd up into Heaven.
b. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXIII.

I heard * * * * *
* * * * * the great echo flap
And buffet round the hills from bluff to bluff.
c. TENNYSON—*The Golden Year.* Line 75.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
d. TENNYSON—*Princess.* Canto III. *Bugle Song.*

Like—but oh! how different!
e. WORDSWORTH—*Yes, it was the Mountain Echo.*

ECONOMY.

There are but two ways of paying debt: increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.
f. CARLYLE—*Past and Present.* Ch. X.

I knew once a very covetous sordid fellow, who used to say, Take care of the pence; for the pounds will take care of themselves.
g. EARL OF CHESTERFIELD—*Letter.* Nov. 6, 1747.

A penny saved is two pence clear,
A pin a day's a groat a year.
h. BENJ. FRANKLIN—*Necessary Hints to those that would be Rich.*

To balance Fortune by a just expense,
Join with Economy, Magnificence.
i. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 223.

EDUCATION.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.
j. BACON—*Essay. Of Studies.*

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearsay of little children tends towards the formation of character.
k. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce, that has been kept at home.
l. COWPER—*Progress of Error.* Line 415.

The Self-Educated are marked by stubborn peculiarities.
m. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character.* Ch. VI.

By education most have been misled.
n. DRYDEN—*Hind and Panther.* Pt. III. Line 389.

The best that we can do for one another is to exchange our thoughts freely; and that, after all, is but little.
o. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

A boy is better unborn than untaught.
p. GASCOIGNE.

Impartially their talents scan,
Just education forms the man.
q. GAY—*The Owl, Swan, Spider, Ass, and the Farmer. To a Mother.* Line 9.

The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us; to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us.
r. MRS. JAMESON—*Education. Winter Studies and Summer Rambles.*

It is the ruin of all the young talent of the day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprize. * * * We all sacrifice the palm-tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst.
s. MARIA JANE JEWSBURY (Mrs. Fletcher)—*A Letter to Mrs. Hemans.*

Education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is, at once, best in quality and infinite in quantity.
t. MANN—*Lectures and Reports on Education.* Lecture I.

Every school boy and school girl who has arrived at the age of reflection ought to know something about the history of the art of printing.
u. MANN—*The Common School Journal.* February, 1843. *Printing and Paper making.*

Inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages.
v. MILTON—*Tract on Education.*

Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.
w. WENDELL PHILLIPS—*Speeches. Idols.*

Do not then train boys to learning by force and harshness; but direct them to it by what amuses their minds, so that you may be the better able to discover with accuracy the peculiar bent of the genius of each.

a. PLATO.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

b. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 149.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

c. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 362.

God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

d. . . *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Smith.—He can write and read, and cast accompt.
Cade.—O monstrous!
Smith.—We took him setting of boy's copies.
Cade.—Here's a villain.

e. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Only the refined and delicate pleasures that spring from research and education can build up barriers between different ranks.

f. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. IX. Ch. I.

ELOQUENCE.

There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent.

g. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought.*

Eloquence is to the Sublime, what the Whole is to its Part.

h. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

Eloquence may be found in Conversation and all kinds of Writings; 'tis rarely where we seek it, and sometimes where 'tis least expected.

i. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch I.

Profane Eloquence is transfer'd from the Bar, where it formerly reign'd, to the Pulpit, where it never ought to come.

j. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.

k. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong.

l. POPE—*Imitation of Horace.* Bk. II. Ep. II. Line 171.

Action is eloquence.

m. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.

n. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.

o. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act II. Sc. 1.

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time.

q. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 10.

Listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.

r. THOMSON—*The Seasons.* *Autumn.* Line 15.

ENEMY.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.

s. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It.* Bk. IX. Ch. III.

Did a person but know the value of an enemy, he would purchase him with pure gold.

t. ABBÉ DE RAUNCI.

A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.

u. SCHILLER.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.

v. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge.
You shall not be my judge.

w. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 4.

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook!

x. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

They are our outward consciences.

y. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

You have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do.

z. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 4.

ENJOYMENT.

Solomon, he lived at ease, and, full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 201.

Throned on highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 305.

Who can enjoy alone,
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 365.

Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best.
d. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 79.

Sleep, riches, and health, are only truly enjoyed after they have been interrupted.
e. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. VIII.

Fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men.
f. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

They most enjoy the world, who least admire.
g. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1173.

ENTHUSIASM.

However, 'tis expedient to be wary:
Indifference certes don't produce distress;
And rash enthusiasm in good society
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.
h. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 35.

Enthusiasm is that secret and harmonious spirit which hovers over the production of genius, throwing the reader of a book, or the spectator of a statue, into the very ideal presence whence these works have really originated. A great work always leaves us in a state of musing.
i. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character.* Ch. XII.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.
j. EMERSON—*Essay. On Circles.*

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.
k. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement outward, fantastic, hysterical, and passing in a moment from tears to laughter.
l. STERLING—*Essays and Tales. Crystals from a Cavern.*

ENVY.

Envy which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail.
m. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 127.

Fools may our scorn; not envy raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
n. GAY—*The Hound and the Huntsman.*

But, O! what mighty magician can assuage
A woman's envy?
o. GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne) —*Progress of Beauty.*

Envie not greatnesse; for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
p. HERBERT—*The Church. Church Porch.* St. 44.

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave.
q. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 191.

It is the practice of the multitude to bark at eminent men, as little dogs do at strangers.
r. SENECA—*Of a Happy Life.* Ch. XV.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious.
s. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye.
t. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 2.

No metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

See, what a rent the envious Casca made.
v. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves:
And therefore are they very dangerous.
w. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.
x. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
a. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
b. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 283.

EPITAPH.

Kind reader! take your choice to cry or laugh;
Here HAROLD lies—but where's his epitaph?
If such you seek, try Westminster and view
Ten thousand, just as fit for him as you.
c. BYRON—*Substitute for an Epitaph.*

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
d. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 21.

After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you lived.
e. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

And, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.
f. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Either our history shall, with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.
g. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.
h. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

On your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs.
i. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

You cannot better be employ'd Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.
j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

EQUALITY.

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for a gander.
k. TOM BROWN—*New Maxims.* P. 123.

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all:
And when it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.
l. EMERSON—*Introduction to Essay on History.*

Men are made by nature unequal. It is vain, therefore, to treat them as if they were equal.
m. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!
n. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 6.

Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction.
o. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
p. *King John.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have our dust.
q. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

She in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
r. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours.
s. WATTS—*A Funeral Thought.*

ERROR.

The truth is perilous never to the true,
Nor knowledge to the wise; and to the fool,
And to the false, error and truth alike,
Error is worse than ignorance.
t. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Mountain.*

Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance.
u. CHANNING—*The Present Age.*

Man on the dubious waves of error tost.
v. COWPER—*Poem on Truth.* Line 1.

The multitude is always in the wrong.
w. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 184.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
x. DRYDEN—*All for Love.* Prologue.

Brother, brother; we are both in the wrong.
y. GAY—*Beggar's Opera.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Knowledge being to be had only of visible and certain truth, error is not a fault of our knowledge, but a mistake of our judgment, giving assent to that which is not true.
z. LOCKE—*Essay Concerning Human Understanding.* Bk. IV. *Of Wrong, Assent or Error.* Ch. XX.

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. IV. Ch. III.

How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
b. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger.
d. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc 3.

Purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventor's heads.
e. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads must err.
f. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 2.

You lie—under a mistake.
g. SHELLEY—*From Calderon.*

The progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid as that of man to error.
h. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Rivers.*

ETERNITY.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought.
i. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
j. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Eternity forbids thee to forget.
k. BYRON—*Lara.* Canto I. St. 23.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities.
l. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

The time will come when every change shall cease,
This quick revolving wheel shall rest in peace:
No summer then shall glow, nor winter freeze;
Nothing shall be to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now shall ever last.
m. PETRARCH—*The Triumph of Eternity.* Line 119.

Those spacious regions where our fancies roam,
Pain'd by the past, expecting ills to come,
In some dread moment, by the fates assign'd,
Shall pass away, nor leave a rack behind;
And Time's revolving wheels shall lose at last,
The speed that spins the future and the past:
And, sovereign of an undisputed throne,
Awful eternity shall reign alone.
n. PETRARCH—*The Triumph of Eternity.*

In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
o. POPE—*Messiah.* Line 47.

Brothers, God grant when this life be o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!
p. SCHILLER—*The Battle.*

In time there is no present,
In eternity no future,
In eternity no past.
q. TENNYSON—*The "How" and "Why."* St. 1.

And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 64.

EVENING.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.
s. BYRON—*Parasina.* St. 1.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
t. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 36.

When day is done, and clouds are low,
And flowers are honey-dew,
And Hesper's lamp begins to glow
Along the western blue;
And homeward wing the turtle-doves,
Then comes the hour the poet loves.
u. GEORGE CROLY—*The Poet's Hour.*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
v. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

When the moon begins her radiant race,
Then the stars swim after her track so bright.
w. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Quite True.*

Eve's silent foot-fall steals
Along the eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals
Those purer fires on high.
x. KEBLE—*The Christian Year. Fourth Sunday After Trinity.*

Day, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of heaven, and Evening stooped down to unloose the latchets of his sandal shoon.

a. LONGFELLOW—*Saint Gilgen.* Ch. IV.

O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!

b. LONGFELLOW—*Sonnet. On Mrs. Kemble's Readings from Shakespeare.*

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river is dead.

c. LONGFELLOW—*An Afternoon in February.*

At shut of evening flowers.

d. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 278.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.

e. MOORE—*Fly Not Yet.*

O how grandly cometh Even,
Sitting on the mountain summit,
Purple-vestured, grave, and silent,
Watching o'er the dewy valleys,
Like a good king near his end.

f. D. M. MULOCK—*A Stream's Singing.*

One by one the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon.

g. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Twilight Calm.*

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices.

h. TENNYSON—*Ulysses.* Line 54.

EVIL.

Evil events from evil causes spring.

i. ARISTOPHANES.

It is some compensation for great evils that they enforce great lessons.

j. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Compensation.*

The more common method of getting rid of an evil is, to merge it in a greater. Thus, if one suffers a loss of half his fortune at play, he overcomes his mortification by—losing the other half. The most ingenious expedient of this kind, was that of the indigent gentleman of rank, who married his washerwoman to get rid of her bill against him.

k. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Evils.*

None are all evil.

l. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 12.

He who does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.

m. J. C. and A. W. HARE. *Guesses at Truth.*

Evil is wrought by want of Thought
As well as want of Heart!

n. HOOD—*The Lady's Dream.* St. 16.

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen.

o. THOMAS À KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. III. Ch. XII.

And out of good still to find means of evil.

p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 165.

Duly advis'd, the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.

q. PRIOR—*Henry and Emma.*

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil.

r. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

t. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

EXAMPLE.

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

u. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 170.

Since truth and constancy are vain,
Since neither love, nor sense of pain,
Nor force of reason, can persuade,
Then let example be obey'd.

v. GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne)—*To Myra.*

Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third—("Treason!" cried the speaker)—may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.

w. PATRICK HENRY—*Speech,* 1765.

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter.

x. JUNIUS—*To the Duke of Grafton.*

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

y. LONGFELLOW—*A Psalm of Life.*

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves.

z. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

EXPECTATION.

Expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense.

aa. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

He hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

bb. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.
a. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Promising is the very air o' the time;
It opens the eyes of expectation:
Performance is ever the duller for his act;
And, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,
The deed of saying is quite out of use.
b. *Timon of Athens.* Act. V. Sc. 1.

There have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
d. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 3.

EXPERIENCE.

Behold, we live through all things,—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body,—but we cannot die
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,—
Lo, all things can be borne!
e. Elizabeth Akers—*Endurance.*

Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.
f. Edwin Arnold—*The Light of Asia.* Bk. V. Line 32.

He who hath most of heart knows most of sorrow.
g. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.
h. Coleridge—*The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. VI. Last St.

In her experience all her friends relied,
Heaven was her help and nature was her guide.
i. Crabbe—*Parish Register.* Pt. III.

To show the world what long experience gains,
Requires not courage, though it calls for pains;
But at life's outset to inform mankind,
Is a bold effort of a valiant mind.
j. Crabbe—*The Borough.*

I think there are stores laid up in our human nature that our understandings can make no complete inventory of.
k. George Eliot—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. V. Ch. I.

Only so much do I know, as I have lived.
l. Emerson—*The American Scholar.*

Experience is no more transferable in morals than in art.
m. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

Experience teaches slowly, and at the cost of mistakes.
n. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

We read the past by the light of the present, and the forms vary as the shadows fall, or as the point of vision alters.
o. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Society in Italy in the Last days of the Roman Republic.*

The burnt child dreads the fire.
p. Ben Johnson—*The Devil is an Ass.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.
q. Longfellow—*The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail as of souls in pain.
r. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

We gain
Justice, judgment, with years, or else years are in vain.
s. Owen Meredith. *Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto III. St. 16.

Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
t. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 807.

What man would be wise, let him drink of the river
That bears on its waters the record of Time;
A message to him every wave can deliver
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb.
u. John Boyle O'Reilly—*Rules of the Road.*

Who heeds not experience, trust him not.
v. John Boyle O'Reilly—*Rules of the Road.*

Men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.
a. *Sonnet L.*

Unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate.
b. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
While it was ours.
c. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I know
The past, and thence I will assay to glean
A warning for the future, so that man
May profit by his errors, and derive Experience from his folly;
For, when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven.
d. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Canto III. Line 6.

Life may change but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed,—but it returneth.
e. SHELLEY—*Hellas.* Semi-chorus.

Conflicts bring experience, and experience brings that growth in grace which is not to be attained by any other means.
f. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among The Sheaves. Divine Teaching.*

To Truth's house there is a single door,
Which is Experience. He teaches best,
Who feels the hearts of all men in his breast,
And knows their strength or weakness through his own.
g. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled.* St. 3.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.
h. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Moral Maxims. Approbation and Censure.*

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
i. WORDSWORTH—*Feast of Brougham Castle.*

Long-travell'd in the ways of men.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 8.

EXPRESSION.

From the looks—not the lips, is the soul reflected.
k. M'DONALD CLARKE—*The Rejected Lover.*

Expression is action; beauty is repose.
l. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

EXTREMES.

Extremes are vicious, and proceed from Men: Compensation is Just, and proceeds from God.
m. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XVI.

He that had never seen a river imagined the first he met with to be the sea; and the greatest things that have fallen within our knowledge we conclude the extremes that nature makes of the kind.
n. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. XXVI.

Avoid Extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
o. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 385.

Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad nor merry.
p. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

Where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
r. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Who can be patient in such extremes?
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 1.

EYES.

There are whole veins of diamonds in thine eyes,
Might furnish crowns for all the Queens of earth.
t. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Drawing Room.*

His eyes are songs without words.
u. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought.*

Eyes of gentianellas azure,
Staring, winking at the skies.
v. E. B. BROWNING—*Hector in the Garden.*

With eyes that look'd into the very soul
* * * * * * * * *
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal.
w. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 94.

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut.
x. COLERIDGE—*A Day-Dream.*

Eyes that displace
The neighbor diamond, and out-face
That sunshine, by their own sweet grace.
y. CRASHAW—*Wishes. To his Supposed Mistress.*

A suppressed resolve will betray itself in the eyes.

a. George Eliot—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. IV. Ch. XIV.

An eye can threaten like a loaded and levelled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or, in its altered mood, by beams of kindness, it can make the heart dance with joy.

b. Emerson—*Conduct of Life. Behavior.*

Eyes are bold as lions, roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through them!

c. Emerson—*Conduct of Life. Behavior.*

Eyes so transparent,
That through them one sees the soul.'

d. Theophile Gautier—*To Two Beautiful Eyes.*

I every where am thinking
Of thy blue eyes' sweet smile;
A sea of blue thoughts is spreading
Over my heart the while.

e. Heine—*New Spring.* Pt. XVIII. St. 2.

We credit most our sight, one eye doth please
Our trust farre more than ten ear-witnesses.

f. Herrick—*Hesperides. The Eyes Before the Ears.*

Thine eye was on the censer,
And not the hand that bore it.

g. Holmes—*Lines by a Clerk.*

The eyes of a man are of no use without the observing power.

h. Paxton Hood.

Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven,—the domain
Of Cynthia,—the wide palace of the sun,—
The tent of Hesperus, and all his train,—
The bosomer of clouds, gold, grey, and dun—
Blue! 'Tis the life of waters—ocean
And all its vassal streams: pools numberless
May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can
Subside, if not to dark-blue nativeness.
Blue! gentle cousin of the forest-green,
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers—
Forget-me-not,—the blue-bells,—and, that queen
Of secrecy, the violet: what strange powers
Hast thou, as a mere shadow! But how great,
When in an Eye thou art alive with fate!

i. Keats—*Answer to a Sonnet by J. H. Reynolds.*

Dark eyes—eternal soul of pride!
Deep life of all that's true!
* * * * * * *
Away, away to other skies!
Away o'er sea and sands!
Such eyes as those were never made
To shine in other lands.

j. Leland—*Callirhoe.*

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a steady, lambent light,—are luminous, but not sparkling.

k. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. IV.

O lovely eyes of azure,
Clear as the waters of a brook that run
Limpid and laughing in the summer sun!

l. Longfellow—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. I.

The flash of his keen, black eyes
Forerunning the thunder?

m. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

Thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,
Shine like jewels in a shroud.

n. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

Within her tender eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light.

o. Longfellow—*The Spirit of Poetry.* Line 45.

The learned compute that seven hundred and seven millions of millions of vibrations have penetrated the eye before the eye can distinguish the tints of a violet.

p. Bulwer-Lytton—*What Will He Do With It.* Bk. VIII. Ch. II.

Those dark eyes—so dark and so deep!

q. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto VI. St. 4.

True eyes
Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise
The sweet soul shining through them.

r. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto II. St. 3.

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence.

s. Milton—*L'Allegro.* Line 121.

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

t. Milton—*Il Penseroso.* Line 40.

The world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

u. Moore—*'Tis Sweet to Think.*

Violets, transform'd to eyes
Inshrined a soul within their blue.

v. Moore—*Evenings in Greece. Second Evening.*

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?

w. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 193.

The eyes are the pioneers that first announce the soft tale of love.
a. PROPERTIUS.

Dark eyes are dearer far
Than those that mock the hyacinthine bell.
b. J. H. REYNOLDS—*Sonnet.*

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords.
c. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
d. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

An eye like Mars, to threaten or command.
e. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.
g. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
h. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 5.

From her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Her eyes like marigolds, had sheath'd their light;
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.
k. *Rape of Lucrece.* Line 397.

Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.
l. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 482.

I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.
m. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right archèd bent of the brow.
n. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.
o. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast.
p. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Thou tell'st me, there is murther in mine eye;
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers!
q. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.
r. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
s. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once. * * * * * Those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.
t. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven
Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,
Orb within orb, and line through line inwoven.
u. SHELLEY—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
v. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXXII.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
w. TRUMBULL—*McFingal.* Canto I. Line 67.

Blue eyes shimmer with angel glances,
Like spring violets over the lea.
x. CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON—*October's Song.*

Deep brown eyes running over with glee;
Blue eyes are pale, and gray eyes are sober;
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me.
y. CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON—*October's Song.*

F.

FACE.

He had a face like a benediction.
a. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Bk. I. Pt. I. Ch. VI.

Thy face the index of a feeling mind.
b. CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.* Bk. XVI. Line 124.

The old familiar faces—
How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
c. LAMB—*The Old Familiar Faces.*

A face that had a story to tell. How different faces are in this particular! Some of them speak not. They are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps a date.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

These faces in the mirrors
Are but the shadows and phantoms of myself.
e. LONGFELLOW—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VII.

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.
f. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. II. Ch. XI.

Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 76.

Human face divine.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 44.

In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 853,

Cheek * * * *
Flushing white and soften'd red;
Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
j. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode XVI.*

With faces like dead lovers who died true.
k. D. M. MULOCK—*Indian Summer.*

If to her share some female errors fall
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
l. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto II. Line 17.

Sea of upturned faces.
m. SCOTT—*Rob Roy.* Vol. I. Ch. XX. *Quoted by Daniel Webster. Speech.* Sept. 30, 1842.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
n. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.
o. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act. II. Sc. 6.

Black brows they say
Become some women best, in a semicircle
Or a half-moon, made with a pen.
p. *Winter's Tale.* Act. II. Sc. 1.

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

His cheek the map of days outworn.
r. *Sonnet LXVIII.*

I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see.
s. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

In thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
t. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face.
u. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 3.

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
v. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

You have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness.
w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Your face, my thane, is a book, where men
May read strange matters: To beguile the time,
Look like the time.
x. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.
y. SPENSER—*Faerie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto III. St. 4.

Doubtless the human face is the grandest of all mysteries; yet fixed on canvas, it can hardly tell of more than one sensation; no struggle, no successive contrasts accessible to dramatic art, can painting give, as neither time nor motion exists for her.
z. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. VIII. Ch. IV.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.
a. Sir JOHN SUCKLING—*On a Wedding.*

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.
b. Sir JOHN SUCKLING—*On a Wedding.*

A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
c. WORDSWORTH—*To a Highland Girl.*

FAIRIES.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain.
d. POPE—*January and May.* Line 624.

Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night.
e. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 5.

In silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
f. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairie's midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Set your heart at rest,
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
h. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.
i. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 1.

They are fairies, he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
j. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 5.

This is the fairy land:—O, spite of spites,
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.
k. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly.
l. *Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1. *Song.*

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous prime.
m. SPENSER—*Faerie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto VI. St. 3.

But light as as any wind that blows
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and rose,
And turned to look at her.
n. TENNYSON—*The Talking Oak.* St. 33.

FAITH.

Faith is a higher faculty than reason.
o. BAILEY—*Festus. Prœm.* Line 84.

There is one inevitable criterion of judgment touching religious faith in doctrinal matters. Can you reduce it to practice? If not, have none of it.
p. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

Poor man! where art thou now? thy day is night.
Good man, be not cast down, thou yet art right,
Thy way to Heaven lies by the gates of Hell;
Cheer up, hold out, with thee it shall go well.
q. BUNYAN—*Pilgrim's Progress.* Pt. I.

We shall be made truly wise if we be made content; content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which theologians call—and rightly—faith in God.
r. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Health and Education. On Bio-Geology.*

"Patience!" * * * have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
s. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. II.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!
t. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE—*Abide With Me.*

In such righteousness
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 294.

O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!
v. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 213.

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of right or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.
w. MILTON—*To Cyriac Skinner.*

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.
x. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

If faith produce no works, I see,
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow;
No separate life they e'er can know:
They're soul and body, hand and heart:
What God hath joined, let no man part.
a. HANNAH MORE—*Dan and Jane.*

The enormous faith of many made for one.
b. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 242.

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And oft repeating, they believe 'em.
c. PRIOR—*Alma.* Canto III. Line 13.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men,
d. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.
e. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH—*Faith.*

Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
f. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Vivien.* Line 238.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
g. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XCV.

From seeming evil still educing good.
h. THOMSON—*Hymn.* Line 114.

Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!
i. WHITTIER—*Barclay of Ury.*

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 721.

One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven.
k. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 838.

FALSEHOOD.

Falsehood is cowardice,—truth is courage.
l. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

None speaks false, when there is none to hear.
m. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. II. St. 24.

And after all what is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade.
n. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XI. St. 37.

No falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 811.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.
p. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 412.

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act. V. Sc. 4.

He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool.
r. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying!
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc 2.

Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable.
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.
w. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

'Tis as easy as lying.
x. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.
y. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 6.

Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
z. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.
aa. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I give him joy that's awkward at a lie.
bb. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 361.

FAME.

Were not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit.
cc. ADDISON—*The Spectator.* No. 225.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
a. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* St. 1.

Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him.
b. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The False One.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.
c. Sir SAM'L BRYDGES—*Sonnet on the Death of Sir Walter Scott.*

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.
d. BYRON—*From his Life by Moore.* Ch. XIV.

Oh Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.
e. BYRON—*Stanzas Written on the Road Between Florence and Pisa.*

What is the end of Fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.
f. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 218.

Fame, we may understand, is no sure test of merit, but only a probability of such: it is an accident, not a property of a man.
g. CARLYLE—*Essay. Goethe.*

Money will buy money's worth, but the thing men call fame what is it?
h. CARLYLE—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

Scarcely two hundred years back can Fame recollect articulately at all; and there she but maunders and mumbles.
i. CARLYLE—*Past and Present.* Ch. XVII.

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?
j. COWLEY—*The Motto.*

Who fears not to do ill yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
k. DENHAM—*Cooper's Hill.* Line 129.

Then Naldo: "'Tis a petty kind of fame
At best, that comes of making violins;
And saves no masses, either. Thou wilt go
To purgatory none the less."
l. GEORGE ELIOT—*Legend of Jubal. Stradivarius.* Line 85.

Fame is the echo of actions, resounding them to the world, save that the echo repeats only the last part, but fame relates all, and often more than all.
m. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Fame.*

Fame sometimes hath created something of nothing.
n. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Fame.*

From kings to cobblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
o. GAY—*The Squire and his Cur.* Pt. II.

Worse is an evil fame, much worse, than none.
p. GEORGE GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne)—*Imitation of Seneca's Thyestis.*

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
q. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 15.

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Shiel, Russell, Macaulay, Old Joe, and so on. They are all upper-crust here.
r. HALIBURTON—*Sam Slick in England.* Ch. XXIV.

One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.
s. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK—*Marco Bozzaris.*

The temple of fame stands upon the grave: the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men.
t. HAZLITT—*Lectures on The English Poets.* Lecture VIII.

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame,
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet water from affection's spring.
u. Mrs. HEMANS—*Woman and Fame.*

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thinne web, which poysonous fancies make;
But the great souldier's honour was compos'd
Of thicker stuffe, which would endure a shake.
Wisdom picks friends; civilitie playes the rest.
A toy shunn'd cleanly, passeth with the best.
v. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church-Porch.* St. 38.

Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead,
Who living had no roofe to shroud his head.
a. THOS. HEYWOOD—*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells.*

Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise: it may exist without the breath of a word: it is a recognition of excellence which must be felt, but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it: feel it, and hate it in silence.
b. MRS. JAMESON—*Memoirs and Essays. Washington Allston.*

Reputation being essentially contemporaneous, is always at the mercy of the Envious and the Ignorant. But Fame, whose very birth is posthumous, and which is only known to exist by the echo of its footsteps through congenial minds, can neither be increased nor diminished by any degree of wilfulness.
c. MRS. JAMESON—*Memoirs and Essays. Washington Allston.*

He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
d. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 221.

Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Nuremberg.* St. 16.

Fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VIII.

Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha. Picture-Writing.*

His fame was great in all the land.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Emma and Eginhard.* Line 50.

Fame, if not double fac'd is double mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
i. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 971.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.
j. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 78.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble minds,)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days,
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes to blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.
k. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 70.

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment
Has built thyself a live-long monument.
l. MILTON—*Sonnet. On Shakespeare.*

Go where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
m. MOORE—*Go Where Glory Waits Thee.*

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.
n. POPE—*Epistles of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk. II. Line 26.

And what is Fame? the Meanest have their Day,
The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
o. POPE—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. VI. Line 46.

If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame.
p. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 281.

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.
q. POPE—*Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue I. Line 135.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
r. POPE—*Temple of Fame.* Line 513.

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!
s. POPE—*Temple of Fame.* Line 523.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath.
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
t. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 237.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
u. SCOTT—*Old Mortality.* Ch. XXXIV.

Better leave undone, than by our deeds acquire
Too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
v. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror:
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
w. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 1.

He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.
x. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs.
y. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

No true and permanent fame can be founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.
z. CHARLES SUMNER—*Fame and Glory.*

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be d—d than mentioned not at all.
a. JOHN WOLCOT—*To the Royal Academicians.*

How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joseph never wore!
He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin,
That touched the ruff, that touched Queen Bess's chin.
b. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire IV. Line 119.

Men should press forward, in fame's glorious chase;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.
c. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 129.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows.
d. YOUNG—*Epistle to Mr. Pope.* Ep. I. Line 27.

FANCY.

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
e. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 118.

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.
f. KEATS—*Fancy.*

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream still let me sleep!
g. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.
h. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.
i. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Tell me, where is fancy bred;
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, Reply,
It is engender'd in the eyes
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Fancy light from fancy caught.
k. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXIII.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell.
l. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 186.

Farewell!
For in that word—that fatal word,—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes despair.
m. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 15.

Friend ahoy! Farewell! farewell!
Grief unto grief, joy unto joy,
Greeting and help the echoes tell
Faint, but eternal—Friend ahoy!
n. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. Friend Ahoy!*

Farewell, farewell to the Araby's daughter.
o. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.*

Farewell and stand fast.
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.
q. *Othello.* Act III. Sc 3.

Here's my hand.
And mine, with my heart in't. And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
r. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 1.

FASHION.

Nothing is thought rare
Which is not new, and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again.
s. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Prologue to the Noble Gentleman.* Line 4.

Fashion, the arbiter and rule of light.
t. FRANCIS HORACE—*Art of Poetry.* St. 72.

I'll be a charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
u. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I see; * * * that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man.
v. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
w. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers.
x. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut, too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom.
y. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 3.

You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments.
z. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 6.

FATE.

My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
a. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato, and of Rome.
b. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The bow is bent, the arrow flies,
The wingéd shaft of fate.
c. IRA ALDRIDGE—*On William Tell.* St. 12.

Who shall shut out Fate?
d. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. III. Line 336.

The heart is its own Fate.
e. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water. Sunset.*

Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
f. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. I.

Life treads on life, and heart on heart—
We press too close in church and mart,
To keep a dream or grave apart.
g. E. B. BROWNING—*A Vision of Poets.* Conclusion.

I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
h. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 877.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.
i. BYRON—*A Sketch.*

I am a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail,
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.
j. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 2.

Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.
k. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 17.

There comes
For ever something between us and what
We deem our happiness.
l. BYRON—*Sardanapalus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.
m. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 12.

To bear is to conquer our fate.
n. CAMPBELL—*On Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.*

Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.
o. COWPER—*A Fable. Moral.*

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.
p. DRYDEN—*Hind and Panther.* Pt. III. Line 1094.

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, and I have had my hour.
q. DRYDEN—*Imitation of Horace.* Bk. I. *Ode XXIX.* Line 71.

Fate has carried me
'Mid the thick arrows: I will keep my stand,—
Not shrink and let the shaft pass by my breast
To pierce another.
r. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Stern fate and time
Will have their victims; and the best die first,
Leaving the bad still strong, though past their prime,
To curse the hopeless world they ever curs'd,
Vaunting vile deeds, and vainest of the worst.
s. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*The Village Patriarch.* Bk. IV. Pt. III.

With equal pace, impartial fate
Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate.
t. FRANCIS—*Horace.* Bk. I. *Ode IV.* Line 17.

One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.
u. GAY—*Fable. The Poet and Rose.* Line 29.

All is created and goes after order; yet o'er the mankind's Life time, the precious gift, rules an uncertain fate.
v. GOETHE.

Each curs'd his fate that thus their project cross'd;
How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.
w. GRAVES—*An Incident in High Life.*

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.
x. GRAY—*The Bard.* Pt. II.

'Tis writ on Paradise's gate,
"Woe to the dupe that yields to Fate!"
y. HAFIZ.

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
z. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 345.

All are architects of Fate
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
aa. LONGFELLOW—*The Builders.*

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Endymion.* St. 8.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness:
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.
b. LONGFELLOW—*Elizabeth.* Pt. IV.

Then in Life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!
c. LONGFELLOW—*The Goblet of Life.*

There are certain events which to each man's life are as comets to the earth, seemingly strange and erratic portents; distinct from the ordinary lights which guide our course and mark our seasons, yet true to their own laws, potent in their own influences.
d. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. II. Ch. XIV.

Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long,
And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.
e. GEORGE MCDONALD—*Plantastes. A Fairy Story.*

Our days and nights
Have sorrows woven with delights.
f. MALHERBE—*To Cardinal Richelieu.* Trans. by Longfellow.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
g. MARLOWE—*Hero and Leander. First Sestiad.* Line 167.

They only fall, that strive to move,
Or lose, that care to keep.
h. OWEN MEREDITH—*The Wanderer.* Bk. III. *Futility.* St. 6.

Unseen hands delay
The coming of what oft seems close in ken,
And, contrary, the moment, when we say
"'Twill never come!" comes on us even then.
i. OWEN MEREDITH—*Thomas Muntzer to Martin Luther.* Line 382.

We are what we must
And not what we would be. I know that one hour
Forestalls not another. The will and the power
Are diverse.
j. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto III. St. 94.

Necessity or chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 172.

Sing to those that hold the vital shears;
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
l. MILTON—*Arcades. Song.*

Then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf
And there take root.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 829.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate.
n. POPE—*Prologue to Addison's Cato.*

Blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
o. POPE—*Dunciad.* Bk. III. Line 47.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate.
p. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 77.

We met, hand to hand,
We clasped hands close and fast,
As close as oak and ivy stand;
But it is past:
Come day, come night, day comes at last.
q. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Twilight Night.* Pt. I. St. 1.

A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon.
r. *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 1.

As the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
s. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

But, O vain boast
Who can control his fate?
t. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
u. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live.
v. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.
w. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Fate, show thy force; ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be; and be this so.
a. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd like him.
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.
d. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, to expel the winter's flaw!
e. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
f. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither.
g. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 2.

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
h. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

O heavens! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolutions of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself
Into the sea!
i. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?
j. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
k. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away.
l. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

There is divinity in odd numbers,
Either in nativity, chance or death.
m. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The worst is not worst
So long as we can say, This is the worst.
n. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.
o. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide,
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
p. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 3.

What is done cannot be now amended.
q. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

What 's done, cannot be undone.
r. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

What should be spoken here,
Where, our fate, hid within an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us?
s. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume.
t. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The seed ye sow another reaps;
The wealth ye find another keeps;
The robes ye weave another wears;
The arms ye forge another bears.
u. Shelley—*Song. To Men of England.*

We rest.—A dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise.—One wandering thought pollutes the day.
v. Shelley—*Mutability.*

Sometimes an hour of Fate's serenest weather,
Strikes through our changeful sky its coming beams;
Somewhere above us, in elusive ether,
Waits the fulfilment of our dearest dreams.
w. Bayard Taylor—*Ad Amicos.*

We walk amid the currents of actions left undone,
The germs of deeds that wither before they see the sun.
For every sentence uttered a million more are dumb:
Men's lives are chains of chances, and History their sun.
x. Bayard Taylor—*Napoleon at Gotha.*

And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.
y. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.*
Pt. CXXIII.

FAULTS.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.
z. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.*
Ch. II.

Men still had faults, and men will have them still,
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel.
a. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. On Mr. Dryden's Religio Laici.* Line 8.

Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings he is himself conscious of; but they will be their next-door neighbors. No man keeps such a jealous look out as a rival.
b. A. W. and J. C. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them.
c. BEN JONSON—*Catiline.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
d. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.
e. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.
f. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Faults that are rich, are fair.
g. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault.
h. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
i. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Patches set upon a little breath,
Discredit more in hiding for the fault,
Than did the fault before.
j. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, b come much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
k. *Measure for Measure.* Act V. Sc. 1.

FAVOR.

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,
(Your words I catch,) fair Hermia, ere I go.
l. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.
m. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Small service is true service.
n. WORDSWORTH—*To a Child.*

FEAR.

No one loves the man whom he fears.
o. ARISTOTLE.

The fear o' hell's the hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border.
p. BURNS—*Epistle to a Young Friend.*

Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
And they opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day, again.
q. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 471.

His fear was greater than his haste;
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
r. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto III. Line 64.

Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.
s. DRYDEN—*Amphitryon.* Act III. Sc. 1.

We are not apt to fear for the fearless, when we are companions in their danger.
t. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VII. Ch. V.

Fear always springs from ignorance.
u. EMERSON—*The American Scholar.*

Fear is cruel and mean.
v. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Courage.*

Fear is the parent of cruelty.
w. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

The direst foe of courage is the fear itself, not the object of it; and the man who can overcome his own terror is a hero and more.
x. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Sir Gibbie.* Ch. XX.

There is but one thing of which I am afraid, and that is fear.
y. MONTAIGNE.

Then flash'd the livid lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies,
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
Or when rich China vessels fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.
z. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 155.

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.
a. Sir Walter Raleigh—*Written in a Window.*

A man should always allow his fears to rise to their highest possible pitch, and then some consolation or other will suddenly fall, like a warm rain-drop, upon his heart.
b. Richter—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. VI.

Scared out of his seven senses.
c. Scott—*Rob Roy.* Ch. XXXIV.

A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.
d. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 1.

A faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heart of life.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.
f. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs.
g. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
h. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

I am sick and capable of fears;
Opress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears.
i. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
j. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

If ever fearful
To do a thing, when I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance; 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest.
k. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?
l. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?
m. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
n. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.
o. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

There is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as the term of fear.
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

They spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
q. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared.
r. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Thou can'st not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
s. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Thou tremblest and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
u. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe.
v. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
w. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 3.

We eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of those terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly.
x. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

You can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
y. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Fear
Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face.
z. Tennyson—*The Princess.* Pt. IV. Line 366.

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly loosens every power.
aa. Thomson—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 285.

Less base the fear of death than fear of life.
bb. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 441.

FEASTING.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
cc. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 2.

Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks, that never fail
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.
a. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 17.

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 637.

But, first—
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
c. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place.
d. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 6.

My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.
e. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest with it a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd.
f. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Who rises from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 6.

FEELING.

For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles*
i. *Standish.* Pt. VI. Line 12.

The wealth of rich feelings—the deep—the pure;
With strength to meet sorrow, and faith to endure.
j. FRANCES S. OSGOOD—*To F. D. Maurice.*

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven
k. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 22.

FICKLENESS.

A man so various that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.
l. DRYDEN—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 545.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
m. GOLDSMITH—*Retaliation.* Line 107.

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe.
n. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 41.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
o. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude?
p. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 8.

Fickleness is the source of every misfortune, that threatens us.
q. SPIEGEL.

FIDELITY.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.
r. BARTON BOOTH—*Song.*

No man can mortgage his injustice as a pawn for his fidelity.
s. EDMUND BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.
t. SIMON DACH—*Annie of Tharaw.* Trans. by Longfellow.

He who, being bold
For life to come is false to the past sweet
Of mortal life, hath killed the world above.
For why to live again if not to meet?
And why to meet if not to meet in love?
And why in love if not in that dear love of old?
u. SYDNEY DOBELL—*Sonnet. To a Friend in Bereavement.*

Faithfulness can feed on suffering,
And knows no disappointment.
v. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 896.

Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
b. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 336.

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel.
c. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.
d. VAUGHAN—*Rules and Lessons.* St. 8.

FIRE.

Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 77.

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of Light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
f. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.*

Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire.
g. POPE—*Epistle to Miss Blount, on her leaving the Town after the Coronation.*

A little fire is quickly trodden out; which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 8.

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
i. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck.
j. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

FISH.

A rod twelve feet long and a ring of wire,
A winder and barrel, will help thy desire
In killing a Pike; but the forked stick,
With a slit and a bladder,—and that other fine trick,
Which our artists call snap, with a goose or a duck,—
Will kill two for one, if you have any luck;
The gentry of Shropshire do merrily smile,
To see a goose and a belt the fish to beguile;
When a Pike suns himself, and a-frogging doth go,
The two-inched hook is better, I know,
Than the ord'nary snaring. But still I must cry,
"When the Pike is at home, mind the cookery."
k. BARKER—*Art of Angling.*

It is unseasonable and unwholsome in all months that have not an R in their names to eat an oyster.
l. BUTLER—*Dyet's Dry Dinner.* 1599.

As when the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find,
Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind,
As he tow'rds season grows; and stems the wat'ry tract
Where Tivy, falling down, makes an high cataract,
Forced by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As though within her bounds they meant her to inclose;—
Here, when the labouring fish does at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive;
His tail takes in his mouth, and bending like a bow
That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw—
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
That, bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
Far off itself doth cast, so does the salmon vault;
And if at first he fail, his second summersault
He instantly essays, and from his nimble ring
Still jerking, never leaves until himself he fling
Above the opposing stream.
m. DRAYTON—*Polyolbion.*

If or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And toys and nibbles the fallacious meat.
n. GAY—*Rural Sports.*

You strange, astonish'd-looking angled, faced,
Dreary-mouth'd, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt-water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced
And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste;
And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—
Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry,
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste:—
O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
What is't ye do? what life lead? eh, dull goggles?
How do ye vary your vile days and nights?
How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes and bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles.
o. LEIGH HUNT—*Sonnets. The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit.*

Cut off my head, and singular I am,
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there!
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea;
What is my tail cut off? A rushing river;
And in their mingling depths I fearless play,
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute forever.
a. MACAULAY—*Enigma. On the Codfish.*

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volums roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.
b. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 141.

'Tis true, no Turbots, dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords.
c. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire II. Line 141.

Should you lure
From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
d. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 419.

FLAGS.

The meteor flag of England.
e. CAMPBELL—*Ye Mariners of England.*

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas.
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
f. CAMPBELL—*Ye Mariners of England.*

Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air.
g. DRAKE—*The American Flag.*

'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
h. KEY—*The Star-Spangled Banner.*

Forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 535.

Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
Standards and gonfalons.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 588.

The ensigns of their power.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 65.

The sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras.
l. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 604.

Under spread ensigns marching.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 886.

Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 533.

Bastard Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves.
o. MOORE—*To the Lord Viscount Forbes.*

The flag of our Union forever!
p. GEORGE P. MORRIS—*The Flag of Our Union.*

A garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot.
q. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
r. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit.
s. WEBSTER—*Address on Laying the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.*

A star for every state, and a state for every star.
t. WINTHROP—*Address on Boston Common in* 1862.

FLATTERY.

The Flatterer has not an Opinion good enough either of himself or others.
u. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XII.

Greatly his foes he dreads, but most his friends,
He hurts the most who lavishly commends.
v. CHURCHILL—*The Apology.* Line 19.

No adulation; 'tis the death of virtue;
Who flatters, is of all mankind the lowest
Save he who courts the flattery.
w. HANNAH MORE—*Daniel.*

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does; being then most flattered.
x. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
y. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better ground.
a. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.
b. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor mine heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her.
c *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!
d. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.
e. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, "get you gone," she doth not mean, "away."
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
f. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin.
g. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery?
h. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
i. SWIFT—*Cadenus and Vanessa.*

FLOWERS.

Part I.—Unclassified Flora.

A wilderness of sweets.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Book V. Line 294.

The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand.
k. BACON—*Essay. Of Gardening.*

Sweet letters of the angel tongue,
I've loved ye long and well,
And never have failed in your fragrance sweet
To find some secret spell,—
A charm that has bound me with witching power,
For mine is the old belief,
That, midst your sweets and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!
l. M. M. BALLOU—*Flowers.*

As for marigolds, poppies, hollyhocks, and valorous sunflowers, we shall never have a garden without them, both for their own sake, and for the sake of old-fashioned folks, who used to love them.
m. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Star Papers. A Discourse of Flowers.*

Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock.
n. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Star Papers. A Discourse of Flowers.*

Flowers are Love's truest language; they betray,
Like the divining rods of Magi old,
Where precious wealth lies buried, not of gold,
But love—strong love, that never can decay!
o. PARK BENJAMIN—*Sonnet. Flowers Love's Truest Language.*

Sleepy poppies nod upon their stems;
The humble violet and the dulcet rose,
The stately lily then, and tulip, blows.
p. ANNE E. BLEECKER—*On her return to Tomhanick.*

Another rose may bloom as sweet,
Other magnolias ope in whiteness.
q. MARIA BROOKS—*Written on seeing Pharamond.*

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead.
She wept tear after tear, with the blood which was shed;
And both turned into flowers for the earth's garden close;
Her tears, to the wind-flower,—his blood to the rose.
r. E. B. BROWNING—*A Lament for Adonis.* St. 6.

The flower-girl's prayer to buy roses and pinks,
Held out in the smoke, like stars by day.
a. E. B. Browning—*The Soul's Travelling.*

The happy violets hiding from the roads,
The primroses run down too, carrying gold.
b. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path.
c. Robert Browning—*The Patriot.*

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago.
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.
d. Bryant—*The Death of the Flowers.*

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,
And where the ground is bright with friendship's tears,
Forget-me-not, and violets heavenly blue,
Spring glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.
e. Bryant—Trans. *The Paradise of Tears.*

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree
The first o' flow'rs.
f. Burns—*Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson.*

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae,
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae.
g. Burns—*Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots.*

The snow-drop and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn.
h. Burns—*My Nannie's Awa.*

Yet all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lovely daisy sweetly blows.
i. Burns—*The Vision. Duan Second.*

Rose, what has become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies; why do they not smile?
j. John Byrom—*A Pastoral.*

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you 'tis true:
Yet, wildings, of nature, I doat upon you;
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.
k. Campbell—*Field Flowers.*

See the rich garland culled in vernal weather
Where the young rosebud with lily glows,
So, in Love's wreath we both may twine together
And I the lily be, and thou the rose.
l. Capilusus.

My Rose, so red and round,
My Daisy, darling of the summer weather,
You must go down now, and keep house together,
Low underground!
m. Alice Cary—*My Darlings.*

The berries of the brier rose
Have lost their rounded pride:
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping heavy-eyed.
n. Alice Cary—*Faded Leaves.*

The buttercups and primroses
That blossomed in our way.
o. Alice Cary—*To Lucy.*

I know not which I love the most,
Nor which the comeliest shows,
The timid, bashful violet,
Or the royal-hearted rose:
The pansy in her purple dress,
The pink with cheek of red,
Or the faint fair heliotrope, who hangs,
Like a bashful maid, her head;
For I love and prize you one and all,
From the least low bloom of spring
To the lily fair, whose clothes outshine
The raiment of a king.
p. Phœbe Cary—*Spring Flowers.*

The anemone in snowy hood,
The sweet arbutus in the wood.
And to the smiling skies above
I say, Bend brightly o'er my love.
q. Mary Clemmer—*Good-By, Sweetheart.*

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
r. Coleridge—*Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Roses and jasmine embowered a door
That never was closed to the wayworn poor.
s. Eliza Cook—*The Old Water-Mill.*

There spring the wild-flowers—fair as can be.
t. Eliza Cook—*My Grave.*

Who does not recollect the hours
When burning words and praises
Were lavished on those shining flowers,
Buttercups and daisies?
u. Eliza Cook—*Buttercups and Daisies.*

They know the time to go!
The fairy clocks strike their inaudible hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual flower
Bows at the signal an obedient head
And hastes to bed.
c. Susan Coolidge—*Time To Go.*

Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil.
b. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 241.

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too.
c. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 576.

Flowers are words
Which even a babe may understand.
d. Bishop Coxe—*The Singing of Birds.*

And all the meadows, wide unrolled,
Were green and silver, green and gold,
Where buttercups and daisies spun
Their shining tissues in the sun.
e. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Unanswered.*

I know a spot where the wild vines creep,
And the coral moss-cups grow,
And where at the foot of the rocky steep,
The sweet blue violets blow.
f. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Over the Wall.*

Often I linger where the roses pour
Exquisite odors from each glowing cup;
Or where the violet, brimmed with sweetness o'er,
Lifts its small chalice up.
g. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Without and Within.*

Plant a white rose at my feet,
Or a lily fair and sweet,
With the humble mignonette
And the blue-eyed violet.
h. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Earth to Earth*

The harebells nod as she passes by,
The violet lifts its calm blue eye,
The ferns bend lowly her steps to greet,
And the mosses creep to her dancing feet.
i. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Over the Wall.*

Up from the gardens floated the perfume
Of roses and myrtle, in their perfect bloom.
j. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Vashti's Scroll.* Line 103.

With fragrant breath the lilies woo me now,
And softly speaks the sweet-voiced mignonette.
k. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Without and Within.*

The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet sweet, but quickly past its prime:
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And white snow in minutes melts away.
l. Dryden—*Trans. from Theocritus. The Despairing Lover.* Line 57.

Is there not a soul beyond utterance, half nymph, half child, in those delicate petals which glow and breathe about the centres of deep color?
m. George Eliot—*Middlemarch.* Bk. IV. Ch. XXXVI.

The brief,
Courageous windflower, loveliest of the frail—
The hazel's crimson star—the woodbine's leaf—
The daisy with its half-clos'd eye of grief—
Prophets of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song!
n. Ebenezer Elliott—*The Village Preacher.* Bk. III. Pt. VIII.

Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?
o. Gay—*Panthea.* Line 69.

Hare-bells, and daisies, sunny eyed,
And cowslip, child of April weather;
King-cups and crocuses, that fling
A golden glimmer o'er the meadows;
And lilies, o'er the glassy spring,
That bend to view their own white shadows.
p. *German Tradition.*

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow,
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.
q. Goldsmith—*The Captivity.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The strawbell and the columbine
Their buff and crimson flowers entwine.
r. Dora Read Goodale—*Spring Scatters Far and Wide.*

There purple pansies, quaint and low,
Forget-me-nots and violets grow,
Or stately lilies shine.
s. Elaine Goodale—*Thistles and Roses.*

"Farewell, my flowers," I said,
The sweet Rose as I passed
Blushed to its core, it's last
Warm tear the Lily shed,
The Violet hid its head
Among its leaves, and sighed.
t. Dora Greenwell—*One Flower.*

The lilies white prolonged
Their sworded tongue to the smell;
The clustering anemones
Their pretty secrets tell.
u. Hafiz.

The sweet narcissus closed
Its eye, with passion pressed;
The tulips out of envy burned
Moles in their scarlet breast.
v Hafiz.

They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!
w. Mrs. Hemans—*Bring Flowers.*

The daisy is fair, the day-lily rare,
The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonnie.
a. HOGG—*Auld Joe Nicolson's Bonnie Nannie.*

What are the flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel?
The lovely flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel!
The thistle's purple bonnet,
And bonny heather-bell,
O they're the flowers of Scotland
All others that excel!
b. HOGG—*The Flower of Scotland.*

Yellow japanned buttercups and star-disked dandelions * * * * lying in the grass, like sparks that have leaped from the kindling sun of summer.
c. HOLMES—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.* Ch. X.

I remember, I remember
The roses—red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet.
d. HOOD—*I Remember, I Remember.*

Plant in his walks the purple violet,
And meadow-sweet under the hedges set,
To mingle breaths with dainty eglantine
And honeysuckles sweet.
e. HOOD—*The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.* St. 121.

'Tis but a little faded flower
But Oh how fondly dear.
f. ELLEN C. HOWARTH.

At the roots
Of peony bushes lay in rose-red heaps
Or snowy, fallen bloom
g. JEAN INGELOW—*Songs with Preludes. Wedlock.*

I have brought a budding world.
Of Orchis spires and daisies rank
And ferny plumes but half uncurled
From yonder bank;
h. JEAN INGELOW—*The Letter L. Absent.*

Above his head
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and trammell'd fresh;
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries.
i. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. II. Line 413.

And O and O,
The daisies blow,
And the primroses are awaken'd;
And the violets white
Let in silver light,
And the green buds are long in the spike end.
j. KEATS—*In a letter to Haydon.*

Gentle cousin of the forest green,
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers—
Forget-me-not,—the blue bell,—and, that queen
Of secrecy, the violet.
k. KEATS—*Answer to a Sonnet by J. H. Reynolds.*

Primroses by shelter'd rills
And daisies on the aguish hills.
l. KEATS—*The Eve of St. Mark.*

Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.
m. KEATS—*Dedication to Leigh Hunt, Esq.*

Sequester'd leafy glades,
That through the dimness of their twilight show
Large dock-leaves, spiral foxgloves, or the glow
Of the wild cat's-eyes, or the silvery stems
Of delicate birch trees.
n. KEATS—*Calidore.*

Sometimes
A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
Loiter'd around us.
o. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 674.

The lily and the musk-rose sighing,
Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying.
p. KEATS—*Epistle to George Felton Mathew.*

The rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet.
q. KEATS—*The Eve of St. Agnes.* St. 36.

The rose leaves herself upon the brier,
For winds to kiss and grateful bees to feed.
r. KEATS—*On Fame.*

Thou shalt at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst.
s. KEATS—*Fancy.*

Underneath large blue-bells tinted,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not.
t. KEATS—*To the Poets.*

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves.
u. KEATS—*Ode to a Nightingale.*

Young playmates of the rose and daffodil,
Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill
Your baskets high
With fennel green, and balm, and golden pines,
Savory latter-mint and columbines.
v. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. IV. Line 578.

The loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun: so violets blue;
So the soft star-like primrose—drenched in dew—
The happiest of Spring's happy, fragrant birth.
a. KEBLE—*Miscellaneous Poems. Spring Showers.*

The grass,
Yellow and parch'd elsewhere, grew long and fresh,
Shading wild strawberries and violets.
b. L. E. LANDON—*The Oak.*

Primroses deck the bank's green side,
Cowslips enrich the valley.
c. LINLEY—*Primroses Deck the Bank's Green Side.*

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Flowers.*

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in the earth's firmament do shine.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Flowers.*

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale
Which flowers reveal, when lips are coy to tell?
f. BULWER-LYTTON—*The First Violets.*

How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 24.

Throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
h. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 850.

The foxglove, with its stately bells
Of purple, shall adorn thy dells;
The wallflower, on each rifted rock,
From liberal blossoms shall breathe down,
(Gold blossoms frecked with iron-brown,)
Its fragrance; while the hollyhock,
The pink, and the carnation vie
With lupin and with lavender,
To decorate the fading year;
And larkspurs many-hued, shall drive
Gloom from the groves, where red leaves lie,
And Nature seems but half alive.
i. MOIR—*The Birth of the Flowers.*

Crocus-cups of gold and blue,
Snowdrops drooping early.
j. MONTGOMERY—*The Valentine Wreath.*

In rustic solitude 'tis sweet
The earliest flowers of Spring to greet,—
The violet from its tomb,
The strawberry, creeping at our feet,
The sorrel's simple bloom.
k. MONTGOMERY—*A Walk in Spring.*

The pale primroses look'd their best,
Peonies blush'd with all their might,
l. MONTGOMERY—*The Adventure of a Star.*

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.
m. MONTGOMERY—*A Field Flower.*

How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow.
n. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LI.*

The wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
With sun-lit drops of bliss among it,
And many a rose leaf cull'd by Love,
To heal his lips when bees have stung it.
o. MOORE—*The Wreath and the Chain.*

Yet, no—not words for they
But half can tell love's feeling;
Sweet flowers alone can say
What passion fears revealing.
A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,
A tow'ring lily broken,—
Oh these may paint a grief
No words could e'er have spoken.
p. MOORE—*The Language of Flowers.*

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray:
I love ye all!
q. ROBERT NICOLLS—*Wild Flowers.*

He bore a simple wild-flower wreath:
Narcissus, and the sweet-briar rose;
Vervain, and flexile thyme, that breathe
Rich fragrance; modest heath, that glows
With purple bells; the amaranth bright,
That no decay nor fading knows,
Like true love's holiest, rarest light;
And every purest flower, that blows
In that sweet time, which Love most blesses,
When spring on summer's confines presses.
r. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Rhododaphne.*

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.
s. PERCIVAL—*The Language of Flowers.*

Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
t. POPE—*Autumn.* Line 37.

Tell me first, in what more happy fields,
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields.
a. Pope—*Spring.* Line 89.

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,
Crisp primrose-leaves.
b. Christina G. Rossetti—*The Milking Maid.*

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
c. Christina G. Rossetti—*Consider the Lilies of the Field.*

The lily, snowdrop, and the violet fair,
And queenly rose, that blossoms for a day.
d. Mrs. Sawyer—*The Blind Girl.*

In the low vale the snow-white daisy springeth,
The golden dandelion by its side;
The eglantine a dewy fragrance flingeth
To the soft breeze that wanders far and wide.
e. Mrs. Scott—*My Child.*

Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorne and hazel mingle there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain.
The weather beaten crags retain.
f. Scott—*The Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. St. 12.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
g. Scott—*The Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 1.

The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen or copse, or forest dingle.
h. Scott—*The Violet.*

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!
i. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Flowers are like the pleasures of the world.
j. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery.
k. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
l. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses with eglantine.
m. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds.
n. *Pericles.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.
o. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 4.

The fairest flowers o' th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers.
p. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
q. *Sonnet XCIV.*

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—
r. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 6.

Faint oxlips; tender blue bells at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved.
s. Shelley—*The Question.*

Then the pied windflowers, and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.
t. Shelley—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Dasies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets.
u. Shelley—*The Question.*

The snow-drops and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.
v. Shelley—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

Day stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation.
w. Horace Smith—*Hymn to the Flowers.*

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!
x. Horace Smith—*Hymn to the Flowers.*

Those few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd
That whisper of the past!

a. CAROLINE SOUTHEY—*Autumn Flowers.*

Roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew.

b. SPENSER—*Faerie Queene*—Canto VI. St. 6.

Strew me the ground with daffodowndillies,
And cowslips, and king-cups, and loved lillies.

c. SPENSER—*The Shepherd's Calender. Song.* St. 12.

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but sticketh near;
Sweet is the firbloom, but its branches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but its rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom-flowre, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.

d. SPENSER—*Sonnet XXVI.*

And hid beneath the grasses, wet
With long carouse, a honeyed crew,
Anemone and violet,
Yet rollicking, are drunk with dew.

e. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*Daybreak.*

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the sweetness you shall take,
And wrapped away from life and love
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

f. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*O, Soft Spring Airs.*

There many a flower abstersive grew,
Thy favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip, and sweet jonquil.

g. SWIFT—*A Panegyric on the Dean.* Line 249.

The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs.

h. SWIFT—*Answer to a Scandalous Poem.* Line 150.

Primrose-eyes each morning ope
In their cool, deep beds of grass;
Violets make the air that pass
Tell-tales of their fragrant slope.

i. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Ariel in the Cloven Pine.*

The amorous odors of the moveless air,—
Jasmine, and tuberose and gillyflower,
Carnation, heliotrope, and purpling shower
Of Persian roses.

j. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Picture of St. John.* Bk. II. St. 14.

The rustic arbor, which the summit crowned
Was woven of shining smilax, trumpet-vine,
Clematis and the wild white eglantine,
Whose tropical luxuriance overhung
The interspaces of the posts, and made
For each sweet picture frames of bloom and shade.

k. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet's Journal. First Evening.*

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea;
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love—thee.

l. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Proposal.*

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

m. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXII.

With roses musky-breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silverleaved lily,
And ivy darkly-wreathed,
I wove a crown before her,
For her I love so dearly.

n. TENNYSON—*Anacreontics.*

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

o. CELIA THAXTER—*Spring.* St. 4.

The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue;
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes.

p. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 531.

A lovely tint flushes the wind-flower's cheek,
Rich melodies gush from the violet's beak,
On the rifts of the rock, the wild columbines grow,
Their heavy honey-cups bending low.

q. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*The Waking of the Heart.*

The tulips lift their proud tiars,
The lilac waves her plumes,
And peeping through my lattice-bars
The rose-acacia blooms.

r. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*She Blooms No More.*

The violet by its mossy stone,
The primrose by the river's brim
And chance-sown daffodil.

s. WHITTIER—*Wordsworth. Written on a Blank Leaf of His Memoirs.*

Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of Summer!

a. WORDSWORTH—*Staffa Sonnets. Flowers on the Top of the Pillars at the Entrance of the Cave.*

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises.

b. WORDSWORTH—*To the Small Celandine.*

The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

c. WORDSWORTH—*Sonnet. Not Love, Not War, Nor, &c.*

There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even;
And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

d. WORDSWORTH—*Flowers.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

e. WORDSWORTH—*Intimations of Immortality.*

Part II.—Classified Flora.

Hast thou the flower there?

f. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 1.

ARBUTUS, TRAILING.

Epigæa Rèpens.

The May-flowers bloomed and perished,
And the sweet June roses died!

g. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Margery Grey.* St. 18.

Gather the violet shy,
The mayflower pale and lone.

h. ELAINE GOODALE—*Welcome.*

The shy little Mayflower weaves her nest,
But the south wind sighs o'er the fragrant loam,
And betrays the path to her woodland home.

i. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*The Waking of the Heart.*

AMARANTH.

Amarantus.

Nosegays! leave them for the waking,
Throw them earthward where they grew,
Dim are such, beside the breaking
Amaranths he looks unto.
Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do.

j. E. B. BROWNING—*A Child Asleep.*

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureate hearse where Lyciad lies.

k. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 149.

Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for Man's offence,
To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life.

l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 353.

Amaranths such as crown the maids
That wander through Zamaria's shades.

m. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

AMARYLLIS.

Amaryllis.

Where, here and there, on sandy beaches
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

n. TENNYSON—*The Daisy.*

ANEMONE.

Anemone.

The fairy-form'd, flesh-hued anemone,
With its fair sisters, culled by country people
Fair maids o' the spring. The lowly cinquefoil, too,
And statelier marigold.

o. JAMES N. BARKER.

Gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shad-bush, white with flowers,
Brightened the glens.

p. BRYANT—*The Old Man's Counsel.*

Within the woods,
Whose young and half transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks.

q. BRYANT—*The Old Man's Counsel.*

Thou didst not start from common ground,—
So tremulous on thy slender stem;
Thy sisters may not clasp thee round
Who art not one with them.

Thy subtle charm is strangely given,
My fancy will not let thee be,—
Then poise not thus 'twixt earth and heaven.
O white anemone!

r. ELAINE GOODALE—*Anemone.*

Anemone, so well
Named of the wind, to which thou art all free.
a. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Wild Flowers.* Line 9.

Anemones and seas of Gold,
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flow'rets that unfold
Their buds in Camadera's quiver.
b. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

A spring upon whose brink the anemones
And hooded violets and shrinking ferns
And tremulous woodland things crowd unafraid,
Sure of the refreshing that they always find.
c. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Unvisited.*

From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies, auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves.
d. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 633.

AQUILEGIA.

A. Canadensis.

The aquilegia sprinkled on the rocks
A scarlet rain; the yellow violet
Sat in the chariot of its leaves; the phlox
Held spikes of purple flame in meadows wet,
And all the streams with vernal-scented reed
Were fringed, and streaky bells of miskodeed.
e. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Mon-Da-Min.* St. 42.

ARBUTUS.

Epigæa Rèpens.

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts your tender buds have blown.
f. ROSE T. COOKE—*Trailing Arbutus.*

Now the tender, sweet arbutus
Trails her blossom-clustered vines,
And the many-fingered cinquefoil
In the shady hollow twines.
g. DORA READ GOODALE—*May.*

Hail the flower whose early bridal makes the festival of Spring!
Deeper far than outward meaning lies the comfort she doth bring;
From the heights of happy winning,
Gaze we back on hope's beginning
Feel the vital strength and beauty hidden from our eyes before;
And we know, with hearts grown stronger,
Tho' our waiting seemeth longer,
Yet with Love's divine assurance, we should covet nothing more.
h. ELAINE GOODALE—*Trailing Arbutus.*

Pure and perfect, sweet arbutus
Twines her rosy-tinted wreath.
i. ELAINE GOODALE—*The First Flowers.*

ASPHODEL.

Asphodelus.

With her ankles sunken in asphodel
She wept for the roses of earth.
j. E. B. BROWNING—*Calls on the Heart.*

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant wind that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs:
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel.
k. POPE—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

ASTER.

Aster.

The Autumn wood the aster knows,
The empty nest, the wind that grieves,
The sunlight breaking thro' the shade,
The squirrel chattering overhead,
The timid rabbits lighter tread
Among the rustling leaves.

And still beside the shadowy glen
She holds the color of the skies;
Along the purpling wayside steep
She hangs her fringes passing deep,
And meadows drowned in happy state
Are lit by starry eyes!
l. DORA READ GOODALE—*Asters.*

The purple asters bloom in crowds
In every shady nook,
And ladies' eardrops deck the banks
Of many a babbling brook.
m. ELAINE GOODALE—*Autumn.*

The aster greets us as we pass
With her faint smile.
n. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*A Day of the Indian Summer.*

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet-berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild-rose!
o. WHITTIER—*The Last Walk in Autumn.*

AZALIA.

In the woods a fragrance rare
Of wild azalias fill the air,
And richly tangled overhead
We see their blossoms sweet and red.
p. DORA READ GOODALE—*Spring Scatters Far and Wide.*

The fair azalia bows
Beneath its snowy crest.
q. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*She Blooms no More.*

BALDURSBRA.

Pyrethrum Inodorum.

Purer than snow in its purity
White as the foam-crested waves of the sea,
Bloometh alone in the twilight gray,
A flower, the gods call Baldursbra.
a. C. C. Baldur—*Family Herald.* Vol. XXVII. P. 260.

BASIL.

Pycnanthemum.

The basil tuft that waves,
Its fragrant blossom over graves.
b. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

BEAN.

Faba.

I know the scent of bean fields.
c. Jean Ingelow—*Gladys and Her Island.* Line 243.

BIND-WEED.

Convolvulus.

In the deep shadow of the porch
A slender bind-weed springs,
And climbs, like airy acrobat,
The trellises, and swings
And dances in the golden sun
In fairy loops and rings.
d. Susan Coolidge—*Bind-Weed.*

BLOODROOT.

Sanguinaria.

Sanguinaria from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood.
e. Byron—*The Fountain.*

A pure large flower of simple mold,
And touched with soft peculiar bloom,
Its petals faint with strange perfume,
And in their midst a disk of gold!
f. Elaine Goodale—*Bloodroot.*

Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part:
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

BLUE-BELL.

Campanula.

Hang-head Bluebell,
Bending like Moses' sister over Moses,
Full of a secret that thou dar'st not tell!
h. George MacDonald—*Wild Flowers.*

Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see;
But the wild blue-bell is the flower for me.
i. Louisa A. Meredith—*The Blue-bell.*

BORAGE.

Borrago.

The flaming rose gloomed swarthy red;
The borage gleams more blue;
And low white flowers, with starry head,
Glimmer the rich dusk through.
j. George MacDonald—*Songs of the Summer Night.* Pt. III.

BRAMBLE.

Rubus.

And swete as is the bremble flour
That bereth the reede keepe.
k. Chaucer—*The Tale of Sir Thopas.* Line 35.

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty, beautiful
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branching stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them.
l. Ebenezer Elliot—*To the Bramble Flower.*

BUTTERCUP.

Ranunculus.

He likes the poor things of the world the best;
I would not therefore, if I could be rich,
It pleases him to stoop for buttercups.
m. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. IV.

The buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,
Held up their chalices of gold
To catch the sunshine and the dew.
n. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Centennial Poem.* Line 165.

Buttercups of shining gold,
And wealth of fairest flowers untold.
o. Dora Read Goodale—*From Spring to Fall.*

Against her ankles as she trod
The lucky buttercups did nod.
p. Jean Ingelow—*Reflections.*

And O the buttercups! that field
O' the cloth of gold, where pennons swam—
Where France set up his lilied shield,
His oriflamb,
And Henry's lion-standard rolled;
What was it to their matchless sheen,
Their million million drops of gold
Among the green!
q. Jean Ingelow—*The Letter L Present.* St. 3.

The buttercups across the field
Made sunshine rifts of splendor.
a. D. M. Mulock—*A Silly Song.*

CACTUS.

Cactus.

And cactuses, a queen might don.
If weary of a golden crown
And still appear as royal.
b. E. B. Browning—*A Flower in a Letter.*

CARDINAL FLOWER.

Lobelia Cardinalis.

Whence is yonder flower so strangely bright
Would the sunset's last reflected shine
Flame so red from that dead flush of light?
Dark with passion is its lifted line,
Hot, alive, amid the falling night.
c. Dora Read Goodale—*Cardinal Flower.*

CARNATION.

Dianthus Caryophyllus.

Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold.
d. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 429.

CASSIA.

Cassia.

While cassias blossom in the zone of calms.
e. Jean Ingelow—*Sand Martins.*

CATALPA.

Catalpa.

The catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.
f. Bryant—*The Winds.*

CELANDINE.

Chelidonium.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower! I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.
g. Wordsworth—*To the Small Celandine.*

Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.
h. Wordsworth—*To the Same Flower.*

Pleasures newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.
i. Wordsworth—*To the Same Flower.*

CHAMPAC.

The maid of India, blessed again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold.
j. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Leucanthemum Vulgare.

Fair gift of Friendship! and her ever bright
And faultless image! welcome now thou art,
In thy pure loveliness—thy robes of white,
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;
Unscattered by heats—by wintry blasts unmoved—
Thy strength thus tested—and thy charms improved.
k. Anna Peyre Dinnies—*To A White Chrysanthemum.*

CLEMATIS.

Clematis.

Where the woodland streamlets flow,
Gushing down a rocky bed,
Where the tasselled alders grow,
Lightly meeting overhead,
When the fullest August days
Give the richness that they know,
Then the wild clematis comes,
With her wealth of tangled blooms,
Reaching up and drooping low.

* * * * * * *

But when Autumn days are here,
And the woods of Autumn burn,
Then her leaves are black and sere,
Quick with early frosts to turn!
As the golden Summer dies,
So her silky green has fled,
And the smoky clusters rise
As from fires of sacrifice,—
Sacred incense to the dead!
l. Dora Read Goodale—*Wild Clematis.*

CLOVER.

Trifolium.

The wind-rows are spread for the butterfly's bed,
And the clover-bloom falleth around.
m. Eliza Cook—*Song of the Haymakers.*

Crimson clover I discover
By the garden gate,
And the bees about her hover,
But the robins wait.
Sing, robins, sing,
Sing a roundelay,—
'Tis the latest flower of Spring
Coming with the May!

Crimson clover I discover
In the open field,
Mellow sunlight brooding over,
All her warmth revealed.
Sing, robins, sing,
'Tis no longer May,—
Fuller bloom doth Summer bring,
Ripened thro' delay!
a. DORA READ GOODALE—*Red Clover.*

The fields have lost their lingering light,
The path is dusky thro' the night,—
The clover is too sweet to lose
Her fragrance with the gathering dews,—
The skies are warm above her:
The cricket pipes his song again,
The cows are waiting in the lane,
The shadows fall adown the hill,
And silent is the whippoorwill;
But thro' the summer twilight still
You smell the milk-white clover.
b. DORA READ GOODALE—*White Clover.*

Summer came, the green earth's lover,
Ripening the tufted clover.
c. MRS. NICHOLS—*Little Nell.*

Flocks thick-nibbling through the clovered vale.
d. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1231.

What airs outblown from ferny dells
And clover-bloom and sweet brier smells.
e. WHITTIER—*The Last Walk in Autumn.* St. 6.

COLUMBINE.

Aquilegia Canadensis.

Columbines in purple dressed
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.
f. BRYANT—*To the Fringed Gentian.*

Skirting the rocks at the forest edge
With a running flame from ledge to ledge,
Or swaying deeper in shadowy glooms,
A smoldering fire in her dusky blooms;
Bronzed and molded by wind and sun,
Maddening, gladdening every one
With a gypsy beauty full and fine,—
A health to the crimson columbine!
g. ELAINE GOODALE—*Columbine.*

Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle doves dwell!
O cuckoopint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!
h. JEAN INGELOW—*Song of Seven. Seven Times One.*

COLUMBINE, GOLDEN.

Aquilegia Chrysantha.

Sweet flower of the golden horn,
Thy beauty passeth praise!
But why should spring thy gold ador
Most meet for summer days?
Well may the mighty sycamore
His shelter o'er thee throw,
And spring-time winds, which elsewhere roar,
Breathe gently as they go.
i. HENRY H. RUSBY—*To the Golden Columbine.*

COMPASS-PLANT.

Silphium Laciniatum.

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. II. St. 5.

CONVOLVULUS.

Convolvulus.

Nature, in learning to form a lily, turned out a convolvulus.
k. PLINY—*Natural History.*

CORAL-TREE.

Erythrina.

The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea.
l. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

COWSLIP.

Primula.

Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on a cliff.
m. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 520.

Soon fair spring shall give another scene,
And yellow cowslips gild the level green.
n. ANNE E. BLEECKER—*On her return to Tomhanick.*

Methinks I hear his faint reply—
When cowslips deck the plain.
o. W. L. BOWLES—*Winter Redbreast.*

Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear.
p. BURNS—*Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson.*

Wild-scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green glade.
q. BURNS—*The Chevalier's Lament.*

The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew.
a. THOMAS CHATTERTON—*Ælla.*

The cowslip is a country wench.
b. HOOD—*Flowers.*

I sometimes wonder how I can be glad
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout.
c. JEAN INGELOW—*Songs With Preludes. Regret.*

The first wan cowslip, wet
With tears of the first morn.
d. OWEN MEREDITH—*Ode to a Starling.*

Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
e. MILTON—*Comus. Song.*

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see:
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those freckles live their savours.
f. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover.
g. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 2.

And by the meadow trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers.
h. TENNYSON—*The May Queen.* St. 8.

And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith Spring
Letters cowslips on the hill.
i. TENNYSON—*Adeline.*

CROCUS.

Crocus.

Welcome, wild harbinger of spring!
To this small nook of earth;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.
j. BERNARD BARTON—*To a Crocus.*

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who weareth in his diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of his authority!
k. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

DAFFODIL.

Narcissus Pseudo-Narcissus.

Brazen helm of daffodillies,
With a glitter toward the light.
Purple violets for the mouth,
Breathing perfumes west and south;
And a sword of flashing lilies
Holden ready for the fight.
l. E. B. BROWNING—*Hector in the Garden.*

The daffodil is our doorside queen;
She pushes up the sward already,
To spot with sunshine the early green.
m. BRYANT—*An Invitation to the Country.*

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet, the early-rising sun
Has not attained its noon.
* * * * *
We have short time to stay as you
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or any thing.
n. HERRICK—*Daffodils.*

When a daffodill I see,
Hanging down his head t'wards me,
Guesse I may, what I must be:
First I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead:
Lastly, safely buryed.
o. HERRICK—*Hesperides. Divination by a Daffodill.*

All the nodding daffodils woke up and laughed upon her,
p. JEAN INGELOW—*Concluding Song. Dawn.*

O fateful flower beside the rill—
The daffodil, the daffodil!
q. JEAN INGELOW—*Persephone.* St. 16.

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.
r. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

When the face of night is fair in the dewy downs
And the shining daffodil dies.
s. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXVIII.

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
Through the brown mold,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.
t. Miss WARNER—*Daffy-Down-Dilly.*

A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beside the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
u. WORDSWORTH—*The Daffodils.*

I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils.
v. WORDSWORTH—*I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.*

My heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.
w. WORDSWORTH—*I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.*

Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed, or make your bower.
x. WORDSWORTH—*Foresight.*

DAHLIA.

Dahlia.

The garden glows with dahlias large and new.
a. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*The Vicarage.*

DAISY.

Bellis.

And a breastplate made of daisies,
Closely fitting, leaf by leaf,
Periwinkles interlaced
Drawn for belt about the waist;
While the brown bees, humming praises,
Shot their arrows round the chief.
b. E. B. BROWNING—*Hector in the Garden.*

Open pastures, where you scarcely tell
White daisies from white dew.
c. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I.

The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air.
d. BURNS—*O Luve Will Venture In.*

In daisied mantles is the mountain dight.
e. THOMAS CHATTERTON—*Ælla.*

Of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.
f. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Legend of Good Women.* Line 41.

That well by reason men it call may
The daisie or els the eye of the day,
The emprise, and floure of floures all.
g. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Legend of Good Women.* Line 184.

And still at every close she would repeat
The burden of the song. The daisy is so sweet.
h. DRYDEN—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 465.

A tuft of daisies on a flowery lea
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way.
i. DRYDEN—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 459.

Bring childhood's flower!
The half-blown daisy bring.
j. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*Flowers for the Heart.*

Daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands
O'er every hill that under heaven expands.
k. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*The Village Patriarch, Love, and other Poems. Spring.*

Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.
l. HOOD—*Song.*

The daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush
She is of such low degree.
m. HOOD—*Flowers.*

I take the land to my breast,
In her coat with daisies fine;
For me are the hills in their best,
And all that's made is mine.
n. JEAN INGELOW—*Songs with Preludes. Dominion.*

What change has made the pasture sweet
And reached the daisies at my feet,
And cloud that wears a golden hem?
This lovely world, the hills, the sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.
o. JEAN INGELOW—*Reflections.*

The daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not.
p. KEATS—*Ode.*

The dew
Had taken fairy's fantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward.
q. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 91.

On his scarf the knight the daisy bound,
And dames to tourneys shone with daisies crowned,
And fays forsook the purer fields above,
To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.
r. LEYDEN—*The Daisy.*

The daisies' eyes are a-twinkle
With happy tears of dew.
s. FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW—*The School.*

Daisies quaint, with savour none,
But golden eyes of great delight,
That all men love, they be so bright.
t. OWEN MEREDITH—*The Wanderer.* Bk. II. *The Message.* Line 119.

By dimple brook and fountain brim
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.
u. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 120.

The Daisy blossoms on the rocks,
Amid the purple heath;
It blossoms on the river's banks,
That thrids the glens beneath:
The eagle, at his pride of place,
Beholds it by his nest.
And, in the mead, it cushions soft
The lark's descending breast.
v. MOIR—*The Daisy.*

Daisies, thick as star-light, stand
In every walk!
w. MONTGOMERY—*The Daisy in India.*

O'er the margin of the flood,
Pluck the daisy, peeping.
x. MONTGOMERY—*The Valentine Wreath.*

There is a flower, a little flower
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

* * * * * *

'Tis Flora's page;—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer-reign;
The Daisy never dies!

a. MONTGOMERY—*A Field Flower.*

We bring daisies, little starry daisies,
The angels have planted to remind us of the sky,
When the stars have vanished they twinkle their mute praises,
Telling, in the dewy grass, of brighter fields on high.

b. READ—*The New Pastoral.* Bk. VII.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss,
* * * * * * *
Were all paved with daisies.

c. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, so cool, as nowhere else I find;
The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight.

d. SPENSER—*The Shepherd's Calendar. Dialogue between Hobinol and Colin Clout.*

From grave to grave the shadow crept:
In her still place the morning wept:
Touch'd by his feet the daisy slept.

e. TENNYSON—*Two Voices.* St. 92.

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

f. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XII.

Bright flower! whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow—
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest through!

g. WORDSWORTH—*To the Daisy.*

The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

h. WORDSWORTH—*To a Child.*

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy.

i. WORDSWORTH—*To the Daisy.*

DAISY, MOUNTAIN.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random field
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

j. BURNS—*To a Mountain Daisy.*

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

k. BURNS—*To a Mountain Daisy.*

DAISY, OX-EYE.

Leucanthemum Chrysanthemum.

Clear and simple in white and gold,
Meadow blossom, of sunlit spaces,—
The field is full as it well can hold
And white with the drift of the ox-eye daisies!

l. DORA READ GOODALE—*Daisies.*

DANDELION.

Taraxacum deus-leonis.

You cannot forget, if you would, those golden kisses all over the cheeks of the meadow, queerly called dandelions.

m. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Star Papers. A Discourse of Flowers.*

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold;
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth,—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

n. LOWELL—*To the Dandelion.*

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

o. LOWELL—*To the Dandelion.*

Young Dandelion
On a hedge-side,
Said young Dandelion,
Who'll be my bride?

Said young Dandelion
With a sweet air,
I have my eye on
Miss Daisy fair.
a. D. M. Mulock—*Young Dandelion.*

DITTANY.

Cunila.

A magic bed
Of sacred dittany.
b. Keats. *Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 561.

DODDER.

Cuscuta.

In the roadside thicket hiding,
Sing, robin, sing!
See the yellow dodder, gliding,
Ring, blue-bells, ring!
Like a living skein inlacing,
Coiling, climbing, turning, chasing,
Through the fragrant sweet-fern racing—
Laugh, O murmuring Spring!
c. Sarah F. Davis—*Summer Song.*

FLAG.

Iris.

The yellow flags * * would stand up to their chins in water.
d. Jean Ingelow—*Song of the Night Watches.* Watch I. Pt. VI.

Nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag flowers, purple, prankt with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water lilies broad and bright.
e. Shelley—*The Question.*

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Iris.

Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.
f. Longfellow—*Flower-De-Luce.* St. 3.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet.
g. Longfellow—*Flower-De-Luce.* St. 8.

Lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!
h. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

FOR-GET-ME-NOT.

Myosotis.

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came;)
And standing at its Father's feet
And gazing in His face
It said, in low and trembling tones:
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot,"
Kindly the Father looked him down
And said: Forget-me-not.
i. Anonymous.

Forget-me-not, and violets, heavenly blue,
Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.
j. Bryant—(German of N. Müller). *The Paradise of Tears.*

That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook
Hopes gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not.
k. Coleridge—*The Keepsake.*

Thick in many a sunny spot
There blooms the pale forget-me-not.
l. Dora Read Goodale—*Spring Scatters. Far and Wide.*

And rose, with aspect almost calm,
And filled her hand
With cherry bloom, and moved away
To gather wild forget-me-not.
m. Jean Ingelow—*The Letter L Absent.* St. 22.

The sweet forget-me-nots.
That grow for happy lovers.
n. Tennyson—*The Brook.* Line 172.

FOXGLOVE.

Digitalis.

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxlove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.
o. Jean Ingelow—*Divided.* Pt. I.

FURZE.

Ulex.

With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay.
p. Goldsmith—*The Deserted Village.* Line 194.

GENTIAN.

Gentiana.

The blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
q. Bryant—*November.*

Along this quiet wood road, winding slow,
When free October ranged its sylvan ways,
And, vaulting up the terrace steep below,
Chased laughing sunbeams thro' the golden days,
In matchless beauty, tender and serene,
The gentine reigned, an undisputed queen.
a. ELAINE GOODALE—*Fringed Gentian.*

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow
The gentian nods in dewy slumbers bound.
b. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*A Still Day in Autumn.*

Near where yon rocks the stream inurn
The lonely gentian blossoms still.
c. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*A September Evening on the Banks of the Moshassuck.*

GILLY-FLOWER.

Matthiola.

The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call natur's bastards:
* * * * * * * *
Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
d. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Bring hither the pink and purple columbine,
With gilly flowers.
e. SPENCER—*The Shepherd's Calendar. Song.* St. 1.

GOLDEN-ROD.

Solidago.

Still the Golden-rod of the roadside clod
Is of all, the best!
f. SIMEON TUCKER CLARK—*Golden Rod.*

In the pasture's rude embrace,
All o'er run with tangled vines,
Where the thistle claims its place,
And the straggling hedge confines,
Bearing still the sweet impress
Of unlettered loveliness,
In the field and by the wall,
Binding, clasping, crowning all,—
Goldenrod!

Nature lies disheveled, pale,
With her feverish lips apart,—
Day by day the pulses fail,
Nearer to her bounded heart;
Yet that slackened grasp doth hold
Store of pure and genuine gold;
Quick thou comest, strong and free,
Type of all the wealth to be,—
Goldenrod!
g. ELAINE GOODALE—*Goldenrod.*

The hollows are heavy and dank
With the stem of the golden-rods.
h. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Guests of Night.*

Graceful, tossing plume of glowing gold,
Waving lonely on the rocky ledge;
Leaning seaward, lovely to behold,
Clinging to the high cliff's ragged edge.
i. CELIA THAXTER—*Seaside Goldenrod.*

GORSE.

Ulex.

Mountain gorses, do ye teach us
* * * * * * * *
That the wisest word man reaches
Is the humblest he can speak?
j. E. B. BROWNING—*Lessons from the Gorse.*

Mountain gorses, ever golden,
Cankered not the whole year long!
Do ye teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow,
Up the hillside of this life, as bleak as where ye grow?
k. E. B. BROWNING—*Lessons from the Gorse.*

Love you not then, to list and hear
The crackling of the gorse-flower near,
Pouring an orange-scented tide
Of fragrance o'er the desert wide?
l. WM. HOWITT—*A June Day.*

I have seen
The gay gorse bushes in their flowering time.
m. JEAN INGELOW—*Gladys and her Island* Line 244.

HAREBELL.

Campanula.

In the hemlock's fragrant shadow
Harebells nod by the drowsy pool.
n. JULIA C. R. DORR—*The Ghost.*

The harebell trembled on its stem
Down where the rushing waters gleam.
o. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Centennial Poem.* Line 161.

I love the fair lilies and roses so gay,
They are rich in their pride and their splendor;
But still more do I love to wander away
To the meadow so sweet,
Where down at my feet,
The harebell blooms modest and tender.
p. DORA READ GOODALE—*Queen Harebell.*

Summer took her flowery throne,
With roses red and harebells blue.
q. DORA READ GOODALE—*From Spring to Fall.*

In bleak and barren places, fresh with unexpected graces,
Leaning over rocky ledges, tenderest glances to bestow,
Dauntless still in time of danger, thrilling every wayworn stranger,
Scattered harebells earn a triumph never known below.
a. ELAINE GOODALE—*Harebell.*

Simplest of blossoms! To mine eye
Thou bring'st the summer's painted sky;
The May thorn greening in the nook;
The minnows sporting in the brook;
The bleat of flocks; the breath of flowers;
The song of birds amid the bowers;
The crystal of the azure seas;
The music of the southern breeze;
And, over all, the blessed sun,
Telling of halcyon days begun.
b. MOIR—*The Harebell.*

Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins.
c. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

HEATH.

Erica.

The wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise.
d. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 25.

Oft with bolder wing they soaring dare
The purple heath.
e. THOMSON. *The Seasons. Spring.*

HELIOTROPE.

Helitropium.

Heliotropes with meekly lifted brow,
Say to me: "Go not yet."
f. JULIA C. R. DORR. *Without and Within.*

HEPATICA.

Hepatica.

All the woodland path is broken
By warm tints along the way,
And the low and sunny slope
Is alive with sudden hope,
When there comes the silent token
Of an April day,—
Blue hepatica!
g. DORA READ GOODALE. *Hepatica.*

HOLLY-HOCK.

Althæa Rosea.

Queen holly-hocks,
With butterflies for crowns,
h. JEAN INGELOW—*Honors.* Pt. I.

HONEYSUCKLE.

Lonicera.

Around in silent grandeur stood
The stately children of the wood;
Maple and elm and towering pine
Mantled in folds of dark woodbine.
i. JULIA C. R. DORR—*At the Gate.*

A honeysuckle link'd
Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers.
j. L. E. LANDON—*The Oak.*

Watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle.
k. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 543.

I plucked a honeysuckle where
The hedge on high is quick with thorn,
And climbing for the prize, was torn,
And fouled my feet in quag-water;
And by the thorns and by the wind
The blossom that I took was thinn'd,
And yet I found it sweet and fair.

Thence to a richer growth I came,
Where, nursed in mellow intercourse,
The honeysuckles sprang by scores,
Not harried like my single stem,
All virgin lamps of scent and dew
So from my hand that first I threw,
Yet plucked not any more of them.
l. DANTE ROSSETTI—*The Honeysuckle.*

Honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
m. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto III. Introduction.

Bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.
n. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers.
o. TENNYSON—*The May Queen.* St. 8.

HYACINTH.

Hyacinthus.

The hyacinth's for constancy wi' it unchanging blue.
p. BURNS—*O Luve Will Venture In.*

Come, evening gale! the crimsonne rose
Is drooping for thy sighe of dewe;
The hyacinthe moves thy kisse to close
In slumber sweete its eye of blue.
q. GEORGE CROLY—*Come, Evening Gale.*

By field and by fell, and by mountain gorge,
Shone hyacinths blue and clear.
r. LUCY HOOPER—*Legends of Flowers.*

Hyacinths of heavenly blue
Shook their rich tresses to the morn.
a. MONTGOMERY—*The Adventure of a Star.*

And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue.
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense.
b. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

INDIAN PIPE.

Monotropa Uniflora.

Pale, mournful flower, that hidest in shade
Mid dewy damps and murky glade,
With moss and mould,
Why dost thou hang thy ghastly head,
So sad and cold?
c. E. CATHERINE BEECHER—*To the Monotropa, or Ghost Flower.*

Where the long, slant rays are beaming,
Where the shadows cool lie dreaming,
Pale the Indian pipes are gleaming—
Laugh, O murmuring Spring!
d. SARAH F. DAVIS—*Summer Song.*

Death in the wood,—
In the death-pale lips apart;
Death in a whiteness that curdled the blood,
Now black to the very heart:
The wonder by her was formed
Who stands supreme in power;
To show that life by the spirit comes
She gave us a soulless flower!
e. ELAINE GOODALE—*Indian Pipe.*

IRIS.

Iris.

Iris all hues, roses and jessamine.
f. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 698.

IVY.

Hedera Helix.

Ivy climbs the crumbling hall
To decorate decay.
g. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Large Party and Entertainment.*

That headlong ivy! not a leaf will grow
But thinking of a wreath. * * * *
I like such ivy; bold to leap a height
'Twas strong to climb! as good to grow on graves
As twist about a thyrsus; pretty too.
(And that's not ill) when twisted round a comb.
h. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. II.

Walls must get the weather stain
Before they grow the ivy.
i. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VIII.

The rugged trees are mingling
Their flowery sprays in love;
The ivy climbs the laurel
To clasp the boughs above.
j. BRYANT—*The Serenade.*

Ivy clings to wood or stone,
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon.
k. COWPER—*The Progress of Error.* Line 285.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are all his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.
l. DICKENS—*Pickwick.* Ch. VI.

Direct
The clasping ivy where to climb.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 216.

On my velvet couch reclining
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul expands with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
n. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode XLVIII.*

Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
o. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 303.

Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd.
p. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 69.

Round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
q. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 243.

JESSAMINE.

Jasminum.

At my silent window-sill
The Jessamine peeps in.
r. BRYANT—*The Hunter's Serenade.*

Across the porch
Thick jasmines twined.
s. COLERIDGE—*Reflections on Leaving a Place of Retirement.*

The golden stars of the jasmine glow,
And the roses bloom alway!
t. JULIA C. R. DORR—*My Mocking Bird.*

Jasmine is sweet and has many loves.
u. HOOD—*Flowers.*

It was a jasmine bower, all bestrown
With golden moss.
v. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. II. Line 686.

Jas in the Arab language is despair,
And *Min* the darkest meaning of a lie.
Thus cried the Jessamine among the flowers,
How justly doth a lie
Draw on its head despair!
Among the fragrant spirits of the bowers
The boldest and the strongest still was I.
Although so fair,
Therefore from Heaven
A stronger perfume unto me was given
Than any blossom of the summer hours.
* * * * * * * *
Among the flowers no perfume is like mine;
That which is best in me comes from within.
So those who in this world would rise and shine
Should seek internal excellence to win.
And though 'tis true that falsehood and despair
Meet in my name, yet bare it still in mind
That where they meet they perish. All is fair
When they are gone and nought remains behind.
a. Leland—*Jessamine.*

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.
b. Henry Timrod—*Spring.*

KING-CUP (BUTTER-CUP).

Ranunculus.

The royal king-cup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold.
c. Edwin Arnold—*Almond Blossoms.*

King-cups and daisies, that all the year please,
Sprays, petals, and leaflets, that nod in the breeze.
d. Coleridge—*Morning Invitation to a Child.*

Fair is the kingcup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows.
e. Gay—*Shepherd's Week. Monday.* Line 43.

Set among the budding broom
Kingcup and daffodilly.
f. Jean Ingelow—*Supper at the Mill.*

The gold-eyed kingcups fine
The frail blue bell peereth over
Rare broidery of the purple clover.
g. Tennyson—*A Dirge.*

LAUREL.

Laurus.

Each chalice holds the infinite air,
Each rounded cluster grows a sphere;
A twilight pale she grants us there,
A rosier sunrise here;
She broods above the happy earth,
She dwells upon the enchanted days,—
A thousand voices hail her birth
In chants of love and praise.
h. Elaine Goodale—*Mountain Laurel.*

Wait till the laurel bursts its buds,
And creeping ivy flings its graces
About the lichen'd rocks, and floods
Of sunshine fill the shady place.
i. Margaret J. Preston—*Through the Pass.*

LICHEN.

Lichen.

Little lichen, fondly clinging
In the wild wood to the tree;
Covering all unseemly places,
Hiding all thy tender graces,
Ever dwelling in the shade,
Never seeing sunny glade.
j. R. M. E.—*Lichens.*

LILY.

Lilium.

Blossoms, all around me sighing,
Fragrance, from the lilies straying.
k. Maria Brooks—*Song.*

And lilies are still lilies, pulled
By smutty hands, though spotted from their white.
l. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. III.

And lilies white prepared to touch
The whitest thought nor soil it much,
Of dreamer turned to lover.
m. E. B. Browning—*A Flower in a Letter.*

Purple lilies, which he blew
To a larger bubble with his prophet breath.
n. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VII.

Very whitely still
The lilies of our lives may reassure
Their blossoms from their roots, accessible
Alone to heavenly dews that drop not fewer;
Growing straight out of man's reach, on the hill
God only, who made us rich, can make us poor.
o. E. B. Browning—*Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

The milk-white lilies,
That lead from the fragrant hedge.
p. Alice Cary—*Pictures of Memory.*

Darlings of June and brides of summer sun,
Chill pipes the stormy wind, the skies are drear;
Dull and despoiled the gardens every one:
What do ye here?
q. Susan Coolidge—*Easter Lilies.*

I wish I were the lily's leaf
To fade upon that bosom warm,
Content to wither, pale and brief,
The trophy of thy fairer form.
r. Dionysius.

And the stately lilies stand
Fair in the silvery light,
Like saintly vestals, pale in prayer;
Their pure breath sanctifies the air,
As its fragrance fills the night.
s. Julia C. R. Dorr—*A Red Rose.*

O lilies, upturned lilies,
How swift their prisoned rays
To smite with fire from Heaven
The fainting August days!
Tall urns of blinding beauty,
As vestals pure they hold;—
In each a blaze of scarlet
Half blotted out with gold!
a. Elaine Goodale—*Wood Lilies.*

The great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed hour,
Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus and graced!
b. Mrs. Hemans—*Sonnet. The Lilies of the Field.*

The lily is all in white like a saint
And so is no mate for me.
c. Hood—*Flowers.*

We are Lilies fair
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said,
"Lo! my thoughts of white."
d. Leigh Hunt—*Songs and Chorus of the Flowers. Lilies.*

And round about them grows a fringe of reeds,
And then a floating crown of lily flowers.
e. Jean Ingelow—*The Four Bridges.*

Every flower is sweet to me—
The rose and violet,
The pink, the daisy, and sweet pea,
Heart's-ease and mignonette,
And hyacinths and daffodillies;
But sweetest are the spotless lilies.
f. Caroline May—*Lilies.*

I know not what the lilies were
That grew in ancient times.
g. Caroline May—*Lilies.*

"Look to the lilies how they grow!"
'Twas thus the Saviour said, that we,
Even in the simplest flowers that blow,
God's ever-watchful care might see.
h. Moir—*Lilies.*

For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
i. Pope—*Pastorals. Autumn.* Line 26.

Gracious as sunshine, sweet as dew
Shut in a lily's golden core.
j. Margaret J. Preston—*Agnes.*

The creamy leaf the pasture lily shows.
k. Margaret J. Preston—*Fra Angelico.* St. 10.

Is not this lily pure?
What fuller can procure
A white so perfect, spotless clear
As in this flower doth appear?
l. Quarles—*The School of the Heart. Ode XXX.* St. 4.

The lilies say: Behold how we
Preach, without words, of purity.
m. Christina G. Rossetti—"*Consider the Lilies of the Field.*" Line 11.

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.
n. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

And the wand-like lily which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye;
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky.
o. Shelley—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"
p. Horace Smith—*Hymn to the Flowers.*

A pure, cool lily, bending
Near the rose all flushed and warm.
q. Eliza Sproat—*Guonare.*

But who will watch my lilies,
When their blossoms open white?
By day the sun shall be sentry,
And the moon and the stars by night!
r. Bayard Taylor—*The Garden of Roses.*

Down in the dell I wandered,
The loneliest of our dells,
Where grow the lowland lilies.
s. Bayard Taylor—*Down in the Dell I Wandered.*

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race:
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What King so shining! or what Queen so fair!
t. Thomson—*Paraphrase on St. Matthew.*

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.
u. Mary Tighe—*The Lily.*

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.
v. Mary Tighe—*The Lily.*

The citron-tree or spicy grove for me would never yield
A perfume half so grateful as the lilies of the field.
w. Eliza Cook—*England.*

Clustered lilies in the shadows,
Lapt in golden ease they stand,
Rarest flower in all the meadows,
Richest flower in all the land,
Royal lilies in the sunlight,
Brave with Summer's fair array,
Drowsy thro' the evening silence,
Crown of all the August day!
a. DORA READ GOODALE—*Meadow Lilies.*

The hallowed lilies of the field
In glory are arrayed,
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield
Their fragrance to the shade.
b. E. C. KINNEY—*The Spirit of Song.*

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Convallaria Majalis.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun.
c. MICHAEL BRUCE—*Elegy.*

White bud! that in meek beauty dost lean,
Thy cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st, beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.
d. GEORGE CROLY—*The Lily of the Valley.*

He held a basket full
Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull
Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still
Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.
e. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 155.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen,
Through their pavillions of tender green.
f. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

The broad leafed lily of the vale,
And the meek forget-me-not.
g. LYDIA SIGOURNEY—*Farewell to a Rural Residence.*

She saw the river onward glide,
The lilies nodding on the tide.
h. SUSAN H. TALLEY—*Ennerslie.*

The lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes.
i. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 448.

Leaves of that shy plant,
(Her flowers were shed) the lily of the vale,
That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds
Her pensive beauty; from the breeze her sweets.
j. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. IX. Line 540.

LOTUS.

Nymphæa Lotus.

The lotos flower is troubled
At the sun's resplendent light;
With sunken head and sadly
She dreamily waits for the night.
k. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 10.

Stone lotus-cups, with petals dipped in sand.
l. JEAN INGELOW—*Gladys and her Island.* Line 460.

MAGNOLIA-GRANDIFLORA.

Majestic flower! How purely beautiful
Thou art, as rising from thy bower of green,
Those dark and glossy leaves so thick and full,
Thou standest like a high-born forest queen
Among thy maidens clustering round so fair;—
I love to watch thy sculptured form unfolding,
And look into thy depths, to image there
A fairy cavern, and while thus beholding,
And while thy breeze floats o'er thee, matchless flower,
I breathe the perfume, delicate and strong,
That comes like incense from thy petal-bower;
My fancy roams those southern woods along,
Beneath that glorious tree, where deep among
The unsunned leaves thy large white flower-cups hung!
m. CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH—*Poem to the Magnolia Grandiflora.*

MALLOW.

Malva.

Ah, me! the mallows, dead in the garden drear,
Ah! the green parsley, the thriving tufts of dill;
These again shall rise, shall live in the coming year.
n. MOSCHUS.

MARIGOLD.

Tagetes.

The marigold, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop.
o. JOHN CLEVELAND—*On Phillis Walking before Sunrise.*

The marigold abroad her leaves doth spread,
Because the sun's and her power is the same.
p. HENRY CONSTABLE—*Diana.*

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows great appear.
q. HERRICK—*Hesperides. To Daisies, Not to Shut so Soone.*

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids.
a. KEATS—*I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.*

The sun-observing marigold.
b. QUARLES—*The School of the Heart. Ode XXX.* St. 5.

Nor shall the marigold unmentioned die,
Which Acis once found out in Sicily;
She Phœbus loves, and from him draws his hue,
And ever keeps his golden beams in view.
c. RAPIN—*In his Latin Poem on Gardens.* Trans. by Gardiner in 1706.

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises weeping.
d. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Winking Marybuds begin to ope their golden eyes.
e. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3. *Song.*

Homely, forgotten flower,
Under the rose's bower,
Plain as a weed.
f. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Marigold.*

When with a serious musing I behold
The graceful and obsequious marigold,
How duly, every morning she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays.
g. GEORGE WITHER—*The Marigold.*

MARSH-MARIGOLD.

Caltha Palustris.

In yonder marshes burns
The fiery-flaming marigold.
h. DORA READ GOODALE—*May.*

The seal and guerdon of wealth untold
We clasp in the wild marsh-marigold.
i. ELAINE GOODALE—*Nature's Coinage.*

Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet.
j. GAY—*Shepherd's Week. Monday.* Line 46.

MEADOW RUE.

Thalictrum.

When emerald slopes are drowned in song,
When weary grows the unclouded blue,
When warm winds sink in billowy bloom,
And flood you with a faint perfume,
One moment leave the rapturous throng
To seek the haunts of meadow rue!
k. ELAINE GOODALE—*Meadow Rue.*

MIGNONETTE.

Reseda Odorata.

Here bloom red roses, dewy wet,
And beds of fragrant mignonette.
l. ELAINE GOODALE—*Thistles and Roses.*

MOCCASIN.

Cypripedium.

With careless joy we thread the woodland ways
And reach her broad domain.
Thro' sense of strength and beauty, free as air,
We feel our savage kin,—
And thus alone with conscious meaning wear
The Indian's moccasin!
m. ELAINE GOODALE—*Moccasin Flower.*

MORNING-GLORY.

Ipomœa.

Wondrous interlacement!
Holding fast to threads by green and silky rings,
With the dawn it spreads its white and purple wings;
Generous in its bloom, and sheltering while it clings,
Sturdy morning-glory.
n. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. Morning-Glory.*

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round;
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground.
o. Mrs. LOWELL—*The Morning-Glory*

MYRTLE.

Myrtus Communis.

Nor myrtle—which means chiefly love; and love
Is something awful which one dare not touch
So early o' mornings.
p. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. II.

In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed.
q. COLERIDGE—*Reflections on Leaving a Place of Retirement.*

Dark-green and gemm'd with flowers of snow,
With close uncrowded branches spread
Not proudly high, nor meanly low,
A graceful myrtle rear'd its head.
r. MONTGOMERY—*The Myrtle.*

The myrtle now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.
s. MOORE—*O, Blame Not The Bard.*

Baskets overheaped
With myrtle, ivy, lilies, hyacinths,
And all the world of sweets.
t. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Erinna's Spinning.*

ORCHID.

Orchis.

In the marsh pink orchid's faces,
With their coy and dainty graces,
Lure us to their hiding places—
Laugh, O murmuring Spring!
u. SARAH F. DAVIS—*Summer Song.*

Purple orchis lasteth long.
a. Jean Ingelow—*Brothers, and a Sermon. Song.*

Around the pillars of the palm tree bower
The orchids cling, in rose and purple spheres,
Shield-broad the lily floats; the aloe flower
Foredates its hundred years.
b. Bayard Taylor—*Canopus.*

PAINTED-CUP.

Castilleja.

Scarlet tufts
Are glowing in the green, like flakes of fire
The wanderers of the prairie know them well,
And call that brilliant flower the Painted Cup.
c. Bryant—*The Painted Cup.*

PANSY.

Viola Tricolor.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve moons together,
The little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things,
d. Mary E. Bradley—*Heartsease.*

Pansies for ladies all—(I wis
That none who wear such brooches miss
A jewel in the mind.)
e. E. B. Browning—*A Flower in a Letter.*

Summer hath a close
And pansies bloom not in the snows.
f. E. B. Browning—*Wisdom Unapplied.*

The flamy Pansy ushers Summer in,
His friendly march with Summer does begin;
Autumn's companion too, (so Proserpine
Hides half the year, and half the year is seen)
The Violet is less beautiful than thee,
That of one colour boasts, and thou of three:
Gold, silver, purple, are thy ornament,
Thy rivals thou might'st scorn, had'st thou but scent.
g. Cowley—*Of Plants.* Line 59.

I send thee pansies while the year is young,
Yellow as sunshine, purple as the night;
Flowers of remembrance, ever fondly sung
By all the chiefest of the Sons of Light;
And if in recollection lives regret
For wasted days and dreams that were not true,
I tell thee that the "pansy freak'd with jet"
Is still the heart's ease that the poets knew.
Take all the sweetness of a gift unsought,
And for the pansies send me back a thought.
h. Sarah Dowdney—*Pansies.*

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell.
The delicate thought, that cannot find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That, like thy petals, trembles in possession,
And scatters on the air.
i. Bret Harte—*The Mountain Heart's-Ease.*

They are all in the lily-bed, cuddled close together—
Purple, Yellow-cap, and little Baby-blue;
How they ever got there you must ask the April weather,
The morning and the evening winds, the sunshine and the dew.
j. Nellie M. Hutchinson—*Vagrant Pansies.*

Pansies, on their lowly stems,
Scatter'd o'er the fallows.
k. Montgomery—*The Valentine Wreath.*

The beauteous pansies rise
In purple, gold, and blue,
With tints of rainbow hue
Mocking the sunset skies.
l. Thomas J. Ouseley—*The Angel of the Flowers.*

Pray you, love, remember: And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.
m. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

The bolt of Cupid fell
* * * Upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
n. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Pansies in soft April rains
Fill their stalks with honeyed sap
Drawn from Earth's prolific lap.
o. Bayard Taylor—*Ariel in the Cloven Pine.*

Early pansies, one by one,
Opening the violet eye.
p. Sarah Helen Whitman—*She Blooms no More.*

PASSION-FLOWER.

Passiflora.

Art thou a type of beauty, or of power,
Of sweet enjoyment, or disastrous sin?
For each thy name denoteth, Passion-flower!
O no! thy pure corolla's depth within
We trace a holier symbol; yea, a sign
'Twixt God and man; a record of that hour
When the expiatory act divine
Cancelled that curse which was our mortal dower.
It is the Cross!
q. Sir Aubrey de Vere—*A Song of Faith. Devout Exercises and Sonnets. The Passion-Flower.*

PAW-PAW.

Asimina.

Brown is the paw-paw's shade blossoming cup,
In the wood, near the sun-loving maize.
a. William Fosdick—*The Maize.*

PEA, SWEET.

Lathyrus Odoratus.

The pea is but a wanton witch
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand.
b. Hood—*Flowers.*

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
c. Keats—*I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.*

PIMPERNEL.

Anagallis Arvensis.

The turf is warm beneath her feet,
Bordering the beach of stone and shell,
And thick about her path the sweet
Red blossoms of the pimpernel.
d. Celia Thaxter—*The Pimpernel.*

PINK.

Dianthus.

You take a pink,
You dig about its roots and water it,
And so improve it to a garden pink,
But will not change it to a heliotrope.
e. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VI.

And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer.
f. Burns—*O Luve Will Venture In.*

The pink in truth we should not slight,
It is the gardener's pride.
g. Goethe—*The Beauteous Flower.*

The wild pink crowns the garden wall,
And with the flowers are intermingled stones
Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.
h. Wordsworth—*The Excursion.* Bk. VI. Line 1166.

POPPY.

Papaver Somniferum.

I sing the Poppy! The frail snowy weed!
The flower of Mercy! that within its heart
Doth keep "a drop serene" for human need,
A drowsy balm for every bitter smart.
For happy hours the Rose will idly blow—
The Poppy hath a charm for pain and woe.
i. Mary A. Barr—*White Poppies.*

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed!
j. Burns—*Tam O'Shanter.*

We are slumberous poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake, and some asleep,
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show.
k. Leigh Hunt—*Songs and Chorus of the Flowers. Poppies.*

The poppies hung
Dew-dabbled on their stalks.
l. Keats—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 690.

Through the dancing poppies stole
A breeze most softly lulling to my soul.
m. Keats—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 573.

Find me next a Poppy posy
Type of his harangues so dozy.
n. Moore—*Wreaths for the Ministers.*

Let but my scarlet head appear
And I am held in scorn;
Yet juice of subtile virtue lies
Within my cup of curious dyes.
o. Christina G. Rossetti—"*Consider the Lilies of the Field.*"

No odours sweet proclaim the spot
Where its soft leaves unfold;
Nor mingled hues of beauty bright
Charm and allure the captive sight
With forms and tints untold.
p. Cynthia Taggart—*Ode to the Poppy.*

One simple hue the plant portrays
Of glowing radiance rare,
Fresh as the roseate morn displays,
And seeming sweet and fair.
q. Cynthia Taggart—*Ode to the Poppy.*

Far and wide, in a scarlet tide,
The poppy's bonfire spread.
r. Bayard Taylor—*The Poet in the East.*

POPPY, CORN.

Papaver Rhœas.

Gold flashed out from the wheat-ear brown,
And flame from the poppy's leaf.
s. Eliza Cook—*Stanzas.*

Striped the balls which the poppy holds up
For the dew, and the sun's yellow rays.
t. William Fosdick—*The Maize.*

On one side is a field of drooping oats,
Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats.
u. Keats—*Epistle to George Felton Mathew.*

A mischievous morn, that smites the poppies' cheeks
Among the corn, till they are crimsoning
With bashful flutterings.
v. Margaret J. Preston—*Unvisited.*

PRIMROSE.

Primula.

'Tis the first primrose! see how meek,
Yet beautiful it looks;
As just a lesson it may speak
As that which is in books.
a. W. L. Bowles—*Primrose.*

The primrose-banks, how fair!
b. Burns—*To Chloris.*

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
c. Clare—*The Primrose. A Sonnet.*

I see the bright primroses burst where I stand,
And I laugh like a child as they drip in my hand.
d. Eliza Cook—*Summer is Nigh.*

Music, sweet music,
Sounds over the earth;
One glad choral song
Greets the primrose's birth.
e. Eliza Cook—*Spring.*

The primrose opes its eye,
And the young moth flutters by.
f. Eliza Cook—*Christmas Tide.*

"Three bunches a penny, primroses!"
Oh, dear is the greeting of Spring,
When she offers her dew-spangled posies,
The fairest creation can bring.
g. Eliza Cook—*Old Cries.*

The spring now calls us forth; come, sister! come,
To see the primrose and the daisy bloom.
h. Gay—*The Espousal.* Line 101.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
i. Goldsmith—*Deserted Village.* Line 329.

Bountiful Primroses,
With outspread heart that needs the rough leaves' care.
j. George MacDonald—*Wild Flowers.*

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.
Thee when young spring first question'd winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.
k. Henry Kirke White—*To An Early Primrose.*

Primroses, the Spring may love them
Summer knows but little of them.
l. Wordsworth—*Foresight.*

The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives.
m. Wordsworth—*A Wren's Nest.*

PRIMROSE, EVENING.

Oenorthera.

Fair flower that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meek and bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray,
The cup of paly gold.
n. Bernard Barton—*To the Evening Primrose.*

The evening primroses,
O'er which the wind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers.
o. Keats—*I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.*

RHODORA.

Rhodora.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame power that brought me there brought you.
p. Emerson—*The Rhodora.*

REED.

Phragmites.

Those tall flowering-reeds which stand,
In Arno like a sheaf of sceptres, left
By some remote dynasty of dead gods.
q. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VII.

ROSE.

Rosa.

White with the whiteness of the snow,
Pink with the faintest rosy glow,
They blossom on their sprays;
They glad the borders with their bloom,
And sweeten with their rich perfume
The mossy garden-ways.

The dew that from their brimming leaves
Drips down the mignonette receives,
And sweeter grows thereby;
The tall June lilies stand anear,
In raiment white and gold, and here
The purple pansies lie.
a. ANONYMOUS—*Moss Roses.*

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met.
b. BAYLY—*She Wore a Wreath.*

The rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me.
c. BAYLY—*The Rose That All Are Praising.*

The fullblown rose, mid dewy sweets
Most perfect dies.
d. MARIA BROOKS—*Written on Seeing Pharamond.*

A rose as fair as ever saw the North,
Grew in a little garden all alone:
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth,
Nor fairer garden yet was never known.
e. WILLIAM BROWNE—*Visions. Sonnet V.*

And thus, what can we do,
Poor rose and poet too,
Who both antedate our mission
In an unprepared season?
f. E. B. BROWNING—*A Lay of the Early Rose.*

A white rosebud for a guerdon.
g. E. B. BROWNING—*Romance of the Swan's Nest.*

"For if I wait," said she
"Till time for roses be—
For the moss-rose and the musk-rose,
Maiden-blush and royal-dusk rose,—

"What glory then for me
In such a company?
Roses plenty, roses plenty
And one nightingale for twenty?"
h. E. B. BROWNING—*A Lay of the Early Rose.*

Oh rose! who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet;
But pale, and hard, and dry, as stubble wheat,—
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy titles shame thee.
i. E. B. BROWNING—*A Dead Rose.*

Red roses, used to praises long,
Contented with the poets' song,
The nightingale's being over.
j. E. B. BROWNING—*A Flower in a Letter.*

This guelder rose, at far too slight a beck
Of the wind, will toss about her flower-apples.
k. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. II

'Twas a yellow rose,
By that south window of the little house,
My cousin Romney gathered with his hand
On all my birthdays, for me, save the last;
And then I shook the tree too rough, too rough,
For roses to stay after.
l. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VI.

You smell a rose through a fence:
If two should smell it, what matter?
m. E. B. BROWNING—*Lord Walter's Wife.*

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose I strip the leaves.
n. ROBERT BROWNING—*One Way of Love.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
o. BRYANT—*A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.*

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For its like a baumy kiss o'her, sweet bonnie mon!
p. BURNS—*The Posie.*

Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green!
q. BURNS—*To Chloris.*

When love came first to earth, the Spring
Spread rose-beds to receive him.
r. CAMPBELL—*Song.*

For those roses bright! O, those roses bright!
I have twined them in my sister's locks
That are hid in the dust from sight.
s. ALICE CARY—*Our Homestead.*

Roses were sette of swete savour,
With many roses that thei bere.
t. CHAUCER—*The Romaunt of the Rose.*

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers
The rose would be the choice of Jove
And blush, the queen of every grove,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning
Eye of gardens, light of lawns
Nursling of soft summer dawns;
Love's own earliest sigh it breathes
Beauty's brow with lustre wreathes
And to young Zephyr's warm caresses,
Spreads abroad its verdant tresses.
u. CLODIA.

The forest will put forth its "honours" again,
The rose be as sweet in its breathing.
v. ELIZA COOK—*Summer's Farewell.*

The rose's lips grow pale
With her sighs.
w. ROSE TERRY COOKE—*Reve Du Midi.*

I wish I might a rose-bud grow
And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
To place me on that breast of snow
Where I should bloom a wintry flower.
a. DIONYSIUS.

A wreath of dewy roses, fresh and sweet,
Just brought from out the garden's cool retreat.
b. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Vashti's Scroll.* Line 148.

O beautiful, royal Rose,
O Rose, so fair and sweet!
Queen of the garden art thou,
And I—the Clay at thy feet!
* * * * *
Yet, O thou beautiful Rose!
Queen rose, so fair and sweet,
What were love or crown to thee
Without the Clay at thy feet?
c. JULIA C. R. DORR—*The Clay to the Rose.*

O Rose, my red, red Rose!
Where has thy beauty fled?
Low in the west is a sea of fire,
But the great white moon soars high and higher,
As my garden-walks I tread.
d. JULIA C. R. DORR—*A Red Rose.*

It never rains roses: when we want—
To have more roses we must plant more trees.
e. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day.
f. EMMA EMBURY—*Ballad.*

She stopped and culled a leaf
Left fluttering on a rose.
g. CAROLINE GILMAN—*Annie in the Graveyard.*

The rose is wont with pride to swell,
And ever seeks to rise.
h. GOETHE—*The Beauteous Flower.*

Look where royal roses burn.
i. ELAINE GOODALE—*To* ——.

The crimson petals of the Rose,
In glowing hues how richly dressed!
How doth each regal bloom disclose
A mantling blush, a warm unrest!
j. ELAINE GOODALE—*Rose Leaves.*

It is written on the rose
In its glory's full array
Read what those buds disclose—
"Passing away."
k. MRS. HEMANS—*Passing Away.*

There be the rose, with beauty fraught
So soon to fade, so brilliant now.
l. MRS. HEMANS. *Tran. from Horace. To Delius.*

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is even in the grave,
And thou must die.
m. HERBERT—*Vertue.* St. 2.

Gather ye rose-buds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
n. HERRICK—*To the Virgins to Make Much of Time.*

Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street
Till—think of that who find life so sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses.
o. HOOD—*Miss Kilmansegg.*

We are blushing Roses,
Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capp'd sister buds,
Warming the green coolness.
p. LEIGH HUNT—*Songs and Chorus of the Flowers. Roses.*

The guelder rose
In a great stillness dropped, and ever dropped
Her wealth about her feet.
q. JEAN INGELOW—*Laurance.* Pt. III.

The roses that in yonder hedge appear
Outdo our garden-buds which bloom within;
But since the hand may pluck them every day,
Unmarked they bud, bloom, drop, and drift away.
r. JEAN INGELOW—*The Four Bridges.* St. 61.

The virmeil rose had blown
In frightful scarlet, and its thorns outgrown
Like spiked aloe.
s. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 704.

When, O Wells! thy roses came to me,
My sense with their deliciousness was spell'd:
Soft voices had they, that with tender plea
Whisper'd of peace, and truth, and friendliness unquell'd.
t. KEATS—*To a Friend who Sent me Some Roses.*

Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song
"Two red roses he had on his cap
And another he bore at the point of his sword."
u. LONGFELLOW—*Killed at the Ford.*

Woo on, with odour wooing me,
Faint rose with fading core;
For God's rose-thought, that blooms in thee,
Will bloom for evermore.
v. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Songs of the Summer Night.* Pt. III.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
w. MARLOWE—*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

Like a rose
Red morn began to blossom and unclose
A flushing brightness on the dewy steep.
a. Owen Meredith—*The Wanderer.* Bk. I. *A Vision of the Morning.*

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
b. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 256.

Of all the garden flowers,
The fairest is the rose.
c. Moir—*Song of the South.*

Rose of the desert! thou art to me
An emblem of stainless purity,—
Of those who, keeping their garments white,
Walk on through life with steps aright.
d. Moir—*The White Rose.*

Sweet, sweet is the rose-bud
Bathed in dew.
e. Moir—*Mary Dhu.*

Go, twine her locks with rose-buds.
f. Montgomery—*Worms and Flowers.*

Rose-buds scarcely show'd their hue,
But coyly linger'd on the thorn.
g. Montgomery—*The Adventures of a Star.*

Two Roses on one slender spray
In sweet communion grew;
Together hailed the morning ray
And drank the evening dew.
h. Montgomery—*The Roses.*

Being weary of love
I flew to the grove,
And chose me a tree of the fairest;
Saying "Pretty Rose-tree,
"Thou my mistress shalt be,
"And I'll worship each bud thou bearest.
"For the hearts of this world are hollow,
"And fickle the smiles we follow;
"And 'tis sweet, when all
"Their witch'ries pall,
"To have a pure love to fly to:
"So, my pretty Rose-tree,
"Thou my mistress shalt be,
"And the only one now I shall sigh to."
i. Moore—*The Pretty Rose-Tree.*

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd:
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
j. Moore—*Farewell! but Whenever You Welcome the Hour.*

No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.
k. Moore—*Last Rose of Summer.*

Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
Whose breath perfumes th' Olympian bowers.
l. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LV.*

Rose of the Desert! thus should woman be
Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.
m. Moore—*Rose of the Desert.*

Rose of the Garden! such is woman's lot,—
Worshipp'd when blooming—when she fades, forgot.
n. Moore—*Rose of the Desert.*

Rose! thou art the sweetest flower,
That ever drank the amber shower,
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.
o. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode XLIV.*

Sometimes when on the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;
And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
p. Moore—*The Crystal-Hunters.*

The Graces love to wreath the rose.
q. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LV.*

Then wherefore waste the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odor's breath,
Afflict the still, cold sense of death?
r. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode XXXII.*

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long,
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
s. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

There's naught in nature bright or gay,
Where roses do not shed their ray.
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes.
t. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LV.*

The rose distils a healing balm
The beating pulse of pain to calm.
u. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LV.*

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone.
v. Moore—*Last Rose of Summer.*

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise
To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there.
w. Moore—*'Tis Sweet to Think.*

What would the rose with all her pride be worth,
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?
x. Moore—*Love Alone.*

Give me, wet with dews of morning,
Give, O, give the breathing rose!
a. PERCIVAL—*To the Rose.* Pt. III. St. 7.

O rose! the sweetest blossom,
Of spring the fairest flower,
O rose! the joy of heaven.
The god of love, with roses
His yellow locks adorning,
Dances with the hours and graces.
b. PERCIVAL—*Anacreontic.* St. 2.

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
c. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 200.

Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.
d. POPE—*Autumn.* Line 36.

Roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
e. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto IV. Line 158.

And when the parent rose decays and dies,
With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
f. PRIOR—*Celia to Damon.*

The rose
Propt at the cottage door with careful hands,
Bursts its green bud, and looks abroad for May.
g. READ—*The New Pastoral.* Bk. VI.

We bring roses, beautiful fresh roses,
Dewy as the morning and coloured like the dawn;
Little tents of odour, where the bee reposes,
Swooning in sweetness of the bed he dreams upon.
h. READ—*The New Pastoral.* Bk. VII.

Thus to the Rose, the Thistle:
Why art thou not of Thistle-breed?
Of use thou'dst, then, be truly,
For asses might upon thee feed.
i. FREDERICK RICORD—Trans. *The Rose and Thistle.* From the German of F. N. Bodenstedt.

I watched a rose-bud very long
Brought on by dew and sun and shower,
Waiting to see the perfect flower:
Then when I thought it should be strong
It opened at the matin hour
And fell at even-song.
j. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Symbols.*

O happy rose-bud blooming
Upon thy parent tree,—
Nay, thou art too presuming;
For soon the Earth entombing
Thy faded charms shall be,
And the chill damp consuming.
k. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Gone Forever.*

The rose saith in the dewy morn,
I am most fair;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.
l. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Consider the Lilies of the Field.*

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
m. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto IV. St. 1.

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
n. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Gloves as sweet as damask roses.
o. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3. *Song.*

Hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose.
p. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

The red rose on triumphant brier.
r. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
s. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 1. *Song.*

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast.
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.
t. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

I am the one rich thing that morn
Leaves for the ardent noon to win;
Grasp me not, I have a thorn,
But bend and take my fragrance in.
u. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*The Rose.*

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.
* * * * * *
Withered, faded, pressed between these pages,
Crumpled, fold on fold—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!
v. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*Song.*

Half in shade and half in sun;
The Rose sat in her bower,
With a passionate thrill in her crimson heart.
w. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet in the East.*

The yellow rose leaves falling down
Pay golden toll to passing June.
x. BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR—*The Rose and the Robin.*

O to what uses shall we put
The wild weed flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?
a. TENNYSON—*The Day-Dream. Moral.*

When a rose is too haughty for Heaven's dew
She becometh a spider's gray lair;
And a bosom, that never devotion knew
Or affection, divine, shall be filled with rue
And with darkness, and end with despair.
b. THEUDOBACH—*Roses.*

I saw the rose-grove blushing in pride,
I gathered the blushing rose—and sigh'd—
I come from the rose-grove, mother,
I come from the grove of roses.
c. GIL VICENTE—*I Come from the Rose-grove, Mother.* Trans. by John Bowring.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
d. WALLER—*Go, Lovely Rose.*

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.
Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!
e. ISAAC WATTS—*The Rose.*

The rosebuds lay their crimson lips together,
And the green leaves are whispering to themselves.
f. AMELIA B. WELBY—*Hopeless Love.*

The garden rose may richly bloom
In cultured soil and genial air.
g. WHITTIER—*The Bride of Pennacook.* Pt. III.

Proud be the rose, with rain and dews
Her head impearling.
h. WORDSWORTH—*To the Daisy.*

ROSE, MUSK.

Rosa Moschata.

I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh-blown musk-rose; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer.
i. KEATS—*To a Friend who Sent some Roses.*

Mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
j. KEATS—*Ode to a Nightingale.*

ROSE, SWEET-BRIER.

(*Eglantine,*) *Rosa Rubiginosa.*

Here's eglantine,
Here's ivy!—take them as I used to do
Thy flowers, and keep them where they shall not pine.
Instruct thine eyes to keep their colors true,
And tell thy soul their roots are left in mine.
k. E. B. BROWNING—*Trans. from the Portuguese.* XLII.

Sometimes I choose the lily, without stain;
The royal rose sometimes the best I call;
Then the low daisy, dancing with the rain,
Doth seem to me the finest flower of all;
And yet if only one could bloom for me—
I know right well what flower that one would be!
l. ALICE CARY—*The Field Sweet-Brier.*

The sweet-brier under the window-sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose by the garden fence,
Were all the flowers we had.
m. ALICE CARY—*Our Homestead.*

Sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering overhead.
n. DRYDEN—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 94.

The fresh eglantine exhaled a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
o. DRYDEN—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 95.

The sweet-brier rose—the wayside rose,
Still spreads its fragrant arms,
Where graciously to passing eyes
It gave its simple charms.
p. CAROLINE GILMAN—*Return to Massachusetts.*

All day the winds about her cool the air,
Faint sounds the tinkle of the waterfall,—
What is the sudden answer you may bear,
O wayward rose, that blossoms by the wall?
q. DORA READ GOODALE—*Sweet-Brier.*

Wild-rose, Sweet-brier, Eglantine,
All these pretty names are mine,
And scent in every leaf is mine,
And a leaf for all is mine,
And the scent—Oh, that's divine!
Happy-sweet and pungent fine,
Pure as dew, and pick'd as wine.
r. LEIGH HUNT—*Songs and Chorus of the Flowers, Sweet-Brier.*

Its sides I'll plant with dew-sweet eglantine.
s. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. IV. Line 702.

Rain scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun.
t. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 100.

Through the verdant maze
Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy.
a. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 104.

The garden rose may richly bloom
In cultured soil and genial air,
To cloud the light of Fashion's room
Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair,
In lovelier grace to sun and dew
The sweetbrier on the hillside shows
Its single leaf and fainter hue
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a sister rose.
b. WHITTIER—*The Bride of Pennacook.* Pt. III. *The Daughter.*

ROSE, WILD.

Rosa Lucida.

A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,
And that and summer well agree.
c. COLERIDGE—*A Day Dream.*

A brier rose, whose buds
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey bee.
d. L. E. LANDON—*The Oak.*

A waft from the roadside bank
Tells where the wild rose nods.
e. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Guests of Night.*

ROSEMARY.

Rosmarinus.

Dreary rosmarye
That always mourns the dead.
f. HOOD—*Flowers.*

The humble rosemary
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert and the dead.
g. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
And there's pansies, that's for thought.
h. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

SAFFRON.

Carthamus.

The saffron flower
Clear as a flame of sacrifice breaks out.
i. JEAN INGELOW—*The Doom.* Bk. II.

SEA-WEED.

Alga.

Call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea.
j. E. L. AVELINE—*The Mother's Fables.*

SENSITIVE-PLANT.

Mimosa.

A sensitive-plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And clothed them beneath the kisses of night.
k. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the Beautiful.
l. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

SHAMROCK.

Trifolium Repens.

O, the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock.
m. MOORE—*Oh, The Shamrock.*

SNOWDROP.

Galanthus.

At the head of Flora's dance;
Simple Snow-drop, then in thee
All thy sister-train I see;
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose;
All the beauties that appear,
On the bosom of the year,
All that wreathe the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
All to thee their tribute bring.
n. MONTGOMERY—*The Snow-Drop.*

Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,
Storms sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay
The rising sun and on the plains descend;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise!
o. WORDSWORTH—*To a Snow-Drop.*

Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!
p. WORDSWORTH—*To a Snow-Drop.*

SPIREA.

Spiræa.

And yet she follows every turn
With spires of closely clustered bloom,
And all the wildness of the place,
The narrow pass, the rugged ways,
But give her larger room.

And near the unfrequented road,
By waysides scorched with barren heat,
In clouded pink or softer white
She holds the Summer's generous light,—
Our native meadow sweet!
q. DORA READ GOODALE—*Spirea.*

STRAWBERRY.

Fragaria.

When the fields are sweet with clover,
And the woods are glad with song,
When the brooks are running over,
And the days are bright and long,
Then, from every nook and bower.
Peeps the dainty strawberry flower.
a. Dora Read Goodale—*Strawberries.*

Fill your lap and fill your bosom,
Only spare the strawberry blossom.
b. Wordsworth—*Foresight.*

SUNFLOWER.

Helianthus.

Ah, sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my sunflower wishes to go.
c. William Blake—*The Sunflower.*

Miles and miles of golden green
Where the sun-flowers blow
In a solid glow.
d. Robert Browning—*A Lover's Quarrel.* St. 6.

The yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood.
e. Bryant—*The Death of the Flowers.*

I still adore my fire with prostrate face,
Turn where he turns, and all his motions trace.
f. Cowley—*Of Plants.* Bk. IV. *Of Flowers.* Trans. by N. Tate. *The Sunflower.* Line 802.

The Sunflow'r, thinking 'twas for him foul shame
To nap by daylight, strove t' excuse the blame;
It was not sleep that made him nod, he said,
But too great weight and largeness of his head.
g. Cowley—*Of Plants.* Bk. IV. *Of Flowers. The Poppy.* Line 782.

With zealous step he climbs the upland lawn,
And bows in homage to the rising dawn;
Imbibes with eagle eye the golden ray,
And watches, as it moves, the orb of day.
h. Darwin—*Loves of the Plants.*

The sun-flower, that with warrior mien
Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows.
i. Doubleday—*Sixty-five Sonnets.*

Space for the sunflower, bright with yellow glow,
To court the sky.
j. Caroline Gilman—*To the Ursulines.*

And here the sunflower of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
k. Ebenezer Elliott—*The Wonder of the Lane.* Line 77.

Sunflowers tall
O'er top the mossy garden wall.
l. Mary Howitt—*Corn-Fields.*

Eagle of flowers! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze;
With eye like his, thy lids expand,
And fringe their disk with golden rays;
Though fix'd on earth in darkness rooted there,
Light is thy element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect heaven.
m. Montgomery—*The Sun Flower.*

Sunflowers by the sides of brooks,
Turn'd to the sun.
n. Moore—*The Summer Fete. Song.*

The sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
o. Moore—*Believe Me, if all Those Endearing Young Charms.*

Light-enchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendour!
p. Shelley—Trans. "*Magico Prodigioso*" *of Calderon.* Sc. 3.

Restless sunflower, cease to move.
q. Shelley—Trans. "*Magico Prodigioso*" *of Calderon.* Sc. 3.

Unloved, the sun flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air.
r. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. C.

But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her golden leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamoured bosom to his ray.
s. Thomson—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 216.

SWEET BASIL.

Ocimum Basilicum.

I pray your Highness mark this curious herb;
Touch it but lightly, stroke it softly, Sir,
And it gives forth an odor sweet and rare;
But crush it harshly and you'll make a scent
Most disagreeable.
t. Leland—*Sweet Basil.*

THISTLE.

Cirsium.

Up wi' the flowers o' Scotland,
The emblems o' the free,
Their guardians for a thousand years,
Their guardians still we'll be.
A foe had better brave the deil
Within his reeky cell,
Than our thistle's purple bonnet,
Or bonny heather bell.
u. Hogg—*The Flowers of Scotland.*

When on the breath of autumn's breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down;
O, then what joy to walk at will,
Upon the golden harvest-hill!
a. MARY HOWITT—*Corn-Fields.*

THORN.

Cratægus.

There is a Thorn—it looks so old,
In truth, you'll find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and grey.
Not higher than a two year's child
It stands erect, this aged Thorn;
No leaves it has, no prickly joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone
With lichens is it overgrown.
b. WORDSWORTH—*The Thorn.*

THYME.

Thymus.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows.
c. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*
Act II. Sc. 2.

TRILLIUM, BIRTH-ROOT.

Trillium.

Now about the rugged places
And along the ruined way,
Light and free in sudden graces
Comes the careless tread of May,—
Born of tempest, wrought in power,
Stirred by sudden hope and fear,
You may find a mystic flower
In the spring-time of the year!
d. DORA READ GOODALE—*Trillium.*

See the purple trilliums blooming
Rich and stately, everywhere.
e. DORA READ GOODALE—*May.*

TUBEROSE.

Polyanthes Tuberosa.

The tuberose, with her silvery light,
That in the Gardens of Malay
Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,
So like a bride, scented and bright;
She comes out when the sun's away.
f. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

TULIP.

Tulipa.

And tulips, children love to stretch
Their fingers down, to feel in each
Its beauty's secret nearer.
g. E. B. BROWNING—*A Flower in a Letter.*

You believe
In God, for your part? ay? that He who makes,
Can make good things from ill things, best from worst,
As men plant tulips upon dunghills when
They wish them finest.
h. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.*
Bk. II.

'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell,
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.
i. ROBERT BROWNING—*Up at a Villa. Down in the City.* St. 6.

Bring the tulip and the rose,
While their brilliant beauty glows.
j. ELIZA COOK—*The Heart That's True.*

The tulip is a courtly queen
Whom, therefore I will shun.
k. HOOD—*Flowers.*

Dutch tulips from their beds
Flaunted their stately heads.
l. MONTGOMERY—*The Adventure of a Star.*

The tulip's petals shine in dew,
All beautiful, but none alike.
m. MONTGOMERY—*On Planting a Tulip Root.*

Tulip-beds of different shape and dyes,
Bending beneath the invisible West-wind's sighs.
n. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

VERBENA.

Verbena.

Sweet verbena, which being brushed against,
Will hold us three hours after by the smell,
In spite of long walks on the windy hills.
o. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.*
Bk. VIII.

VIOLET.

Viola.

Early violets blue and white
Dying for their love of light.
p. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Almond Blossoms.*

Down in the valley under the hill,
Droppeth the snow-flake white and still,
Wrapping the violet, near my feet,
Cold and stiff in its winding sheet.
q. J. N. BARKER—*Under the Snow.*

Deep violets, you liken to
The kindest eyes that look on you,
Without a thought disloyal.
r. E. B. BROWNING—*A Flower in a Letter.*

I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook.
a. BRYANT—*An Indian Story.* St. 2.

The country ever has a lagging Spring
Waiting for May to call its violets forth.
b. BRYANT—*Spring in Town.*

Violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen.
c. BRYANT—*To the Fringed Gentian.*

Violets spring in the soft May shower.
d. BRYANT—*The Maidens Sorrow.*

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.
e. BRYANT—*The Yellow Violet.*

The violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below.
f. ALICE CARY—*Pictures of Memory.*

Violets gem the fresh, young grass,
Softest breezes o'er thee pass.
g. MRS. CASE—*The Indian Relic.*

Blossoms blue still wet with dew,
"Sweet violets all a growing."
h. ELIZA COOK—*Old Cries.*

I see the blue violets peep from the bank.
i. ELIZA COOK—*Summer is Nigh.*

My soul is linked right tenderly to every shady copse;
I prize the creeping violet.
j. ELIZA COOK—*England.*

Stars will blossom in the darkness,
Violets bloom beneath the snow.
k. JULIA C. R. DORR—*For a Silver Wedding.*

The roses were all in bloom,
And in from the garden floated
The violets rich perfume.
l. JULIA C. R. DORR—*The Chimney Swallow.*

Upon that upland height
The darlings of the early spring—
Blue violets—were blossoming.
m. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Unanswered.*

Again the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze.
n. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*The Village Patriarch, Love, and other Poems. Spring.*

The purple violet shed a richness round,
And strewed its beauties on the chequered ground.
o. E. G. FERGUSON—*Telemachus.* Bk. I. *Procession of Calypso.*

The violet's charms I prize indeed,
So modest 'tis and fair,
And smells so sweet.
p. GOETHE—*The Beauteous Flower.*

A blossom of returning light,
An April flower of sun and dew;
The earth and sky, the day and night
Are melted in her depth of blue!
q. DORA READ GOODALE—*Blue Violet.*

Fresh and upright, blooms the sunny
Golden-yellow violet.
r. DORA READ GOODALE—*May.*

The modest, lowly violet
In leaves of tender green is set;
So rich she cannot hide from view,
But covers all the bank with blue.
s. DORA READ GOODALE—*Spring Scatters Far and Wide.*

Flowers amid the dripping moss,
Tearful flowers that sweeten loss;
Pressing closer on the myriads in their train;
White as milk and perfume-laden,
Purple-veined and golden-eyed,—
Still with sweeter solace waiting
Where the swollen streams divide.
t. ELAINE GOODALE—*White Violets.*

The violet-bank, the moss-fringed seat
Beneath the drooping tree.
u. SARAH J. HALE—*I Sing to Him.*

The eyes of spring, so azure,
Are peeping from the ground;
They are the darling violets,
That I in nosegays bound.
v. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 13.

The violets prattle and titter,
And gaze on the stars high above.
w. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 9.

The violet is a nun.
x. HOOD—*Flowers.*

We are violets blue,
For our sweetness found
Careless in the mossy shades,
Looking on the ground.
Love dropp'd eyelids and a kiss,—
Such our breath and blueness is.
y. LEIGH HUNT—*Songs and Chorus of the Flowers. Violets.*

Shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.
z. KEATS—*I stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.*

To pry aloof
Atween the pillars of the sylvan roof,
Would be to find where violet beds were nestling,
And while the bee with cowslip bells was wrestling.
aa. KEATS—*Epistle to George Felton Mathew.*

Violets! deep-blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flowers grow in the vale
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep-blue violet.
bb. L. E. LANDON—*The Violet.*

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eye are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
a. LOWELL—*Song.*

Winds wander, and dews drip earthward;
Rains fall, suns rise and set;
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.
b. LOWELL—*The Changeling.*

The violet is plucked, and the dew-drop is flown.
c. MONTGOMERY—*Bolehill Trees.*

The violets were past their prime,
Yet their departing breath
Was sweeter, in the blast of death,
Than all the lavish fragrance of the time.
d. MONTGOMERY—*The Adventure of a Star.*

Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?
e. MOORE—*Desmond's Song.*

Steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray.
f. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

Violets, violets, sweet March violets
Sure as March comes, they'll come too,
First the white and then the blue—
Pretty violets!
g. D. M. MULOCK—*Violets.*

Surely as cometh the Winter, I know
There are Spring violets under the snow.
h. R. H. NEWELL (Orpheus C. Kerr)—*Spring Violets under the Snow.*

The violet thinks, with her timid blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy.
i. Mrs. OSGOOD—*Garden Gossip.*

It is the Spring time: April violets glow
In wayside nooks, close clustering into groups,
Like shy elves hiding from the traveller's eye.
j. READ—*The New Pastoral.*

A vi'let on the meadow grew,
That no one saw, that no one knew,
It was a modest flower.
A shepherdess pass'd by that way—
Light-footed, pretty and so gay;
That way she came,
Softly warbling forth her lay.
k. FREDERICK RICORD—Trans. *The Violet. From the German of Goethe.*

The violets whisper from the shade
Which their own leaves have made:
Men scent our fragrance on the air,
Yet take no heed,
Of humble lessons we would read.
l. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—"*Consider the Lilies of the Field.*" Line 13.

The sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.
m. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.
n. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come Spring.
o. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 2.

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets reappear.
p. SHELLEY—*To*———.

The violet lay dead while the odour flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue.
q. SHELLEY—*Music.*

The tender violet bent in smiles
To elves that sported nigh,
Tossing the drops of fragrant dew
To scent the evening sky.
r. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH—*Field Elves.*

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.
s. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XVIII.

And in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.
t. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CXIV.

The smell of violets hidden in the green
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remembered to have been
Joyful and free from blame.
u. TENNYSON—*A Dream of Fair Women.*

A humble flower long time I pined
Upon the solitary plain,
And trembled at the angry wind,
And shrunk before the bitter rain.
And oh! 'twas in a blessed hour
A passing wanderer chanced to see,
And, pitying the lonely flower,
To stoop and gather me.
v. THACKERAY—*Song of the Violet.*

Is the purple sea weed rarer
Than the violet of the spring?
w. ANNA WELLS—*The Sea-Bird.*

Banks that slope to the southern sky
Where languid violets love to die.
x. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*The Waking of the Heart.*

Here oft we sought the violet, as it lay
Buried in beds of moss and lichens gray.
y. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*A Day of the Indian Summer.*

In kindly showers and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.
z. WHITTIER—*Mogg Megone.* Pt. II.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.
a. WORDSWORTH—*She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways.*

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose.
b. WORDSWORTH—*To the Daisy.*

The violets of five seasons reappear
And fade, unseen by any human eye.
c. WORDSWORTH—*Nutting.*

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own—
What are you when the rose is blown?
d. Sir HENRY WOTTON—*To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.*

WALL-FLOWER.

Cheiranthus Cheiri.

The Wall-flower—the Wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time.
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The Wall-flower is sublime.
e. MOIR—*The Wall-Flower.*

WATER-LILY.

Nymphæa.

What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore?
f. CAMPBELL—*Field Flowers.*

The lily creeps from the cool, damp mould
And floats on the lake's calm breast.
g. ELAINE GOODALE—*Faith, Hope, and Love.*

The slender water-lily
Peeps dreamingly out of the lake;
The moon, oppress'd with love's sorrow,
Looks tenderly down for her sake.
h. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 15.

I see the floating water-lily,
Gleam amid shadows dark and chilly.
i. CAROLINE MAY—*Lilies.*

Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake.
j. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.
k. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake;
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom, and be lost in me.
l. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto VII. Line 172.

The water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom.
m. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto IV. Line 245.

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,
In sweetness, not in music dying,—
Hardhack, and virgin's-bower,
And white-spiked clethra-flower.
n. WHITTIER—*The Maids of Attitash.*

Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
From land and water; lilies of each hue—
Golden and white, that float upon the waves,
And court the wind.
o. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. IX. Line 540.

WIND-FLOWER.

Anemone.

Bide thou when the poppy blows
With wind-flowers frail and fair.
p. BRYANT—*The Arctic Lover.*

The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,
q. BRYANT—*A Winter Piece.*

The starry, fragile wind-flower,
Poised above in airy grace,
Virgin white, suffused with blushes,
Shyly droops her lovely face.
r. ELAINE GOODALE—*The First Flowers.*

Thou lookest up with meek, confiding eye
Upon the clouded smile of April's face,
Unharmed though Winter stands uncertain by,
Eyeing with jealous glance each opening grace.
s. JONES VERY—*The Wind Flower.*

WOLFSBANE.

Aconitum.

The wolfsbane I should dread.
t. HOOD—*Flowers.*

WOODBINE.

Lonicera.

And stroke with listless hand
The woodbine through the window, till at last
I came to do it with a sort of love.
u. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I.

A filbert-hedge, with wild-brian overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones.
v. KEATS—*I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.*

The woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blown.
w. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXII.

FOLLY.

He is a fool
Who only sees the mischiefs that are past
a. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XVII. Line 43.

Who sees past evils only is a fool.
b. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XX. Line 254.

He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no.
* * * * * * * * *
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
c. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 261.

To swallow gudgeons 'ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens 'ere they're hatch'd.
d. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 923.

Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
e. BYRON—*Monody on the Death of Sheridan.* Line 68.

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
f. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 6.

Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
g. CHURCHILL—*Apology.* Line 42.

A fool must now and then be right by chance,
h. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 96.

Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even;
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
i. DRYDEN—*Persius.* Satire V. Line 204.

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.
j. BENJ. FRANKLIN—*The Whistle.*

A fool and a wise man are alike both in the starting-place, their birth, and at the post, their death; only they differ in the race of their lives.
k. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Natural Fools.*

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool.
l. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Natural Fools.*

By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated.
m. GAY—*The Packhorse and Carrier.* Pt. II. Line 99.

A rational reaction against irrational excesses and vagaries of skepticism may * * readily degenerate into the rival folly of credulity.
n. GLADSTONE—*Time and Place of Homer.* Introductory.

A man may be as much a fool from the want of sensibility as the want of sense.
o. Mrs. JAMESON—*Studies. Detached Thoughts.*

I have play'd the fool, the gross fool, to believe
The bosom of a friend will hold a secret,
Mine own could not contain.
p. MASSINGER—*Unnatural Combat.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.
q. *Quoted by Camden as a saying of Dr. Metcalf.*

In a bowl to sea went wise men three,
On a brilliant night of June:
They carried a net, and their hearts were set
On fishing up the moon.
r. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*The Wise Men of Gotham. Paper Money Lyrics.*

A blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool.
s. POPE—*Epilogue to Jane Shore.* Line 7.

Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
t. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 625.

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.
u. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. II. Line 326.

No creature smarts so little as a fool
v. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 84.

The fool is happy that he knows no more.
w. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 264.

The rest on Outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room.
x. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 135.

By robbing Peter he paid Paul, he kept the moon from the wolves, and hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall.
y. RABELAIS—*Works.* Bk. I. Ch. XI.

After a man has sown his wild oats in the years of his youth, he has still every year to get over a few weeks and days of folly
z. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. V.

Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin?
aa. SCOTT—*Bridal of Triermain.* Canto I. St. 21.

A fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world:
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun.
bb. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

A fool's bolt is soon shot.
cc. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Fools are not mad folks.
a. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
b. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows; when I am cold, he heats me with beating.
c. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.
d. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
e. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house.
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.
g. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Marry, sir; they praise me, and make an Ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that, by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself.
h. *Twelfth Night.* Act V. Sc. 1.

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
i. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
j. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders.
k. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.
l. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickey word
Defy the matter.
m. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 5.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
n. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.
o. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield.
p. *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 2.

What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses,
r. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Take thy balance, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow.
s. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. V. Canto II. St. 43.

He that had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers.
t. SWIFT—*Gulliver's Travels.* Pt. III. Ch. V. *Voyage to Laputa.*

He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of woman's will
u. SAMUEL TUKE—*The Adventures of Five Hours.* Act V. Sc. 3.

There is no fool who is not miserable.
v. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.*

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.
w. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 842.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
x. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 163.

FOOT.

And the prettiest foot! Oh, if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats! ah, Mr. Trapland?
y. CONGREVE—*Love for Love.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Her pretty feet like snails do creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.
z. HERRICK—*The Hesperides. Amatory Odes.* No. 207.

Feet that run on willing errands!
a. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. X. *Hiawatha's Wooing.*

So light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.
c. Sir JOHN SUCKLING—*Ballad Upon a Wedding.*

Feet like sunny gems on an English green.
d. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. V

FOOTSTEPS.

The tread
Of coming footsteps cheats the midnight watcher
Who holds her heart and waits to hear them pause,
And hears them never pause, but pass and die.
e. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
f. BEN JONSON—*The Sad Shepherd.*

So to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk.
g. BEN JONSON—*Masques. The Vision of Delight.*

I heard him walking across the floor,
As he always does, with heavy tread.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall.
i. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 152.

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.
j. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. St. 18.

Nay, her foot speaks.
k. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light.
l. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 1028.

Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,
The lovely, lordly creature floated on.
m. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. VI. Line 72.

Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne.
n. WORDSWORTH—*Miscellaneous Sonnets. Methought I Saw the Footsteps of a Throne.*

FORGETFULNESS.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.
o. LORD BROOKE—*Sonnet LVI.*

The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.
p. FULLER—*Of Tombs.*

Some men treat the God of their fathers as they treat their father's friend. They do not deny him; by no means: they only deny themselves to him, when he is good enough to call upon them.
q. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.
r. THOMAS À KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. XXIII.

We bury love,
Forgetfulness grows over it like grass;
That is a thing to mourn for, not the deed.
s. ALEXANDER SMITH—*City Poems. A Boy's Poem.*

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
Vain Man! said she, that doost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.
t. SPENSER—*Sonnet LXXV.*

FORGIVENESS.

Meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.
u. E. B. BROWNING—*Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

Thou whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.
v. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*On the Day of Judgment.*

Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.
w. DRYDEN—*Conquest of Granada.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence,
Sex to the last.
x. DRYDEN—*Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 367.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.
y. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Greatness.*

The offender never pardons.
z. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called Forgiveness!
a. LONGFELLOW—*The Children of the Lord's Supper.* Line 215.

These evils I deserve,
* * * * *
Yet despair not of his final pardon,
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant.
b. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1170.

Mistakes remember'd are not faults forgot.
c. R. H. NEWELL—*Columbia's Agony.*

Forgiveness is better than revenge.
d. PITTACUS.

Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
e. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 522.

I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.
f. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The more we know, the better we forgive,
Whoe'er feels deeply, feels for all who live.
g. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XVIII. Ch. V.

Pardon, not Wrath, is God's best attribute.
h. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled.* St. 11.

FORTUNE.

The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.
i. BACON—*Essay of Fortune.*

Time and Death
Ye have done your worst.—Fortune, now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph. Look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to.—Oh, fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins show! how sweetly
Even death embraces thee! The peace of Heaven
The fellowship of all great souls be with thee!
j. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Tragedy of Bonduca.*

He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride.
k. BUNYAN—*Pilgrim's Progress.* Pt. II.

Could he with reason murmur at his case,
Himself sole author of his own disgrace?
l. COWPER—*Hope.* Line 316.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend,
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.
m. COWPER—*Translation from Owen. To a Friend in Distress.*

Ill fortune seldom comes alone.
n. DRYDEN—*Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 892.

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me.
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
o. DRYDEN—*Don Sebastian.*

Never thinke you Fortune can beare the sway,
Where Virtue's force can cause her to obay.
p. QUEEN ELIZABETH—*Preserved by Puttenham, "which" (he says) "our sovereign Lady wrote in defence of Fortune."*

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune.
q. GRAY—*On his own Character.*

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.
r Sir JOHN HARRINGTON—*Of Fortune.*

Fortune comes well to all that comes not late.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made.
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
t. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 195.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind,
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a War.
u. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire II. Line 123.

Every one is the architect of his own fortune.
v. PSEUDO-SALLUST—Ep. de Rep. Ordin. II. 1.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
w. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
x. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms.
y. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
z. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.
aa. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 9.

Fortune, ne'er turns the key to the poor.
a. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
b. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
c *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

I find my zenith, doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.
d. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

They are a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Well, heaven forgive him and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.
g. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
h. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such as are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
i. *Henry IV.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
j. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. I. Sc. 2.

So is Hope
Changed for Despair—one laid upon the shelf,
We take the other. Under heaven's high cope
Fortune is God—all you endure and do
Depends on circumstance as much as you.
k. SHELLEY—*Paraphrase of a Greek Distich.*

Fortune, my friend, I've often thought,
Is weak, if Art assist her not:
So equally all arts are vain,
If Fortune help them not again.
l. SHERIDAN—*Love Epistles of Aristaenetus.* Ep. XIII.

Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove an unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart, come in between and bid us part?
m. THOMSON—*Song. Forever, Fortune.*

For fortune's wheel is on the turn,
And some go up and some go down.
n. MARY F. TUCKER—*Going up and Coming Down.*

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.
o. TUSSER—*Description of the Properties of Wind.*

Fortune befriends the bold.
p. VIRGIL—*Æn. X.* 284.

Fortune favors the bold.
q. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.* Bk. III. Div. 4.

FRAILTY.

Unthought of Frailties cheat us in the Wise.
r. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. *To Temple.* Line 69.

Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
s. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Frailty, thy name is woman!
t. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I thank thee, who hast taught
My frail mortality to know itself.
u. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
v. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act. IV. Sc. 4.

FRAUD.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself.
w. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Anywhere.*

Glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree
Of Prohibition, root of all our woe.
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 643.

Perplexed and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter turned, nor had what to reply,
Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope.
y. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 1.

Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruined.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 904.

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
b. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 7.

FREEDOM.

Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
c. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 67.

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!
* * * * * * *
O'er Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow.
d. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Line 381.

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves howe'er contented, never know.
e. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 260.

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides.
f. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 733.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
g. DRAKE—*The American Flag.*

I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
h. DRYDEN—*Conquest of Granada.* Act I. Sc. 1.

My angel,—his name is Freedom,—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.
i. EMERSON—*Boston Hymn.*

Yes, to this thought I hold with firm persistence:
The last result of wisdom stamps it true;
He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew.
j. GOETHE—*Faust.*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
k. JULIA WARD HOWE—*Later Lyrics. Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

Know ye why the Cypress tree as freedom's tree is known?
Know ye why the Lily fair as freedom's flower is shown?
Hundred arms the Cypress has, yet never plunder seeks;
With ten well-developed tongues, the Lily never speaks!
l. OMAR KHAYYAM—*Frederich Bodenstedt,* Translator.

That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free;
License they mean when they cry Liberty.
m. MILTON—*Sonnet VII.*

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please.
n. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 261.

Freedom is only in the land of Dreams;
And only blooms the Beautiful in Song!
o. SCHILLER—*Commencement of the New Century.* Last Line.

Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.
p. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 1.

When the mind's free,
The body's delicate.
q. *King Lear.* Act III Sc. 4.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.
r. WORDSWORTH—*Sonnets to National Independence and Liberty.* Pt. XVI.

FRIENDS.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
That there's no living with thee or without thee.
s. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 68.

The mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.
t. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 93.

For I am the only one of my friends that I can rely upon.
a. APPOLODORUS.

My friends! There are no friends.
b. ARISTOTLE.

No friend's a friend till he shall prove a friend.
c. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—*The Faithful Friends.* Act III. Sc. 3.

False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.
d. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thoughts. False Friends.*

I have loved my friends, as I do virtue,
My soul, my God.
e. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II. Sec. 5.

With my friend I desire not to share or participate, but to engross his sorrows; that, by making them mine own, I may more easily discuss them: for in mine own reason, and within myself, I can command that which I cannot entreat without myself, and within the circle of another.
f. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Pt. V. Sec. 5.

One faithful Friend is enough for a man's self; 'tis much to meet with such an one, yet we can't have too many for the sake of others.
g. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

For to cast away a virtuous friend, I call as bad as to cast away one's own life, which one loves best.
h. BUCKLEY'S *Sophocles. Œdipus Tyrannis.*

Whoever knows how to return a kindness he has received, must be a friend above all price.
i. BUCKLEY'S *Sophocles. Philoctetes.*

Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
Where were thy friend, and who my guide?
Years have not seen—Time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee.
j. BYRON—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 11.

'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their death had not divided been.
k. CAMPBELL—*Gertrude of Wyoming.* Pt. III. St. 33.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend.
l. GEORGE CANNING—*New Morality.*

There are plenty of acquaintances in the world, but very few real friends.
m. *Chinese Moral Maxims.* Compiled by John Francis Davis, F.R.S. China, 1823.

Our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship: and when they hear us praised by others, will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives if they can.
n. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles. Have no friends not equal to yourself. When you have faults do not fear to abandon them.
o. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Who heart-whole, pure in faith, once written friend,
In life and death are true, unto the end!
p. JOHN ESTEN COOKE—*Sonnet. Old Friends to Love.*

O friends, whom chance and change can never harm.
q. BARRY CORNWALL—*An Autobiographical Fragment.*

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
r. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 560.

She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends.
s. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 642.

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.
t. COWPER—*On Friendship.*

"Wal'r, my boy," replied the captain, "in the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words, 'May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!' When found, make a note of."
u. DICKENS—*Dombey and Son.* Ch. XV.

Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend.
v. DRYDEN—*Epistle to Congreve.* Line 72.

The poor make no new friends;
But O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
w. LADY DUFFERIN—*Lament of the Irish Emigrant.*

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.
x. GEORGE ELIOT—*Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story.* Ch. VII.

Best friend, my well-spring in the wilderness!
a. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Friend more divine than all divinities.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

To act the part of a true friend requires more conscientious feeling than to fill with credit and complacency any other station or capacity in social life.
c. Mrs. ELLIS—*Pictures of Private Life.* Second Series. *The Pains of Pleasing.* Ch. IV.

A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend is life too short.
d. EMERSON—*Considerations by the Way.*

Our chief want in life, is, somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue is in us. How he flings wide the doors of existence! What questions we ask of him! what an understanding we have! how few words are needed! It is the only real society.
e. EMERSON—*Considerations by the Way.*

Our friends early appear to us as representatives of certain ideas, which they never pass or exceed. They stand on the brink of the ocean of thought and power, but they never take a single step that would bring them there.
f. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Experience.*

The only way to have a friend is to be one.
g. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

Take the advice of a faithful friend, and submit thy inventions to his censure.
h. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Fancy.*

On the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
i. GAY—*The Old Woman and Her Cats.* Pt. I.

A favorite has no friend.
j. GRAY—*On a Favorite Cat Drowned.* St. 6.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.
k. GRAY—*The Bard.* St. 3. Line 2.

Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see.
l. GRIMOALD—*Of Friendship.* Line 15.

Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend?
m. GRIMOALD—*Of Friendship.* Line 1.

We never know the true value of friends. While they live, we are too sensitive of their faults; when we have lost them, we only see their virtues.
n. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

For my boyhood's friend hath fallen, the pillar of my trust,
The true, the wise, the beautiful, is sleeping in the dust.
o. HILLARD—*On Death of Motley.*

The new is older than the old;
And newest friend is oldest friend in this,
That, waiting him, we longest grieved to miss
One thing we sought.
p. HELEN HUNT—*My New Friend.*

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice. Nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue:
Let them be good that love me, though but few.
q. BEN JONSON—*Cynthia's Revels.* Act III. Sc. 2.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
r. KEBLE—*Burial of the Dead.*

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
s. LAMB—*The Old Familiar Faces.*

A friend is most a friend of whom the best remains to learn.
t. LUCY LARCOM—*Friend Brook.*

Ah, how good it feels!
The hand of an old friend.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Alas! to-day I would give everything
To see a friend's face, or hear a voice
That had the slighest tone of comfort in it.
v. LONGFELLOW—*Judas Maccabæus.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

My designs and labors
And aspirations are my only friends.
w. LONGFELLOW—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. III.

O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er!
x. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!
y. LONGFELLOW—*The Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VI. Line 71.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

a. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. II. Ch. XIV.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.

b. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. IX. Ch. III.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book or a friend.

c. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXII.

A true friend is forever a friend.

d. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXXI.

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why?
To find one good, you must a hundred try.

e. CLAUDE MERMET—*Epigram on Friends.*

As we sail through life towards death,
Bound unto the same port—heaven,—
Friend, what years could us divide?

f. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. A Christmas Blessing.*

If grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not! forget me not!

g. Mrs. OPIE—*The Orphan Boy's Tale.*

All are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;
And many friendships in the days of time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still.

h. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. V. Line 336.

Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt,
My oracles; my wings in high pursuit.
Oh! I remember, and will ne'er forget,
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours;
Our burning words, that utter'd all the soul,
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exalting, heart embracing heart entire.

i. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. V. Line 315.

Sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget.

j. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. V. Line 310.

Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine.

k. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 248.

Be not the first by whom the new are try'd
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

l. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 336.

Scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways.

m. POPE—*Epistle to James Craggs.*

Trust not yourselves; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

n. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 214.

There is no treasure the which may be compared unto a faithfull friend;
Gold soone decayeth and worldly (wealth) consumeth, and wasteth in the winde:
But love, once planted in a perfect and pure minde, indureth weal and woe;
The frownes of fortune, come they never so unkinde, cannot the same overthrowe.

o. *The Roxburghe Ballads. The Bride's Good-morrow.* Edited by Charles Hindley.

Dear is my friend—yet from my foe, as from my friend, comes good;
My friend shows what I can do, and my foe what I should.

p. SCHILLER—*Votive Tablets. Friend and Foe.*

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

q. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. IV. Sc. 3.

For by these
Shall I try my friends. You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

r. *Timon of Athens.* Act II. Sc. 2.

For in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

s. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

t. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I pay the debt, and free him.

u. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I would be friends with you, and have your love.

v. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key.
a. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

To wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
b. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.
c. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

We came into this world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
d. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.
e. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.
f. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
g. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O my friend!
We twain have met like the ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! and then, away they speed
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam,
To meet no more.
h. ALEXANDER SMITH—*Life Drama.*

What good man is not his own friend?
i. SOPHOCLES.

'Tis something to be willing to commend;
But my best praise is, that I am your friend.
j. SOUTHERNE—*To Mr. Congreve on the Old Bachelor.* Last line.

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere.
k. ALI BEN ABU TALEB.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained; and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.
l. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, and secret and just, ingenious and honest, and in those things which have a latitude, use your own liberty.
m. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

When I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a kindness; but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them: but I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better.
n. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Then came your new friend: you began to change—
I saw it and grieved.
o. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. IV. Line 287.

Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.
p. *The French Ana. Assigned to Marschal Villars taking leave of Louis XIV.*

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man, that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.
q. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Social Maxims. Friendship.*

I have friends in Spirit Land,—
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others but themselves are they,
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came.
r. WHITTIER—*Lucy Hooper.*

Friends to whom you are in debt, you hate.
s. WYCHERLY—*The Plain Dealer.* Prologue.

We rejoice in the joy of our friends as much as we do in our own, and we are equally grieved at their sorrows. Wherefore the wise man will feel towards his friend as he does towards himself, and whatever labour he would encounter with a view to his own pleasure, he will encounter also for the sake of that of his friend.
t. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.*

You must therefore love me, myself, and not my circumstances, if we are to be real friends.
u. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.*

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man,
Some sinister intent taints all he does.
v. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 704.

A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
w. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 571.

First, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift, not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 565.

FRIENDSHIP.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

b. ADDISON—*The Campaign.* Line 102.

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

c. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain; for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break.

d. BANCROFT—*History of the United States. Wm. Penn's Treaty with the Indians.*

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!

e. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 88.

Kindred weaknesses induce friendships as often as kindred virtue.

f. BOVEE—*Thoughts, Feelings and Fancies.*

In Friendship we only see the Faults which may be prejudicial to our Friends. In love we see no faults, but those by which we suffer ourselves.

g. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Love and Friendship exclude one another.

h. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Pure Friendship is what none can attain to the Taste of, but those who are well born.

i. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

j. BURNS—*Auld Lang Syne.*

In friendship I early was taught to believe;
* * * * * *
I have found that a friend may profess, yet deceive.

k. BYRON—*Lines Addressed to J. T. Becher.*

Friendship is infinitely better than kindness.

l. CICERO.

Friendship is a sheltering tree.

m. COLERIDGE—*Youth and Age*

True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

n. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

There are three friendships which are advantageous, and three which are injurious. Friendship with the upright; friendship with the sincere; and friendship with the man of observation; these are advantageous. Friendship with the man of specious airs; friendship with the insinuatingly soft; and friendship with the glib-tongued: these are injurious.

o. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Ch. III.

True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit.

p. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 486.

Literary friendship is a sympathy not of manners, but of feelings.

q. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Characters.* Ch. XIX.

Friendship, of itself an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.

r. DRYDEN—*The Hind and the Panther.* Pt. III. Line 47.

Friendships begin with liking or gratitude—roots that can be pulled up.

s. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. IV. Ch. XXXII.

So, if I live or die to serve my friend,
'Tis for my love,—'tis for my friend alone,
And not for any rate that friendship bears
In heaven or on earth.

t. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

The moment of finding a fellow-creature is often as full of mingled doubt and exultation, as the moment of finding an idea.

u. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. II. Ch. XVIII.

Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners. Friendship requires more time than poor busy men can usually command.

v. EMERSON—*Behavior.*

I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances.

w. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it.

x. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.

y. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

The highest compact we can make with our fellow, is,— Let there be truth between us two forevermore. * * * * It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves, or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right.

z. EMERSON—*Behavior.*

There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until, in their dialogue, each stands for the whole world.

a. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick,—no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.

b. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Gifts.*

A sudden thought strikes me; let us swear an eternal friendship.

c. FRERE—*The Rovers.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.

d. GAY—*The Hare with Many Friends.*

To friendship every burden's light.

e. GAY—*The Hare with Many Friends.*

Who friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.

f. GAY—*The Old Woman and Her Cats.*

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

g. GOLDSMITH—*The Hermit.* St. 19.

Friendship is a wide portal, and sometimes admits love.

h. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. III. Ch. XXIX.

O Friendship, flavor of flowers! O lively sprite of life!
O sacred bond of blissful peace, the stalworth staunch of strife.

i. GRIMOALD—*Of Friendship.* Line 21.

Thou learnest no secret until thou knowest friendship, since to the unsound no heavenly knowledge enters.

j. HAFIZ.

Friendship closes its eye, rather than see the moon eclipst; while malice denies that it is ever at the full.

k. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Friendship is Love, without either flowers or veil.

l. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high.

m. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. Our Classmate, F. W. C.*, 1864.

Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

n. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Friendship. An Ode.*

Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

o. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!

p. LONGFELLOW—*The Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VI.

Is there anything in the world to be reputed (I will not say compared) to friendship? Can any treasure in this transitory pilgrimage be of more valew than a friend?

q. LYLY—*Ephues. The Anatomy of Wit.*

Common friendships will admit of division, one may love the beauty of this, the good humour of that person, the liberality of a third, the paternal affection of a fourth, the fraternal love of a fifth, and so on. But this friendship that possesses the whole soul, and there rules and sways with an absolute sovereignty, can admit of no rival.

r. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. XXVII.

The songs which Anna loved to hear,
May vanish from her heart and ear;
But friendship's voice shall ever find
An echo in that gentle mind,
Nor memory lose, nor time impair
The sympathies that tremble there.

s. MOORE—*To Mrs. ———.*

True friendship between man and man is infinite and immortal.

t. PLATO.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our interests and our passions be,
My friend must hate the man that injures me.

u. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 725.

There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue.

v. POPE—*On His Death-bed. Dr. Johnson's Life of Pope.*

True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
a. POPE's *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XV. Line 83.

What ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
b. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. III. Line 173.

Friendship, one soul in two bodies.
c. PYTHAGORAS.

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
e. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negociate for itself,
And trust no agent.
f. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II, Sc. 1.

Friendship's full of dregs.
g. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

If you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
h. *Sonnet LXXI.*

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo.
i. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 1.

May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!
j. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Most friendship is feigning.
k. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7. *Song.*

My heart is ever at your service.
l. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.
m. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3.

This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
n. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Thy father and myself in friendship,
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest.
o. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 2.

When did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

A star
Which moves not 'mid the moving heavens alone,
A smile among dark frowns—a gentle tone
Among rude voices, a beloved light,
A solitude, a refuge, a delight.
q. SHELLEY—*Fragments. To———.* Line 49.

Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence.
r. SYDNEY SMITH—*Of Friendship.*

We call friendship the love of the Dark Ages.
s. MADAME DE STAËL.

Because friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good, it ought to be chosen amongst the worthiest persons; that is, amongst those that can do greatest benefit to each other.
t. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Friendship is like rivers, and the strand of seas, and the air, common to all the world; but tyrants, and evil customs, wars, and want of love, have made them proper and peculiar.
u. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

In friendships some are worthy, and some are necessary; some dwell hard by, and are fitted for converse; nature joins some to us, and religion combines us with others; society and accidents, parity of fortune, and equal disposition, do actuate our friendships: which of themselves and in their prime dispositions, are prepared for all mankind according as any one can receive them.
v. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Nature and religion are the bands of friendship; excellency and usefulness are its great endearments.
w. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Our friendships to mankind may admit variety as does our conversation; and as by nature we are made sociable to all, so we are friendly; but as all can not actually be of our society, so neither can all be admitted to a special, actual friendship.
x. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Some friendships are made by nature, some by contract, some by interest, and some by souls.

a. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

When we speak of friendship, which is the best thing in the world (for it is love and beneficence, it is charity that is fitted for society), we cannot suppose a brave pile should be built up with nothing.

b. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

For tho' the faults were thick as dust in vacant chambers, I could trust your kindness.

c. TENNYSON—*To the Queen.* St. 5.

More years had made me love thee more.

d. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXX.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

e. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXXIV.

Once let friendship be given that is born of God, nor time nor circumstance can change it to a lessening; it must be mutual growth, increasing trust, widening faith, enduring patience, forgiving love, unselfish ambition, and an affection built before the Throne, which will bear the test of time and trial.

f. ALLAN THROCKMORTON—*On Friendship.*

Friendship is the holiest of gifts;
God can bestow nothing more sacred upon us!
It enhances every joy, mitigates every pain.
Everyone can have a friend,
Who himself knows how to be a friend.

g. TIEDGE.

Friendship—*our* friendship—is like the beautiful shadows of evening,
Spreading and growing till life and its light pass away.

h. MICHAEL VITKOVICS—*Love and Friendship.*

True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity, before it is entitled to the appellation.

i. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Social Maxims. Friendship.*

The surest bulwark against evil is that of friendship.

j. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.*

What room can there be for friendship, or who can be a friend to any one whom he does not love for his own sake? And what is loving, from which verb (*amo*) the very name of friendship (*amicitia*) is derived, but wishing a certain person to enjoy the greatest possible good fortune, even if none of it accrues to oneself?

k. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.*

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship new
* * is neither strong, nor pure.

l. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 582.

FUTURITY.

What will come, and must come, shall come well.

m. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 274.

Some day Love shall claim his own
Some day Right ascend his throne,
Some day hidden Truth be known;
Some day—some sweet day.

n. LEWIS J. BATES—*Some Sweet Day.*

The year goes wrong, and tares grow strong,
Hope starves without a crumb;
But God's time is our harvest time,
And that is sure to come.

o. LEWIS J. BATES—*Our Better Day.*

God keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust shook off, their beauty glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

p. E. B. BROWNING—*Sonnet. Futurity with the Departed.*

But ask not bodies doomed to die,
To what abode they go;
Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.

q. DAVENANT—*The Just Italian.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead.

r. LONGFELLOW—*A Psalm of Life.*

Dear Land to which Desire forever flees;
Time doth no present to our grasp allow,
Say in the fixed Eternal shall we seize
At last the fleeting how?

s. BULWER-LYTTON—*The First Violets.*

O visions ill forseen! Better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only.

t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 763.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

u. MONTGOMERY—*The Issues of Life and Death.*

Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven.

v. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 85.

When we die, we shall find we have not lost our dreams; we have only lost our sleep.
a. RICHTER.

Haste, holy Friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!
b. SCOTT—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto Y, St. 22.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven,
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
c. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Ay, but to die and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot.
d. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

God (if Thy will be so),
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
e. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others, that we know not of?
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

What a world were this
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom Death hath sundered did not meet again!
g. SOUTHEY—*Inscription XVII. Epitaph.*

The glories of the Possible are ours.
h. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Picture of St. John.* Bk. II. St. 71.

The great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LIV.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.
j. WHITTIER—*Barclay of Ury.*

A time there is, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more.
k. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 37.

G.

GAIN.

And if you mean to profit, learn to praise.
l. CHURCHILL—*Gotham.* Bk. II. Line 88.

I don't believe in principle.
But O, I du in interest.
m. LOWELL—*Biglow Papers.* Pt. VI.

Little pains
In a due hour employ'd great profit yields.
n. JOHN PHILIPS—*Cider.* Bk. I.

Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.
o. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 7.

No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 1

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
q. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

GARDEN.

My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
Then plunge to depths profound.
r EMERSON—*My Garden.*

Retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
s. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 49.

Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut in Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house, that knows no shade.
t. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 117.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
u. *Henry VI.* Act III. Sc. 1.

A little garden square and wall'd;
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it.
a. TENNYSON—*Enoch Arden.* Line 754.

The garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream.
b. TENNYSON—*The Gardener's Daughter.* Line 30.

The splash and stir
Of fountains spouted up and showering down
In meshes of the jasmine and the rose:
And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.
c. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. I. Line 217.

Let no rash hand invade these sacred bowers,
Irreverent pluck the fruit, or touch the flowers;
Fragrance and beauty here their charms combine,
And e'en Hesperia's garden yields to mine;
For tho' no golden apples glitter round,
A dragon yet more furious guards the ground.
d. ANONYMOUS—*Inscription for the Entrance to a Garden.*

GENIUS.

As diamond cuts diamond, and one hone smooths a second, all the parts of intellect are whetstones to each other; and genius, which is but the result of their mutual sharpening is character too.
e. BARTOL—*Radical Problems. Individualism.*

Genius is to Wit as the whole is in proportion to its parts.
f. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.*

Every work of genius is tinctured by the feelings, and often originates in the events of times.
g. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXV.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius.
h. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Curiosities of Literature. Poverty of the Learned.*

Many men of genius must arise before a particular man of genius can appear.
i. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXV.

Philosophy becomes poetry, and science imagination, in the enthusiam of genius.
j. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XII.

To think, and to feel, constitute the two grand divisions of men of genius—the men of reasoning and the men of imagination.
k. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. II.

Genius must be born, and never can be taught.
l. DRYDEN—*Epistle X. To Congreve.* Line 60.

Genius and its rewards are briefly told:
A liberal nature and a niggard doom,
A difficult journey to a splendid tomb.
m. FORSTER—*Dedication of the Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith.*

Genius, like humanity, rusts for want of use.
n. HAZLITT—*Table Talk. On Application to Study.*

Nature is the master of talent; genius is the master of nature.
o. HOLLAND—*Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects. Art and Life.*

Not oft near home does genius brightly shine,
No more than precious stones while in the mine.
p. OMAR KHAYYAM—*Bodenstedt.* Translator.

Many a genius has been slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for a thousand years do not spring up into beauty like a reed.
q. GEO. HENRY LEWES—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. II.

All the means of action—
The shapeless mass, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius!
r. LONGFELLOW—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 5.

He is gifted with genius who knoweth much by natural talent.
s. PINDAR.

There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.
t. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Genius inspires this thirst for fame: there is no blessing undesired by those to whom Heaven gave the means of winning it.
u. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XVI. Ch. I.

Genius is essentially creative; it bears the character of the individual who possesses it.
v. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. VII. Ch. I.

When genius is united with true feeling, our talents multiply our woes.
w. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XV. Ch. VI.

Genius can never despise labour.
x. ABEL STEVENS—*Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXVIII.

GENTLEMEN.

A gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armigero; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armigero.
a. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. St. 1.

An affable and courteous gentleman.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

"I am a gentleman"—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. St. 5.

I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman.
d. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have.
e. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?
f. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The grand old name of gentleman
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.
g. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CX.

GENTLENESS.

He is gentil that doth gentil dedis.
h. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Wyf of Bathes Tale.* Line 6752.

If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied:
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
i. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet.
j. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
k. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Let mildness ever attend thy tongue.
l. THEOGIUS—*Maxims.* Line 368.

GIFTS.

Of gifts, there seems none more becoming to offer a friend than a beautiful book.
m. AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT—*Concord Days. June.*

He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be
Of gifts that cost them nothing free.
n. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I.

The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.
o. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 44.

The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him.
p. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Gifts.*

In giving, a man receives more than he gives, and the more is in proportion to the worth of the thing given.
q. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Mary Marston.* Ch. V.

Take gifts with a sigh: most men give to be paid.
r. JOHN BOYLE O'REILEY—*Rules of the Road.*

If the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift.
s. *Taming of the Shrew.* Induction.

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.
Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.
t. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
u. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. I.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
v. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

GLORY.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.
w. BRYDGES—*On the Death of Sir Walter Scott.*

Who track the steps of glory to the grave.
x. BYRON—*Monody on the Death of Sheridan.*

Glory built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt.
y. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 1.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
z. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 9.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
a. GRAY—*Progress of Poesy.* III. I. Line 2.

The glory of him who
Hung His masonry pendant on naught, when the world he created.
b. LONGFELLOW—*Children of the Lord's Supper.* Line 174.

Who pants for glory, finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
c. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 300.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
d. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me.
e. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Like madness is the glory of this life.
f. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
g. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory,—nothing so expensive as glory.
h. SYDNEY SMITH—*Lady Holland's Memoir.* Vol. I. P. 88.

'Twas glory once to be a Roman;
She makes it glory now to be a man.
i. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The National Ode.*

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd at near have neither heat nor light.
j. JOHN WEBSTER—*The White Devil.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!
k. WORDSWORTH—*To B. R. Haydon.* Line 14.

GOD.

God's wisdom and God's goodness!—Ay, but fools
Mis-define thee, till God knows them no more.
Wisdom and goodness, they are God! what schools
Have yet as much as heard this simple love?
This no Saint preaches, and this no Church rules;
'Tis in the desert, now and heretofore.
l. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*The Divinity.* St. 3.

"There is no god but God!—to prayer—
lo! God is great!"
m. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 59.

"God!" sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder "God!"
n. COLERIDGE—*Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart
Made pure shall relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
o. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 782.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.
p. COWPER—*Light Shining out of Darkness.*

God never meant that man should scale the heavens
By strides of human wisdom. In his works,
Though wondrous, he commands us in his word
To seek him rather where his mercy shines.
q. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 217.

Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivall'd pencil.
r. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 240.

'Twas much, that man was made like God before;
But, that God should be made like man, much more.
s. DONNE—*Holy Sonnets.*

Eternal Deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of Adamant, on plates of brass.
t. DRYDEN—*Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. I. Line 478.

He who loves
God and his law must hate the foes of God.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

God enters by a private door into every individual.
v. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Intellect.*

When the Master of the universe has points to carry in his government he impresses his will in the structure of minds.
a. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Immortality.*

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
b. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

Thou art what I want.
I am athirst for God, the Living God.
c. JEAN INGELOW—*A Parson's Letter to a Young Poet.* Pt. II.

Thou think'st of Him as one that will not wait.
A father, and not wait! He waited long
For us, and yet perchance He thinks not long,
And will not count the time. There are no dates
In His fine leisure.
d. JEAN INGELOW—*A Parson's Letter to a Young Poet.* Pt. II.

The sun and every vassal star,
All space, beyond the soar of angel wings,
Wait on his word: and yet He stays His car
For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings.
e. KEBLE—*Ascension Day.*

There is no God but God, the living, the self subsisting.
f. *Koran.*

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
g. LOWELL—*The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

A voice is in the wind I do not know;
A meaning on the face of the high hills
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend.
A something is behind them: that is God.
h. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Within and Without.* Pt. I. Sc. 1.

And justify the ways of God to men.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 26.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 153.

Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
k. MILTON—*Sonnet. On His Blindness.*

Yes, thou art ever present, Power supreme!
Not circumscribed by time, nor fixed to space,
Confined to altars, nor to temples bound,
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
In dungeons, or on thrones, the faithful find thee.
l. HANNAH MORE—*Belshazzar.*

God is truth and light his shadow.
m. PLATO.

Father of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
n. POPE—*Universal Prayer.*

He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
o. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 110.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
p. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 15.

Thou great First Cause, least understood.
q. POPE—*Universal Prayer.*

To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
r. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 277.

In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find gods to help them out.
s. PRIOR—*Alma.* Canto III.

The Omnipotent has sown His name on the heavens in glittering stars, but upon earth He planteth His name by tender flowers.
t. RICHTER—*Hesperus.*

God is our fortress; in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
u. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 1.

God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 3.

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
w. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence muse His praise.
x. THOMSON—*Hymn.*

These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee.
y. THOMSON—*Hymn.*

What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
z. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 849.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love.
aa. TUPPER—*Of Immortality.*

God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat.
bb. TUSSER—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Good Husbandry Lessons.*

A God all mercy is a God unjust.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 234.

A God alone can comprehend a God.
b. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 835.

Though man sits still and takes his ease;
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.
c. YOUNG—*Resignation.* St. 122.

Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth! my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
d. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 586.

GOLD.

For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therefore he loveth gold in special.
e. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales.* Prologue. Line 445.

Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendships separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
f. COWLEY—*Anacreontics. Gold.*

Stronger than thunder's winged force
All powerful gold can speed its course;
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break.
g. FRANCIS' *Horace, Ode XVI.* Line 12.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.
h. HOOD—*Miss Kilmansegg. Her Moral.*

Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
i. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 187.

Trade it may help, Society extend,
But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend:
It raises Armies in a nation's aid,
But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.
j. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 29.

A mere hoard of gold, kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 3.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care.
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

There is gold for you; sell me your good report.
m. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3.

There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
n. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act. II. Sc. 5.

'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man.
p. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness;
The signet of its all-enslaving power
Upon a shining ore, and called it gold:
Before whose image bow the vulgar great,
The vainly rich, the miserable proud,
The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,
And with blind feelings reverence the power
That grinds them to the dust of misery.
But in the temple of their hireling hearts
Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
All earthly things but virtue.
q. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Pt. V. St. 4.

GOODNESS.

Whatever anyone does or says, I must be good.
r. AURELIUS ANTONINUS—*Thoughts.* Ch. VII.

What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well.
s. EDWIN ARNOLD—*The Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 273

There was never law, or sect, or opinion did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth.
a. BACON—*Essays. Of Goodness, &c.*

Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold!
b. JULIA C. R. DORR—*To the "Bouquet Club."*

If you would be good, first believe that you are bad.
c. EPICTETUS.

And learn the luxury of doing good.
d. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 22.

True goodness is like the glowworm in this, that it shines most when no eyes, except those of heaven, are upon it.
e. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

How near to good is what is fair!
f. BEN JONSON—*Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly.*

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.
g. MICHELET.

Good, the more
Communicated, the more abundant grows.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 71.

None
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.
i. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 702.

Long may such goodness live!
j. ROGERS—*Pleasures of Memory.*

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

My meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient.
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
Our praises are our wages.
m. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
n. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in its own too-much.
o. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
p. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.
q. SHIRLEY—*Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.* Sc. 3.

He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body.
r. SWIFT—*Mary the Cookmaid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
s. TENNYSON—*Lady Clara Vere De Vere.* St. 7.

GOSSIP.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.
t. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. II. Ch. XIII.

He's gone, and who knows how may he report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
u. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1350.

Foul whisperings are abroad.
v. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

If my gossip report, be an honest woman of her word.
w. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The nature of bad news infects the teller.
x. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 2.

GOVERNMENT.

States are great engines moving slowly.
y. BACON—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. II.

There was a State without Kings or nobles: there was a church without a Bishop; there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed.
z. RUFUS CHOATE—*Speech Before the New England Society.* December 22, 1843.

Those that think must govern those that toil.
aa. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 372.

All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord.
bb. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. I. Line 112.

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning, die,
But leave us still our old nobility.
cc. LORD JOHN MANNERS—*England's Trust.* Pt. III. Line 227.

Hope nothing from foreign governments. They will never be really willing to aid you until you have shown that you are strong enough to conquer without them.

a. MAZZINI—*Life and Writings. Young Italy.*

If the sovereign of the State love benevolence, he will have no enemy in the empire.

b. MENCIUS—*On Government.*

The government will take the fairest of names, but the worst of realities—mob rule.

c. POLYBIUS—VI. 57.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

d. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 188.

Party has no doubt its evils; but all the evils of party put together would be scarcely a grain in the balance, when compared to the dissolution of honorable friendships, the pursuit of selfish ends, the want of concert in council, the absence of a settled policy in foreign affairs, the corruption of separate statesmen.

e. LORD JOHN RUSSELL—*Introduction to the Correspondence of the Duke of Bedford.*

A man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other.

f. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 6.

For government, through high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent;
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

g. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Why this it is, when men are rul'd by women.

h. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The school boy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

i. SYDNEY SMITH—*Review of Seybert's Annals. United States.*

Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

j. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. V. Canto II. St. 51.

GRACE.

Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

k. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. II. Line 5.

Whatever he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please.

l. DRYDEN—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 27.

Noiseless as a feather or a snow-flake falls, did her feet touch the earth. She seemed to float in the air, and the floor to bend and wave under her, as a branch when a bird alights upon it and takes wing again.

m. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. VII.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

n. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 152.

For several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil.

o. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 1.

God give him grace to groan.

p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act. IV. Sc. 3.

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

q. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

r. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

s. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act 1. Sc. I.

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

t. TENNYSON—*Break, Break, Break.*

GRATITUDE.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.

u. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

Gratitude is expensive.

v. GIBBON—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

The still small voice of gratitude.

w. GRAY—*For Music.* St. 5.

Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!

x. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 14.

I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks: and ever oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.

y. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 3.

"I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices."

z. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
a. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own.
b. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

GRAVE, THE

Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle Earth!
c. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Bonduca.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness.
d. BLAIR—*The Grave.*

The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
e. BLAIR—*The Grave.*

Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years.
f. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make
The rich, green mountain turf should break.
g. BRYANT—*June.*

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tombs of the Capulets.
h. BURKE—*Letter to Matthew Smith.*

The dead are thy inheritors.
i. BYRON—*A Fragment.*

An untimely grave.
j. CAREW—*On the Duke of Buckingham.*

Graves they say are warm'd by glory;
Foolish words and empty story.
k. HEINE—*Latest Poems.* Epilogue.

Then to the grave I turned me to see what therein lay;
'Twas the garment of the Christian, worn out and thrown away.
l. KOUMACHER—*Death and the Christian.*

I see their scattered gravestones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;
O'er all alike the imperial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to each a tender thought, and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass.
m. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 121.

This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!
n. LONGFELLOW—*God's Acre.*

There are slave-drivers quietly whipt underground,
There bookbinders, done up in boards are fast bound,
There card-players wait till the last trump be played,
There all the choice spirits get finally laid,
There the babe that's unborn is supplied with a berth,
There men without legs get their six feet of earth,
There lawyers repose, each wrapt up in his case,
There seekers of office are sure of a place,
There defendant and plaintiff get equally cast,
There shoemakers quietly stick to the last.
o. LOWELL—*Fable for Critics.* Line 1656.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.
p. MONTGOMERY—*The Grave.*

The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!
q. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 317.

Thy grave shall with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.
There shall t e morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow.
r. POPE—*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.* Line 65.

Never the Grave gives back what it has won!
s. SCHILLER—*A Funeral Fantasy.* Last Line.

Bea from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
t. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Gilded tombs do worms infold.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!
v. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
a. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
* * * * * *
And on his grave rains many a tear.
d. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd.
e. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

O heart, and mind, and thoughts! what thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below?
f. SHELLEY—*Posthumous Poems. Sonnet.*

The lone couch of his everlasting sleep.
g. SHELLEY—*Alastor.* Line 57.

Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.
h. TENNYSON—*A Dirge.* St. 6.

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CIV.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.
j. WATTS—*Funeral Thoughts.* Bk. II. Hymn 63.

GREATNESS.

Burn to be great,
Pay not thy praise to lofty things alone.
The plains are everlasting as the hills,
The bard cannot have two pursuits; aught else
Comes on the mind with the like shock as though
Two worlds had gone to war, and met in air.
And now that thou hast heard thus much from one
Not wont to seek, nor give, nor take advice,
Remember, whatsoe'er thou art as man,
Suffer the world, entreat it and forgive.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
k. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

We have not the love of greatness, but the love of the love of greatness.
l. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

The great man who thinks greatly of himself, is not diminishing that greatness in heaping fuel on his fire.
m. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XV.

Nature never sends a great man into the planet, without confiding the secret to another soul.
n. EMERSON—*Uses of Great Men.*

In honor dies he to whom the great seems ever wonderful.
o. HAFIZ.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness, must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.
p. HAZLITT—*Table Talk. Whether Genius is Conscious of its own Power?*

No really great man ever thought himself so.
q. HAZLITT—*Table Talk. Whether Genius is Conscious of its own Power.*

For he that once is good, is ever great.
r. BEN JONSON—*The Forest. To Lady Aubigny.*

Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?
s. KEATS—*Addressed to Haydon.*

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream.
t. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. I.

Great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. III.

The men who impress the world as the mightiest are those often who can the least—never those who can the most in their natural kingdom; generally those whose frontiers lie openest to the inroads of temptation.
v. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LIX.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.
w. MENCIUS—*Metaphysics and Morals.*

Are not great
Men the models of nations!
x. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto IV. St. 29.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf:
Content to know and be unknown:
Whole in himself.
y. OWEN MEREDITH—*A Great Man.*

A mighty deed is like the Heaven's thunder,
That wakes the nation's slumberers from their rest.
z. RAUPACH.

Are yet two Romans living, such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
aa. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 3.

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
bb. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Greatness knows itself.
a. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 3.

Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this, our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great?
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 5.

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
d. *Lucrece.* Line 1006.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.
e. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
f. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure.
g. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Not that the heavens the little can make great,
But many a man has lived an age too late.
h. STODDARD—*To Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.
i. SWIFT—*Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
j. HENRY TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Man should be ever better than he seems.
k. Sir AUBREY DE VERE—*A Song of Faith.*

O, happy they that never saw the court,
Nor ever knew great men but by report!
l. JOHN WEBSTER—*The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombona.*

A man is a great thing upon the earth, and through eternity—but every jot of the greatness of man is unfolded out of woman.
m. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass. Unfolded out of the Folds.*

Great is Youth—equally great is Old Age—great are Day and Night.
Great is Wealth—great is Poverty—great is Expression—great is Silence.
n. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass. Great are the Myths.* Pt. I.

It is as great to be a woman as to be a man.
o. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass. Walt Whitman.* Pt. XXI. St. 108.

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.
p. YOUNG—*The Revenge.* Act I. Sc. 1.

High stations, tumults, but not bliss, create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great.
q. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 237.

GRIEF.

Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
r. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving!
s. E. B. BROWNING—*Tears.*

We grieved, we sighed, we wept: we never blushed before.
t. COWLEY—*The Government of Oliver Cromwell.*

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.
u. DANTE—*Hell.* Canto V. Line 121.

'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.
v. GEORGE ELIOT—*Legend of Jubal. Armgart.* Sc. 5.

In all the silent manliness of grief.
w. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 384.

Small griefs find tongues; full casques are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound.
Deep waters noyselesse are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below.
x. HERRICK—*Hesperides.*

The only cure for grief is action.
y. GEO. HENRY LEWES—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. II.

O, well has it been said, that there is no grief like the grief which does not speak!
z. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. II.

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say.
aa. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act II. Sc. 4.

But O! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
bb. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 37.

I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.
cc. MILTON—*On His Deceased Wife.*

Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
a. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 2.

But I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown.
b. *Winter's Tale.* Act II. Sc. 1.

But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects.
d. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.
e. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less.
f. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
g. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
h. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine.
i. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate.
j. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
k. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
l. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

If thou engrossest all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety.
n. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness with a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words
o. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1

My grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
p. *Richard II.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.
q. *Sonnet L.*

My heart is drown'd with grief,
* * * * *
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?
r. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.
s. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

O! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformèd hand
Have written strange departures in my face.
t. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.
u. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 1123.

Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
v. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable.)
w. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,
When grief hath mates.
x. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 6.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father;
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness.
y. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

We must be patient: but I cannot choose
but weep, to think they should lay him i' the
cold ground.
a. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of
sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes
them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers?
b. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

What private griefs they have, alas! I know
not,
That made them do it.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
d. *Richard II.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Dark is the realm of grief: but human things
Those may not know of who cannot weep for
them.
e. SHELLEY—*Otho.*

Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year.
f. SHELLEY—*Adonais.* St. 18.

"Oh but," quoth she, "great griefe will not
be tould,
And can more easily be thought than said."
g. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I.
Canto VII. St. 41.

He gave a deep sigh; I saw the iron enter
into his soul.
h. STERNE—*The Captive.*

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. VI.

Waiting for a hand,
A hand that can be clasp'd no more.
j. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. VII.

No greater grief! Is it then always grief
Remembering happier times in times of
sorrow?
Does one day of delight ne'er bring relief
To the sick soul on a despairful morrow?
Past joys are a possession.
k. JOHN TODHUNTER—*Laurella, and Other
Poems. Nessun Maggior' Dolore.*

GROWTH.

Nature never stands still, nor souls neither;
they ever go up or go down.
l. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Outgrown.*

Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
m. LONGFELLOW—*The Ladder of St.
Augustine.* St. 2.

Grows with his growth, and strengthens with
his strength.
n. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II.
Line 136.

Thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature
mix'd.
o. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II.
Line 177.

"Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do
grow apace:"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so
fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds
make haste,
p. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never
grow.
q. *Richard II.* Act. III. Sc. 4.

O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
r. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 1.

GUESTS.

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-
night.
s. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.
t. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Macb.—Here's our chief guest.
Lady M.—If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast.
u. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table.
v. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.
w. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
x. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

GUILT.

How guilt once harbour'd in the conscious
breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great.
y. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Irene.* Act IV. Sc. 8.

Guilt's a terrible thing.
z. BEN JONSON—*Bartholomew Fair.*
Act IV. Sc. 1.

These false pretexts and varnished colours
failing,
Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou ap-
pear!
aa. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 901.

How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
a. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 230.

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons.
b. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again.
c. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

A land of levity is a land of guilt.
d. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Preface.

H.

HABIT.

A civil habit
Oft covers a good man.
e. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Beggar's Bush.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Habit with him was all the test of truth;
"It must be right: I've done it from my youth."
f. CRABBE—*The Borough.* Letter III.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
g. DRYDEN'S *Ovid. Metamorphoses.* Bk. XV. Line 1.

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.
h. HANNAH MORE—*Fiorio.* Pt. I.

For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.
i. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Use doth breed a habit in a man!
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

HAIR.

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—
what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms?
k. ROBERT BROWNING—*Men and Women. A Toccata of Galuppi's.* St. 15.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.
l. CRASHAW—*Wishes. To His Supposed Mistress.*

When you see fair hair
Be pitiful.
m. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not set him free again.
n. GOETHE—Shelley, Translator. *Scenes from Faust.* Sc. *The Hartz Mountain.*

Her cap of velvet could not hold
The tresses of her hair of gold,
That flowed and floated like the stream,
And fell in masses down her neck.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

Time has touched it in his flight,
And changed the auburn hair to white.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
q. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 117.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
r. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto II. Line 28.

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for-ever, and for-ever!
s. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 153.

Bind up those tresses: O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
t. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright.
u. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 3.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
v. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.
w. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Ros.—His hair is of a good colour.
Cel.—An excellent colour; your chestnut was ever the only colour.
a. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 4.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
b. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 5.

Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle; and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre.
c. SPENSER—*Epithalamion.* St. 9.

HAND.

For through the South, the custom still commands
The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.
d. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 105.

I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature, differing but in sex and years,
Even to the delicacy of their hand
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears.
e. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 45.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman.
g. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What accursed hand
Hath made thee handless?
h. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet: whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
i. *Lucrece.* Line 393.

HAPPINESS.

Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.
j. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit.
k. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem;
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.
l. BLANCHARD—*Lyric Offerings. Hidden Joys.*

One cannot be fully happy till after his sixtieth year.
m. BONSTETTEN—*In Abel Stevens' Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXVI.

The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity.
n. BOVEE—*Thoughts, Feelings, and Fancies. Sham Remorse.*

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
o. BYRON—*Beppo.* St. 80.

To believe that happiness exists in a feverish ambition rather than in a tender and simple affection is to believe that the immensity of the sea will more readily quench thirst than the pure limpid water of a humble fountain.
p. EMILIO CASTELAR—*From Autograph Letter.*

Blest hour! it was a luxury—to be!
q. COLERIDGE—*Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.*

O, why has happiness so short a day.
r. BARRY CORNWALL—*A Sicilian Story. Dedicatory Sonnet.*

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.
s. COTTON—*The Fireside.*

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
t. DRYDEN—*Imitation of the 29th of Horace.* Bk. I. Line 65.

To be happy is not the purpose for which you are placed in this world.
u. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Divus Cæsar.*

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others,
And in their pleasure takes joy, even as though 'twere his own.
v. GOETHE—*Distichs.*

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
w. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 431.

Happiness consists in activity: such is the constitution of our nature: it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool.
x. GOOD—*The Book of Nature.* Series III. Lecture VII.

No man can be happy without exercising the virtue of a cheerful industry or activity. No man can lay in his claim to happiness, I mean the happiness that shall last through the fair run of life, without chastity, without temperance, without sobriety, without economy, without self-command, and, consequently, without fortitude; and, let me add, without a liberal and forgiving spirit.

a. Good—*The Book of Nature.* Series III. Lecture VII.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

b. Longfellow—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

To be strong
Is to be happy.

c. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

And feel that I am happier than I know.

d. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 282.

No eye to watch and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.

e. Moore—*Come o'er the Sea.*

Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free.

f. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 15.

Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness;
But mutual wants this happiness increase,
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.

g. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 53.

Oh happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

h. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 1.

Happiness lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promises.

i. Georges Sand—*Handsome Lawrence.* Ch. II.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

j. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

k. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Ye seek for happiness—alas, the day!
Ye find it not in luxury nor in gold,
Nor in the fame, nor in the envied sway
For which, O willing slave to Custom old,
Severe task mistress! ye your hearts have sold.

l. Shelley—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto XI. St. 17.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

m. Sydney Smith—*Lecture on Benevolent Affections.*

Be happy, but be so by piety.

n. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. XX. Ch. III.

True happiness ne'er entered at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.

o. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1021.

HASTE.

The more haste, ever the worst speed.

p. Churchill—*The Ghost.* Bk. IV. Line 1162.

Haste is of the Devil.

q. *Koran.*

Haste trips up its own heels, fetters and stops itself.

r. Seneca.

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

s. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.

t. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

u. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye!

v. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens.

w. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.

x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

HATRED.

Hatred is self-punishment.

y. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermons.*

Then let him know that hatred without end
Or intermission is between us two.

z. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XV. Line 270.

Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

aa. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 6.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.
a. CONGREVE—*The Mourning Bride.* Act III. Sc. 8.

There are glances of hatred that stab and raise no cry of murder.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*Felix Holt.* Introduction.

I like a good hater!
c. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Piozzi*, 89.

I do hate him as I hate the devil.
d. BEN JONSON—*Every Man Out of His Humour.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 98.

It is only hatred, not love, that requires explanation. The source of the best and holiest, from the universe up to God, is hidden behind a night, full of too-distant stars.
f. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. II.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
g. *The Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I do hate him as I do hell pains.
h. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 1.

'Tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will.
i. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 5.

HEALTH.

Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing
And flies with every changing gale of spring.
j. BYRON—*Childish Recollections.*

Health that snuffs the morning air.
k. GRAINGER—*Ode to Solitude.*

There are three wicks * * * * to the lamp of a man's life: brain, blood, and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs, and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centres of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold, and darkness.
l. HOLMES—*Professor at the Breakfast-Table.* Ch. XI.

Maybe he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound.
m. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
n. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know.
o. *Sonnet CXL.*

Health is the vital principle of bliss.
p. THOMSON—*Castle of Indolence.* Canto II. St. 55.

Gold that buys health can never be ill spent,
Nor hours laid out in harmless merriment.
q. JOHN WEBSTER—*Westward Ho!* Act V. Sc. 4.

HEARING.

He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer;—
In short, there never was a better hearer.
r. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 37.

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.
s. CHAUCER—*Troilus and Cryseyde.* Bk. IV. Line 1625.

Strike, but hear me.
t. PLUTARCH—*Rollin's Ancient History.* Bk. VI. Ch. II.

For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.
u. SHENSTONE—*Jemmy Dawson.*

They never would hear,
But turn a deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.
v. SWIFT—*Dingley and Brent.*

HEART.

His heart was one of those which most enamours us,
Wax to receive and marble to retain.
w. BYRON—*Beppo.* St. 34.

Some hearts are hidden, some have not a heart.
x. CRABBE—*The Borough.* Letter XVII.

His heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
y. LONGFELLOW—*The Building of the Ship.* Line 7.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.
z. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Introduction.

Stay, stay at home, my heart and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.
aa. LONGFELLOW—*Song.*

Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
Feeling than song; but better far than both,
To be a song, a music of God's making.
a. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Within and Without.* Pt. III. Sc. 9.

The heart is like an instrument whose strings
Steal nobler music from Life's many frets:
The golden threads are spun thro' Suffering's fire,
Wherewith the marriage-robes for heaven are woven:
And all the rarest hues of human life
Take radiance, and are rainbow'd out in tears.
b. GERALD MASSEY—*Wedded Love.*

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.
c. QUARLES—*Emblems.* Bk. II. Epigram X.

At this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony.
d. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 2.

The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.
e. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart.
f. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.
g. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night III. Line 226.

Who for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart.
h. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire II. Line 113.

HEAVEN.

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 20. Line 9.

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss; which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy.
j. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 760.

Heaven's eternal year is thine.
k. DRYDEN—*Elegy on Mrs. Killigrew.* Line 15.

They had finished her own crown in glory, and she couldn't stay away from the coronation.
l. GREY—*Enigmas of Life.*

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams can not picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there my child!
m. MRS. HEMANS—*The Better Land.*

There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die.
n. MARY HOWITT—*Song of Margaret.*

Attempt not to fathom the secrets of heaven,
But gratefully use what to thee is here given;
For none have returned from that realm of bliss,
To tell how those fared who have prayed much in this.
o. OMAR KHAYYAM—*Bodenstedt,* Translator.

There is another and a better world.
p. KOTZEBUE—*The Stranger.* Act I. Sc. 1.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.
q. LONGFELLOW—*Resignation.* St. 4.

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way.
r. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 577.

A heaven on earth.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 208.

Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 205.

In heav'n the trees
Of life, ambrosial fruitage bare, and vines
Yield nectar.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 426.

The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes.
v. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 730.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love
Form'd for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.
w. MONTGOMERY—*Friends.*

A Persian's Heaven is eas'ly made,
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.
a. MOORE—*Intercepted Letters.* Letter VI.

Earth may be darkness; Heaven will give thee light.
b. ALICE BRADLEY NEAL—*Sonnet. Daybreak.*

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow.
c. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 319.

Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain!
d. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*Be Strong.*

The loves that meet in Paradise shall cast out fear,
And Paradise hath room for you and me and all.
e. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Saints and Angels.* St. 10.

All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
f. *Henry II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
* * * * * * * *
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him.
g. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.
h. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As't is with us that square our guess by shows,
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
i. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out.
j. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.
k. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The treasury of everlasting joy!
l. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

World! if to thee, sin-stained, such lavish charms are given,
How can a human thought conceive the spirit joys of heaven!
m. ELIZABETH F. SWIFT—*Sonnet. Moonlight Upon the Hills.*

Where God is, all agree.
n. VAUGHAN—*The Constellation.* St. 15.

For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is, that they sing and that they love.
o. WALLER—*While I Listen to Thy Voice.*

HELL.

Cause why King George never could or should
Make out a case to be exempt from woe.
Eternal, more than other kings, endued
With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions."
p. BYRON—*Vision of Judgement.* St. 37.

Hell is more bearable than nothingness.
q. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Heaven.*

There is in hell a place stone-built throughout,
Called Malebolge, of an iron hue,
Like to the wall that circles it about.
r. DANTE—*Inferno.* Canto XVIII. Line 1.

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.
s. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Hell is paved with good intentions.
t. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Ch. XLIX.

All hell broke loose.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 918.

Hell
Grew darker at their frown.
v. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 719.

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell, leads up to light.
w. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 432.

Nor from hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place.
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 21.

On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.
y. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 879.

The gates that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through.
z. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 232.

Let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!
aa. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire-Worshippers.*

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
a. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 149.

Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night.
b. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.
c. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire.
d. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Before the porch itself, within the jaws of Hell, Grief and avenging Cares have placed their couches; there dwell pale Diseases, sorrowing Age, Despondency, and ill-prompting Hunger, and loathsome Want, shapes terrible to see: Death, and Labour, and Sleep, twin-born with Death, and the criminal Lusts of the heart, and death bringing War near the opening door; and the iron bedchambers of the Furies and maddening Discord, her viper's tresses bound up with bloody fillets.
e. Virgil—*Æneid.* Bk. VI. Line 273.

HELP.

The foolish ofttimes teach the wise;
I strain too much this string of life, belike,
Meaning to make such music as shall save.
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,
My strength is waned now that my need is most;
Would that I had such help as man must have,
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope.
f. Edwin Arnold—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 108.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.
g. Henry Ward Beecher.

Light is the task when many share the toil.
h. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XII. Line 493.

I would help others out of a fellow feeling.
i. Burton—*Anatomy of Melancholy.*

Help thyself and God will help thee.
j. Herbert—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Who seeks for aid
Must show how service sought can be repaid.
k. Owen Meredith—*Siege of Constantinople.*

Help me, Cassius, or I sink!
l. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd,
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once.
n. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 3.

That comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
o. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.
p. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

God helps them that help themselves.
q. Sir Philip Sidney—*Discourse Concerning Government.* Ch. II. Pt. XXIII.
Franklin—*Poor Richard.*

HERBAGE.

Grass grows at last above all graves.
r. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Grass-grown.*

Nothing but mosses
Grow on these rocks.
s. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

The green grass floweth like a stream
Into the ocean's blue.
t. Lowell—*The Sirens.* Line 87.

A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.
u. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
v. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1.

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
w. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
x. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 4.

We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.
y. Southwell—*Scorn not the Least.*

HEROES.

The hero is the world-man, in whose heart
One passion stands for all, the most indulged.
a. Bailey—*Festus. Proem.* Line 114.

I want a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one.
b. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 1.

Hero-worship exists, has existed, and will forever exist, universally among Mankind.
c. Carlyle—*Sartor Resartus. Organic Filaments.*

If Hero mean *sincere man*, why may not every one of us be a Hero?
d. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture IV.

Worship of a hero is transcendent admiration of a Great man.
e. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture I.

He's of stature somewhat low;
Your hero should be always tall, you know.
f. Churchill—*The Rosciad.* Line 1029.

The people's prayer—the glad diviner's theme!
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
g. Dryden—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 238.

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.
h. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats;
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails.
i. Emerson—*Essays. Heroism.* Introduction.

The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow.
j. Washington Irving—*The Sketch Book. Westminster Abbey.*

Dost thou know what a hero is? Why, a hero is as much as one should say,—a hero!
k. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. 1.

Strong and great, a hero.
l. Longfellow—*To the Driving Cloud.* St. 2.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves.
m. Lowell—*The Present Crisis*

HEROISM.

Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
n. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 48.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and died in freedom's cause.
o. Joseph Hopkinson—*Hail Columbia.*

Life, for my country and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And, if preservéd in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.
p. Niles—*The American Hero.*

Dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.
q. Whittier—*Poems. The Hero.* St. 19.

HISTORY.

Industrious persons, by an exact and scrupulous diligence and observation, out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books that concern not story, and the like, do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time.
r. Bacon—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. II.

History makes haste to record great deeds, but often neglects good ones.
s. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermons.*

Truth comes to us from the past, as gold is washed down from the mountains of Sierra Nevada, in minute but precious particles, and intermixed with infinite alloy, the debris of centuries.
t. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. History.*

What want these outlaws conquerors should have
But History's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.
u. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 48.

Examine History, for it is "Philosophy teaching by Experience."
v. Carlyle—*Essays. On History.*

Histories are as perfect as the Historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul.
w. Carlyle—*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.* Introduction. Ch. I.

History, as it lies at the root of all science, is also the first distinct product of man's spiritual nature; his earliest expression of what can be called Thought.
x. Carlyle—*Essays. On History.*

History is the essence of innumerable Biographies.
a. CARLYLE—*Essays. On History.*

In a certain sense all men are historians.
b. CARLYLE—*Essays. On History.*

Read their history in a nation's eyes.
c. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 16.

History casts its shadow far into the land of song.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Outre-Mer. Ancient Spanish Ballads.*

They who lived in history only seemed to walk the earth again.
e. LONGFELLOW—*The Belfry of Bruges.*

In a word, we may gather out of history a policy no less wise than eternal; by the comparison and application of other men's forepassed miseries with our own like errors and ill deservings.
f. Sir WALTER RALEIGH—*History of the World.* Oxford Edition. Vol. II. Preface V. and VI.

I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.
g. HENRY ST. JOHN—*On the Study and Use of History.* Letter II.

I do love these ancient ruins
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.
h. JOHN WEBSTER—*Duchess of Malfi.* Act V. Sc. 3.

HOLIDAYS.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart,
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;—
The happy days unclouded to their close,
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires, that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!
i. LONGFELLOW—*Holidays.*

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

Now I am in a holiday humour.
l. *As You Like It.* Act 4. Sc. 1.

Time for work,—yet take
Much holiday for art's and friendship's sake.
m. GEORGE JAMES DE WILDE—*Sonnet. On the Arrival of Spring.*

HOLINESS.

Holiness and happiness are always an indissolvable connection; yea, holiness is felicity itself.
n. ALEXANDER MACWORTER—*Series of Sermons. Sermon VIII.*

God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 836.

All his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Marias on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonis'd saints.
p. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 3.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
q. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown.
r. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Holiness is the architectural plan upon which God buildeth up His living temple.
s. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Holiness.*

HOME.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, todlin, stacher thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichter in noise an glee.
t. BURNS—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 3.

For a man's house is his castle.
u. Sir EDWARD COKE—*Third Institute.* P. 162.

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose.
v. Sir EDWARD COKE—*Semaynes' Case.* 5 Rep. 91.

At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.
w. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 191.

Who hath not met with home-made bread,
A heavy compound of putty and lead—
And home-made wines that rack the head,
And home-made liquors and waters?
Home-made pop that will not foam,
And home-made dishes that drive one from home—
* * * * * * * * *
Home-made by the homely daughters.
a. HOOD—*Miss Kilmansegg.*

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and a shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow;
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.
b. LEONIDAS—*Home.*

Subduing and subdued, the petty strife,
Which clouds the colour of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend.
c. HANNAH MORE—*Sensibility.*

By the fireside still the light is shining,
The children's arms round the parents twining
From love so sweet, O who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.
d. D. M. MULOCK—*A Shetland Fairy Tale.* Sc. 4.

There is no place like home.
e. J. HOWARD PAYNE—*Song. Home, Sweet Home.*

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.
f. POPE—*Ode on Solitude.* St. 1.

Fireside happiness to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
g. ROGERS—*Human Life.*

At night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!
h. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
i. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

This is my home of love.
j. *Sonnet CIX.*

While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.
k. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 1.

No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.
l. TENNYSON—*O Darling Room.*

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty; where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
m. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 65.

HONESTY.

He that departs with his own honesty
For vulgar praise, doth it too dearly buy.
n. BEN JONSON—*Epigram II.*

An honest man's the noblest work of God.
o. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 247.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
p. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

At many times I brought in my accounts;
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
q. *Timon of Athens.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of two thousand.
r. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.
s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Ham.—What's the news?
Ros.—None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.
Ham.—Then is dooms-day near.
t. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

"Honesty is the best policy." But he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.
u. ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

An Ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.
v. WOTTON—*A Panegyric to King Charles.*

HONOR.

Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
w. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 4.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education.
x. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 161.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway.
The post of honour is a private station.
y. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Whatever any one does or says, I must be good; just as if the emerald were always saying this: Whatever any one does or says, I must be emerald and keep my color.

a. Marcus Aurelius—VII. 15.

That chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound

b. Burke—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

As quick as lightning, in the breach
Just in the place where honor's lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honor than deep wounds before.

c. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 1067.

If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle bed.

d. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 1047.

Honor and fortune exist for him who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great, always feels himself in the presence of high causes.

e. Emerson—*Conduct of Life. Worship.*

Title and profit, I resign;
The post of honor shall be mine.

f. Gay—*The Vulture, the Sparrow, and other Birds.* Line 69.

Life without love can be borne, but life without honor never.

g. Anna Katharine Green—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. IV. Ch. XXXIX.

Your word is as good as the bank, sir.

h. Holcroft—*The Road to Ruin.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Great honours are great burdens, but on whom
They are cast with envy, he doth bear two loads.
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity.

i. Ben Jonson—*Catiline's Conspiracy.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Glory is sweet when our heart says to us that the wreath of honor ought to grace our head.

j. Krummacher.

Honour is purchas'd by deeds we do;
* * * * honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed is done.

k. Marlowe—*Hero and Leander. First Sistiad.*

When honor comes to you be ready to take it;
But reach not to seize it before it is near.

l. John Boyle O'Reilly—*Rules of the Road.*

Honour, the spur that pricks the princely mind,
To follow rule and climb the stately chair.

m. George Peele—*The Battle of Alcazar.* Act I.

We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.

n. Percy—*Winifreda*

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

o. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 193.

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names.

p. *King John.* Act I. Sc. 1.

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.

q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour.

r. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

s. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood by drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection!

t. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm?
No. Or take away the grief of a wound?
No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then?
No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour?

u. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men.

v. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

He's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy.

w. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Honour pricks me on.

y. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers.

z. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast.
a. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless.
b. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Let none presume
To wear an undeserv'd dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
c. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

Methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.
e. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 1.

See, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud.
f. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act. II. Sc. 1.

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word.
g. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.
h. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 5.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
i. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Honour sits smiling at the sale of truth.
j. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Canto IV. Line 218.

His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
k. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Elaine.* Line 886.

HOPE.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind supports the body too:
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope, the balm and lifeblood of the soul.
l. JOHN ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. IV. Line 310.

Our greatest good and what we least can spare
Is hope; the last of all our evils fear.
m. JOHN ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. IV. Line 318.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.
n. BICKERSTAFF—*Love in a Village.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing.
o. BURNS—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 16.

But still there clung
One hope, like a keen sword on starting threads uphung.
p. BYRON—*Revolt of Islam.*

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
q. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 45.

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.
r. COLERIDGE—*Work Without Hope.*

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
s. COLLINS—*Ode on the Passions.* Line 29.

Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
t. COLLINS—*Ode on the Passions.* Line 37.

Hopes have precarious life.
They are oft blighted, withered, snapped sheer off
In vigorous growth and turned to rottenness.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

While there is life, there's hope, he cried,
Then why such haste?—so groan'd and died.
v. GAY—*The Sick Man and the Angel.*

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.
w. GOLDSMITH—*The Captivity.* Act II. Sc. 1.

In all my wanderings through this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down.
x. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 83.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
y. GOLDSMITH—*Captivity. Song.*

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.
z. HEBER—*On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.*

Alas! what are the hopes of man, even when he concludes that things *must* alter for the better, seeing that they are at their worst? How is he to be quite sure, * * * that things *have* been at their worst?—that his cup of calamity, full as it seemed, is not to be succeeded by, or wonderfully expanded into, a still larger cup, with a remaining draught of bitterness?

a. LEIGH HUNT—*Men, Women, and Books. Carfington Blundell, Esquire.*

Where there is no hope there can be no endeavour.

b. SAM'L JOHNSON—*The Rambler.* No. 110.

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud;
Brightening the half-veil'd face of heaven afar:
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

c. KEATS—*Hope.* St. 8.

Don't cross the bridge till you come to it,
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

d. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having naught else but Hope.

e. LONGFELLOW—*Children of the Last Supper.* Line 227.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone.

f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. I.

Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me,
Wherefore I do not know; but strong is the feeling within me
That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten.

g. LONGFELLOW—*Tales of a Wayside Inn. The Theologian's Tale.* Pt. I.

Who bids me Hope, and in that charming word
Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

h. LORD LYTTLETON—*The Progress of Love. Hope.* Eclogue II. Line 41.

What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not what resolution from despair.

i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 190.

Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all.

j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 65.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.

k. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Line 95.

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.

l. PRIOR—*Solomon on the Vanity of the World.* Bk. III. Line 102.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons aim
At objects in an airy height;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

m. PRIOR—*To Hon. Chas. Montague.*

But years must pass before a hope of youth is resigned utterly.

n. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*A Pause of Thought.*

Hope dead lives nevermore,
No, not in heaven.

o. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Dead Hope.*

Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.

p. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto IV. St. 1.

The sickening pang of hope deferr'd.

q. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 22.

Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

r. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

s. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd.

t. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

u. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

v. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

w. SHELLEY—*Prometheus.* Act. IV. Plates.

Hope will make thee young, for Hope and Youth
Are children of one mother, even Love.

x. SHELLEY—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto VIII. St. 27.

Through the sunset of hope,
Like the shapes of a dream,
What paradise islands of glory gleam!

y. SHELLEY—*Hellas.*

Worse than despair,
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope.
a. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Through thick and thin both over banck and bush,
In hopes her to attaine by hooke or crooke.
b. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. St. 17.

The Golden Age is not behind, but before us.
c. ST. SIMON.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.
d. SUCKLING—*Against Fruition.*

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all—
And every winter change to spring.
e. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LIII.

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.
f. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LIII.

The mighty hopes that make us men.
g. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXXIV.

Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
h. HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS—*Julia, a Novel. To Hope.*

Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea.
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
i. WORDSWORTH—*Miscellaneous Sonnets.* Pt. I. St. 30.

Hopes what are they?—Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a straight and treacherous pass.
j. WORDSWORTH—*Hopes What are They? Beads of Morning.*

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits, and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.
k. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Line 1514.

HOSPITALITY.

So saying, with despatchful looks, in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 331.

For I, who hold Sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.
m. POPE—*Satire II.* Line 159.

I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You shoul l not ruffle thus.
n. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 7.

My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
o. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 4.

You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honour you
p. SHELLEY—*Hymn to Mercury.* St. 5.

HUMANITY.

Yet should one,
A single sufferer from the field escaped,
Panting and pale, and bleeding at his feet,
Lift his imploring eyes,—the hero weeps;
He is grown human, and capricious Pity,
Which would not stir for thousands, melts for one
With sympathy spontaneous:—'Tis not virtue,
Yet 'tis the weakness of a virtuous mind.
q. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*The Caterpillar.*

This is the porcelain clay of human kind.
r. DRYDEN—*Don Sebastian.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Every human heart is human.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Introduction.

I am a man, and I have an interest in everything that concerns humanity.
t. TERENCE—*The Self Tormenter.* Sc. 1.

But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.
u. WORDSWORTH—*Tintern Abbey.*

HUMILITY.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue,
And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest.
v. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history.
w. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

And be the Spartan's epitaph on me,—
Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.
x. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 10.

Extremes meet, and there is no better example than the haughtiness of humility.
y. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Greatness.*

Humility may be taken for granted as existing in every sane human being, but it may be that it most truly manifests itself to-day in the readiness with which we bow to new truths as they come from the scholars, the teachers, to whom the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding.
z. HOLMES—*Mechanism in Thought and Morals.*

God hath sworn to lift on high
Who sinks himself by true humility.
a. KEBLE—*Miscellaneous Poems. At Hooker's Tomb.*

O be very sure
That no man will learn anything at all,
Unless he first will learn humility.
b. OWEN MEREDITH—*Vanini.*

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 34.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
d. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 31.

Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.
e. MOORE—*Loves of the Angels. Third Angel's Story.* St. 11.

I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs.
f. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 268.

Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved others' names, but left his own unsung.
g. SCOTT—*Waverley.* Ch. XIII.

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
h. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Love and meekness, my lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away.
i. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Humility is to make a right estimate of one's self. It is no humility for a man to think less of himself than he ought, though it might rather puzzle him to do that.
j. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Humility.*

The higher a man is in grace, the lower he will be in his own esteem.
k. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. The Right Estimate.*

HUMOR.

Humor has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius.
l. CARLYLE—*Essays. Schiller.*

I never dare to write
As funny as I can.
m. HOLMES—*The Height of the Ridiculous.*

Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
n. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.
o. ANONYMOUS.

HUNGER.

Hunger is sharper than the sword.
p. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Honest Man's Fortune.* Act II. Sc. 2

Bone and skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.
q. BYRON—*Epigram on Two Monopolists.*

But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey.
r. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 67.

Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings.
t. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave.
u. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 393.

Hunger is the best seasoning for meat.
v. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.* Bk. II. Pt. XXVIII.

HUSBAND.

And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away."
w. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 141.

The lover in the husband may be lost.
x. LORD LYTTLETON—*Advice to a Lady.* Line 112.

God is thy law, thou mine.
y. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 637.

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
z. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 167.

To thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.
aa. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 195.

With thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.
bb. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 290.

If our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a Husband that will make amends,
He draws him gentle, tender and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.

a. POPE—*Epilogue to Rowe's Jane Shore.*

The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country.

b. POPE—*Epilogue to Rowe's Jane Shore.*

If I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands.

c. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office.

d. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance.

e. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

No worse a husband than the best of men.

f. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act. II. Sc. 2.

That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty.

g. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

HYPOCRISY.

The veil
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times,
To hide the feeling heart.

h. AKENSIDE—*Pleasures of Imagination.* Bk. II. Line 49.

Some hypocrites and seeming mortified men, that held down their heads like bulrushes, were like the little images that they place in the very bowing of the vaults of churches, that look as if they held up the church, but are but puppets.

i. BACON—*Apothegms.* No. 273.

When a man puts on a Character he is a stranger to, there's as much difference between what he appears, and what he is really in himself, as there is between a Vizor and a Face.

j. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. II.

Saint abroad, and a devil at home.

k. BUNYAN—*Pilgrim's Progress.* Pt. I.

Be hypocritical, be courteous, be
Not what you seem but always what you see.

l. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XI. St. 85.

I am not love, what I appear.

m. BYRON—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 14.

Oh for a forty-parson power to chant
Thy praise Hypocrisy! Oh for a hymn
Loud as the virtues thou dost loudly vaunt.
Not practise!

n. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto X. St. 34.

And prate and preach about what others prove,
As if the world and they were hand and glove.

o. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 173.

A hypocrite is in himself both the archer and the mark, in all actions shooting at his own praise or profit.

p. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Hypocrite.*

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

q. GAY—*The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.* Line 33.

Thus 'tis with all; their chief and constant care
Is to seem everything but what they are.

r. GOLDSMITH—*Epilogue to The Sisters.* Line 25.

But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropped manna; and could make the worst appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.

s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 112.

Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth.

t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 682.

So clomb the first grand thief into God's fold:
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.

u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 192.

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in.

v. POLLOK—Bk. VIII. Line 616.

Constant at Church and Change; his gains were sure;
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

w. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 347.

Grant the bad what happiness they would;
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

x. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 92.

Not he who scorns the Saviour's yoke
Should wear his cross upon the heart.

y. SCHILLER—*The Fight with the Dragon.* St. 24.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

z. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

God hath given you one face, and you
Make yourselves another.
a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.
b. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever a dragon keep so fair a cave?
d. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
e. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
* * * * * * * *
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.
f. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

With devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
h. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

How inexpressible is the meanness of being a hypocrite! how horrible is it to be a mischievous and malignant hypocrite.
i, Voltaire—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Philosopher.* Sec. 1.

A man I knew who lived upon a smile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair,
While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.
j. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 336.

I.

IDLENESS.

Idleness is emptiness; the tree in which the sap is stagnant, remains fruitless.
k. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermons.*

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as when it stands.
l. Cowper—*Retirement.*

Idly busy rolls their world away.
m. Goldsmith—*The Traveller.* Line 256.

What heart can think, or tongue express,
The harm that groweth of idleness?
n. John Heywood—*Idleness.*

Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.
o. Pope—*Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 341.

I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardis'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
p. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary woe:
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering steps and slow;
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.
q. Thomson—*Castle of Indolence.*

There is no remedy for time misspent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
r. Sir Aubrey de Vere—*A Song of Faith, Devout Exercises, and Sonnets.*

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
s. Watts—*Divine Songs.* Song XX.

IGNORANCE.

Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.
t. Beattie—*The Minstrel.* Bk. II. St. 30.

Those who without knowing us enough, think ill of us, do us no wrong; they attack not us, but the fantom of their own Imagination.
u. De La Bruyere—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XII.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride and annoyance.
v. Butler—*Hudibras.*

Ignorance seldom vaults into knowledge, but passes into it through an intermediate state of obscurity, even as night into day through twilight.
w. Coleridge—Essay XVI.

Ignorance never settles a question.
x. Disraeli (Earl of Beaconsfield)—*Speech in House of Commons,* May 14, 1866.

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me.
a. DRYDEN—*The Maiden Queen.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Ignorance gives us a large range of probabilities.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. II. Ch. XIII.

Ignorance is the dominion of absurdity.
c. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance.
d. GOETHE—*Opinions.*

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.
e. GRAY—*Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.
f. HOOD—*I Remember, I Remember.*

The living man who does not learn, is dark, dark, like one walking in the night.
g. MING SUM PAOU KEËN—Trans. for *Chinese Repository* by Dr. Wm. Milne.

A man may live long, and die at last in ignorance of many truths, which his mind was capable of knowing, and that with certainty.
h. LOCKE—*Human Understanding.* Bk. I. Ch. II.

The most ignorant are the most conceited. Unless a man knows that there is something more to be known, his inference is, of course, that he knows everything. * * * * But let a man know that there are things to be known, of which he is ignorant, and it is so much carved out of his domain of universal knowledge.
i. HORACE MANN—*Lectures on Education.* Lecture VI.

Not to know me argues yourself unknown,
The lowest of your throng.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 830.

Better to be unborn than untaught: for ignorance is the root of misfortune.
k. PLATO.

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.
l. PRIOR—*To the Hon. Chas. Montague.*

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 7.

Madam, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.
n. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!
o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

That unlettered, small-knowing soul.
p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There is no darkness but ignorance.
q. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity.
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Ignorance is the mother of devotion.
s. JEREMY TAYLOR—*Letter to a Person Newly Converted.*

Shilkspur? Shilkspur? Who wrote it?
No, I never read Shilkspur.
Then you have an immense pleasure to come.
t. TOWNLEY—*High Life Below Stairs.* Act II. Sc. 1.

IMAGINATION.

Imagination is the air of mind.
u. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour-splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.
v. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 225.

To those who see only with their eyes, the distant is always indistinct and little, becoming less and less as it recedes, till utterly lost; but to the imagination, which thus reverses the perspective of the senses, the far off is great and imposing, the magnitude increasing with the distance.
w. MRS. JAMESON—*Studies. Detached Thoughts.*

Two meanings have our highest fantasies,
One of the flesh, and of the spirit one.
x. LOWELL—*Sonnet XXXIV.*

Imagination rules the world.
y. NAPOLEON.

With its gray column to yon' sapphire Cloud
Stealing in Stillness the calm Mind ascends—
The unruffled Line, tho' lost amid the Shroud
Of Heaven, in Fancy rising, never ends!
Thus ever may my tranquil Spirit rise
Free from the Gust of Passion—to the Skies!
z. POLWHELE—*Pictures of Nature.*

At the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away.
aa. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 225.

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
a. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

A wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores.
b. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

In my minds eye, Horatio.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
d. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
e. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation ecstasy.
g. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand;
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world
And home bound fancy runs her bark ashore.
h. Henry Taylor—*Philip Van Artevelde.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 5.

IMMORTALITY.

It must be so—Plato thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter
And intimates Eternity to man.
i. Addison—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
j. Addison—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

No, no! The energy of life may be
Kept in after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he;
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.
k. Matthew Arnold—*Immortality.* St. 4.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven.
l. Sir Thomas Browne—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end.
m. Sir Thomas Browne—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

Immortality is the glorious discovery of Christianity.
n. Channing—*Immortality.*

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.
o. Cicero.

One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.
p. Donne—*Sonnet.*

But all lost things are in the angels' keeping,
Love;
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,
Love;
The years of heaven will all earth's little pain
Make good,
Together there we can begin again
In babyhood.
q. Helen Hunt—*At Last.* St. 6.

I came from God, and I'm going back to God, and I won't have any gaps of death in the middle of my life.
r. George MacDonald—*Mary Marston.* Ch. LVII.

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies.)
s. Montgomery—*The Wanderer of Switzerland.* Pt. V.

Immortality
Alone could teach this mortal how to die.
t. D. M. Mulock—*Looking Death in the Face.*

All men desire to be immortal.
u. Theodore Parker—*A Sermon of Immortal Life.*

I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.
a. *Pericles.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal.
b. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever;
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthy praise, and vertues dying never,
Though death his soul do from his body sever:
And thou thyself herein shalt also live,
Such grace the heavens do to my verses give.
c. SPENSER—*The Ruines of Time.* Line 253.

Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.
d. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXVI.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.
e. WORDSWORTH—*Intimations of Immortality.* St. 2.

'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
That only, and that empty, this performs.
f. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 573.

IMPATIENCE.

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the fox-glove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.
g. JEAN INGELOW—*Song of Seven. Seven Times Two.*

I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours.
h. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

IMPOSSIBILITY.

It is not a lucky word this same *impossible;* no good comes of those that have it so often in their mouth.
i. CARLYLE—*French Revolution.* Pt. III. Bk. III. Ch. X.

And what's impossible, can't be,
And never, never comes to pass.
GEO. COLEMAN, JR.—*The Maid of the Moor.*

Hope not for impossibilities.
k. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Expecting Preferment.*

It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
l. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

INCONSTANCY.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid.
m. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. Sc. 209.

More bitter far than all
It was to know that Love could change and die!—
Hush! for the ages call,
"The Love of God lives through eternity,
And conquers all!"
n. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*Triumph of Time.*

As one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
o. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
p. *Sonnet CXVI.*

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

They are not constant; but are changing still.
r. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 5.

INDEPENDENCE.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee.
s. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 113.

The whole trouble is that we won't let God help us.
a. George MacDonald—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XXVII.

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
b. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
c. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear;
Your favours, nor your hate.
d. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Thy spirit Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
e. Tobias Smollett—*Ode to Independence.*

Are there no flowers on earth, in heaven no stars,
That we must place in such low things our trust?
f. Sir Aubrey de Vere (The Younger)—*Sonnet. Independence.*

Independence now, and Independence forever.
g. Daniel Webster—*Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.*

INDEXES.

I certainly think that the best book in the world would owe the most to a good Index, and the worst book, if it had but a single good thought in it, might be kept alive by it.
h. Horace Binney—*To S. Austin Allibone.*

An Index is a necessary implement. * * Without this, a large author is but a labyrinth without a clue to direct the readers within.
i. Fuller—*Worthies of England.*

How Index learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.
j. Pope—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 279.

Those authors, whose subjects require them to be voluminous, will do well; if they would be remembered as long as possible, not to omit a duty which authors in general, but especially modern authors neglect—that of appending to their works a good Index.
k. Henry Rogers—*The Vanity and Glory of Literature.*

INDIFFERENCE.

I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.
l. Bickerstaff—*Love in a Village.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Cares not a pin
What they said, or may say.
m. Pope—*Epitaph.*

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. Gods me, my horse!
n. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently.
o. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

You care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!
p. *Henry IV.* Part I. Act II. Sc. 4.

INFLUENCE.

He spake, and into every heart his words
Carried new strength and courage.
q. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. V. Line 586.

Witnesses, like watches go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And where in conscience they're strait lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
r. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 361.

No act of a man, no Thing (how much less the man himself!) is extinguished when it disappears, through considerable time it still visibly works, though done and vanished.
s. Carlyle—*Essays. The Diamond Necklace.* Ch. XIV.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.
t. Carlyle—*Essays. Varnhagen von Ense's Memoirs.*

Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is affected by the licentious passions and vices of great men, so it is likewise reformed by their moderation.
u. Cicero.

He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.
v. Dryden—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 169.

Blessed influence, of one true loving human soul on another.
w. George Eliot—*Janet's Repentance.* Ch. XIX.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
a. GEORGE ELIOT—*O May I Join the Choir Invisible.*

I am not aware that payment or even favours, however gracious, bind any man's soul and conscience in questions of highest morality and highest public importance.
b. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Health and Education. George Buchanan.*

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it.
c. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Charles Sumner.* St. 9.

I want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when he thought of you first.
e. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XXII.

You've got to save your own soul first, and then the souls of your neighbors, if they will let you; and for that reason you must cultivate not a spirit of criticism, but the talents that attract people to the hearing of the Word.
f. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XXVII.

No life
Can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
g. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 40.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.
h. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 390.

He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
i. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 3.

I am a part of all that I have met.
j. TENNYSON—*Ulysses.* Line 18.

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.
k. DANIEL WEBSTER—*The First Settlement of New England.*

Whose powers shed round him, in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace.
l. WORDSWORTH—*Character of the Happy Warrior.*

INGRATITUDE.

Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
m. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* St. 4.

Ingratitude 's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
n. GARTH—*Epistle to the Earl of Godolphin.* Line 27.

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
o. GIBBONS—*When Jesus Dwelt.*

All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top.
p. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
* * * * * *
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
q. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7. *Song.*

Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things 'tis called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
r. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 2.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice.
t. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude.
u. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!
a. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.
b. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness!
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
d. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

What! would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
e. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

INNOCENCE.

What can Innocence hope for,
When such as sit her judges are corrupted?
f. Massinger—*Maid of Honour.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!
g. *Written on a window by Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark.*

He's armed without that's innocent within.
h. Pope—*Epistle of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk. I. Line 94.

Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
i. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. I.

Innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.
j. *Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning of love's conference.
k. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 3.

We were twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun.
And bleat the one at the other. What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did.
l. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O, white innocence,
That thou shouldst wear the mask of guilt to hide
Thine awful and serenest countenance
From those who know thee not!
m. Shelley—*The Cenci.* Act V. Sc. 3.

INSANITY.

There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know.
n. Dryden—*Spanish Friar.* Act II. St. 1.

The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye.
o. Emerson—*Essay. Of Behaviour.*

O, hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes, I see his glaring eyes;
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes.
Help! Help! He's gone!—O fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain,—I know, I know
I am *not* mad but soon *shall be.*
p. Matthew Gregory Lewis ("Monk Lewis")—*The Maniac.*

Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
q. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself.
r. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

It shall be so;
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
s. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true.
t. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.
u. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

We are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body.
v. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
w. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

INSECTS.

I'd be a Butterfly born in a bow'r,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet.
x. Thomas Haynes Bayly—*I'd be a Butterfly.*

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his winter song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violets lips,
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness closely pressed
Within the poison chalice.

a. Anne C. Lynch Botta—*The Lesson of the Bee.*

Fair insect! that with threadlike legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about;
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

b. Bryant—*To a Mosquito.*

What gained we, little moth? Thy ashes,
Thy one brief parting pang may show:
And withering thoughts for soul that dashes
From deep to deep, are but a death more slow.

c. Carlyle—*Tragedy of the Night Moth.*

A subtle spider which doth sit,
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide,
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.

d. Sir John Davies—*Immortality of the Soul.*

Burly, dozing humblebee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek.
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!

e. Emerson—*The Humble-Bee.*

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
* * * * * *
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.

f. Emerson—*The Humblebee.*

Glowworms on the ground are moving,
As if in the torch-dance circling.

g. Heine—*Book of Songs. Donna Clara.*

The beauteous dragonfly's dancing
By the waves of the rivulet glancing;
She dances here and she dances there,
The glimmering, glittering flutterer fair.

h. Heine—*Latest Poems. The Dragonfly.*

With the rose the butterfly's deep in love,
A thousand times hovering round;
But round himself all tender like gold,
The sun's sweet ray is hovering found.

i. Heine—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 7.

"O bees, sweet bees!" I said, "that nearest field
Is shining white with fragrant immortelles.
Fly swiftly there and drain those honey wells."

j. Helen Hunt—*My Bees.*

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

k. Keats—*On the Grasshopper and Cricket.*

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the grasshopper's,—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

l. Keats—*On the Grasshopper and Cricket.*

Listen! O, listen!
Here ever hum the golden bees
Underneath full-blossomed trees,
At once with glowing fruit and flowers crowned.

m. Lowell—*The Sirens.*

The fireflies o'er the meadow
In pulses come and go.

n. Lowell—*Midnight.*

The gold barr'd butterflies to and fro
And over the waterside wander'd and wove
As heedless and idle as clouds that rove
And drift by the peaks of perpetual snow.

o. Joaquin Miller—*Songs of the Sun-Lands. Isles of the Amazons.* Pt. III. St. 41.

The gay motes that people the sun-beams.

p. Milton—*Il Penseroso.* Line 8.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

q. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 217.

Often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-winged Eagle.

r. *Cymbeline*—Act III. Sc. 3.

So work the honey-bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesties, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

s. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The crows, and choughs, that wing the mid-
way air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles.
a. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
b. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
d. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The solitary Bee,
Whose buzzing was the only sound of life,
Flew there on restless wing,
Seeking in vain one flower whereon to fix.
e. Southey—*Thalaba.* Bk. VI. St. 13.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em.
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
f. Swift—*Poetry. A Rapsody.*

Some hand, that never meant to do thee
hurt,
Has crushed thee here between these pages
pent;
But thou hast left thine own fair monument,
Thy wings gleam out and tell me what thou
wert:
Oh! that the memories which survive us
here
Were half so lovely as these wings of thine!
Pure relics of a blameless life, that shine
Now thou art gone.
g. Charles (Tennyson) Turner—*On
Finding a Small Fly Crushed in a
Book.*

The little bee returns with evening's gloom,
To join her comrades in the braided hive,
Where, housed beside their mighty honey-
comb,
They dream their polity shall long survive.
h. Charles (Tennyson) Turner—*A
Summer Night in the Bee Hive.*

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.
i. Watts—*Song.* 20.

The Katy-did works her chromatic reed on
the walnut tree over the well.
j. Walt Whitman—*Leaves of Grass.
Walt. Whitman.* Pt. XXXIII.
St. 195.

Stay near me—do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!
A solemn image to my heart.
k. Wordsworth—*To a Butterfly.*

INSTINCT.

Honest Instinct comes a volunteer;
Sure never to o'er shoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short in human wit.
l. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III.
Line 85.

Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.
m. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

INTELLECT.

The hand that follows intellect can achieve.
n. Michael Angelo—*The Artist.*
(Trans. by Longfellow.)

It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to confirm whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false; this is the mark and character of intelligence.
o. Emerson. *Essay. The Over-Soul.*

The growth of the intellect is spontaneous in every expansion. The mind that grows could not predict the time, the means, the mode of that spontaneity. God enters by a private door into every individual.
p. Emerson—*Essay. Intellect.*

The growth of the intellect is strictly analogous in all individuals.
q. Emerson—*Literary Ethics.*

Works of the intellect are great only by comparison with each other.
r. Emerson—*Literary Ethics.*

Thou living ray of intellectual Fire.
s. Falconer—*The Shipwreck.* Canto I.
Line 104.

The more we know of any one ground of knowledge, the farther we see into the general domains of intellect.
t. Leigh Hunt—*Men, Women, and
Books.*

Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land.
u. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. I.
Ch. VIII.

A man is not a wall, whose stones are crushed upon the road; or a pipe, whose fragments are thrown away at a street corner. The fragments of an intellect are always good.
v. Georges Sand—*Handsome Lawrence.*
Ch. II.

The march of intellect.

a. SOUTHEY—*Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society.* Vol. II. P. 360.

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are alternately answered.

b. DANIEL WEBSTER—*Address at the Laying of the Corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.*

INTEMPERANCE.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make me scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae w'll face the devil.

c. BURNS—*Tam O'Shanter.* Line 105.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication:
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
The hopes, of all men and of every nation;
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk
Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion:
But to return,—Get very drunk; and when
You wake with headache, you shall see what then.

d. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 229.

Ha!—see where the wild-blazing Grog-Shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell,
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years
The horrible Light-House of Hell!

e. M'DONALD CLARKE—*The Rum Hole.*

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call.

f. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 510.

Shall I, to please another wine-sprung minde,
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure
Short of his canne, and bodie; must I finde
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure?

g. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.* St. 7.

Touch the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore
To its very core!

h. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drougth of Phœbus, which as they taste
(For most do taste, through fond intem'prate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some bruitish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty!

i. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 64.

When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Line 507.

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

k. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I have drunk but one cup to-night, * * and, behold, what innovation it makes here; I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

l. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

m. *Othello.* Act II. Sc 3.

I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet.

n. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!

o. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Now in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

p. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 1.

O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!

q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

r. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Oli.—What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo.—Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

s. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Drunkenness is an immoderate affection and use of drink. That I call immoderate that is besides or beyond that order of good things for which God hath given us the use of drink,

a. JEREMY TAYLOR—*Holy Living.* Ch. II. Pt. 2.

ISLANDS.

O, its a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!

b. DIBDIN—*The Snug Little Island.*

An island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and seamews clang.

c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 834.

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

d. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 2.

J.

JEALOUSY.

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is—to watch the success of our enemy; its wages—to be sure of it.

e. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love.

f. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. I. Ch. X.

Jealousy is never satisfied with anything short of an omniscience that would detect the subtlest fold of the heart.

g. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VI. Ch. XI.

Oh jealousie! thou art nurst in hell:
Depart from hence, and therein dwell.

h. *Folio collection, entitled "The Theatre of God's Judgments,"* by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor. 1642. Pt. II. P. 89.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow,
The amber sweet of love is turn'd to gall!
Gloomy was Heaven; bright Phœbus did avow
He would be coy, and would not love at all;
Swearing no greater mischief could be wrought,
Than love united to a jealous thought.

i. ROBERT GREENE—*Jealousy.*

Jealousy is said to be the offspring of Love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.

j. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

k. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

If I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.

l. *Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.

m. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous.

n. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 4.

O, beware, my lord of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

o. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt!

p. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Trifles, light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

q. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Entire affection hateth nicer hands.

r. SPENSER—*Faerie Queen.* Bk. I. Canto VIII. St. 40.

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmixed, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise.

s. THOMSON—*The Seasons.* *Spring.* Line 1072.

JESTING.

As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, any case that deserveth pity.

t. BACON—*Essays.* *Civil and Moral.*

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.
a. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Jesting.*

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word.
b. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Jesting.*

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken.
c. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Jesting.*

Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest,
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
d. SAM'L JOHNSON—*London.* Line 165.

Joking decides great things
Stronglier and better oft than earnest can.
e. MILTON—*Trans. of Horace.* Satire I. 10, 14.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester;
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 5.

I do not like this fooling.
h. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Jesters do often prove prophets.
i. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

JEWS.

The Jews are among the aristocracy of every land; if a literature is called rich in the possession of a few classic tragedies, what shall we say to a national tragedy lasting for fifteen hundred years, in which the poets and the actors were also the heroes.
j. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VI. Ch. XLII.

The Jews spend at Easter.
k. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

JOY.

The joy late coming late departs.
m. LEWIS J. BATES—*Some Sweet Day.*

An Infant when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping,
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.
n. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 196.

There's not a joy the world can give
Like that it takes away.
o. BYRON—*Stanzas for Music.*

Patience is good, but joy is best!
p. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Two Ways to Love.*

Our joy is dead, and only smiles on us.
q. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

The most profound joy has more of gravity than gaity in it.
r. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. II. Ch. XX.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remember'd joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were,—they are,—they yet shall be.
s. MONTGOMERY—*The Little Cloud.*

Joys too exquisite to last,
And yet more exquisite when past.
t. MONTGOMERY—*The Little Cloud.*

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which sooneth take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angel's visits short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.
u. JOHN NORRIS—*The Parting.*

If those who have died of joy had but been softened by thankfully gazing aloft, they would either not have died at all, or at least would have died of a sweet rapture.
v. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch II.

I wish you all the joy that you can wish.
w *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.
x. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

I have drunken deep of joy,
And I will taste no other wine to-night.
y. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act I. Sc. 3.

There is a sweet joy which comes to us through sorrow.
z. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Sweetness in Sorrow.*

And often, glad no more
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.
a. WORDSWORTH—*The Fountain.*

Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt
YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 835.

JUDGES.

Judges ought to be more learned than witty; more reverent than plausible, and more advised than confident: Above all things, integrity is their portion and proper virtue.
c. BACON—*Essay. Of Judicature.*

Make not thyself the judge of any man.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Masic of Pandora. In the Garden.*

The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine.
e. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 21.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offenses weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
h. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

To offend and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge?
j. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

You are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Four things belong to a judge: to hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to decide impartially.
l. SOCRATES.

JUDGMENT.

On you, my lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate.
m. ADDISON—*Lines to the King.* Line 21.

Cruel and cold is the judgment of man,
Cruel as winter, and cold as the snow;
But by-and-by will the deed and the plan
Be judged by the motive that lieth below.
n. LEWIS J. BATES—*By-And-By.*

Mortal vision is a grievous bar
To perfect judgment.
o. GEO. H. BOKER—*To the Memory of M. A. R.*

Next to sound Judgment, Diamonds and Pearls are the rarest things to be met with.
p. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XII.

My friend, judge not me,
Thou seest I judge not thee;
Betwixt the stirrup and the ground
Mercy I askt, mercy I found.
q. CAMDEN—*Remaines Concerning Britaine.* 1636. P. 392.

Woe to him, * * who has no court of appeal against the world's judgment.
r. CARLYLE—*Essays. Mirabeau.*

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.
s. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommman)—Trans. *Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 342.

We judge others according to results; how else?—not knowing the process by which results are arrived at.
t. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VII. Ch. II.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind.
u. GAY—*The Turkey and the Ant.* Pt. I. Line 1.

So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.
v. GAY—*The What D'ye Call 't.* Act II. Sc. 9.

He that judges without informing himself to the utmost that he is capable, cannot acquit himself of judging amiss.
w. LOCKE—*Human Understanding.* Bk. II. Ch. XXI.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while, others judge us by what we have already done.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. I.

Thou attended gloriously from heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
Thy summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 363.

There written, all
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere mercy weeps them out again.
c. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.* St. 28.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
d. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 9.

I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man.
e. SENECA—*On a Happy Life.* Ch. I.

We shall be judged, not by what we might have been, but what we have been.
f. SEWELL—*Passing Thoughts on Religion. Sympathy in Gladness.*

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel.
g. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Forbear to judge for we are sinners all.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 3.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
i. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown
When judges have been babes.
j. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are?
k. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment.
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.
m. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 11.

I stand for judgment: answer: shall I have it?
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
o. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

O judgment, thou art fled to bruitish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!
p. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The jury passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.
q. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.
r. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once, weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act.
s. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 2.

JUSTICE.

Justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is always therefore represented as blind.
t. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 99.

There is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice.
u. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 99.

The virtue of justice consists in moderation, as regulated by wisdom.
v. ARISTOTLE.

Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society; and any departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all.
w. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

So Justice while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.
x. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Canto II. Pt. I. Line 1177.

Amongst the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own.
y. CHURCHILL—*Epistle to Hogarth.* Line I.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency in giving them no offence.
z. CICERO.

Justice is a habit of the mind which attributes its proper dignity to everything, preserving a due regard to the general welfare.
aa. CICERO—*Treatise on Rhetorical Invention.*

Be just in all thy actions; and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind.
bb. DENHAM—*Of Prudence.*

Give the devil his due.
cc. DRYDEN—*Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.*

Justice without wisdom is impossible.
dd. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

The gods
Grow angry with your patience. 'Tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.
a. BEN JONSON—*Catiline.* Act III. Sc. 5.

One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up.
b. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XLII.

God deigns not to discuss
With our impatient and o'erweening wills
His times, and ways of working out through us
Heaven's slow but sure redress of human ills.
c. OWEN MEREDITH—*Müntzer to Martin Luther.*

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men
d. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 293.

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 77.

And not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
f. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
g. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

He will give the devil his due.
h. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
i. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that; I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.
j. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Impartial are your eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
k. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.
l. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

O, I were damn'd beyond all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity.
m. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.
n. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

There is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.
o. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 3.

This bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh.
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.—He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murtherer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.
q. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

This shows you are above,
Your justicers; that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!
r. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
s. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Use every man after his desert, and who should
'Scape whipping!
t. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What's open made
To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon and never think of it.
u. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

K.

KINDNESS.

Swift kindnesses are best; a long delay
In kindness takes the kindness all away.
a. *Greek Anthology.*

Kindness is wisdom. There is none in life
But needs it and may learn.
b. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand.
c. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Kindness.*

Mindful not of herself.
d. Longfellow—*Elizabeth.* St. 4.

Though he was rough, he was kindly.
e. Longfellow—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. III.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.
f. Massey—*There's no Dearth of Kindness.*

Fraternity is the reciprocal affection, the sentiment which inclines man to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him.
g. Mazzini—*Young Europe. General Principles.* No. 2.

And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
E'en to the ashes of the just, is kind.
h. Pope's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XXIV. Line 523.

When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying,—"What lack you?"—and,—"Where lies your grief?"
i. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.
j. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
k. Tennyson—*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.* St. 7.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.
l. Wordsworth—*Tintern Abbey.*

KISSES.

Blush, happy maiden, when you feel
The lips which press love's glowing seal;
But as the slow years darklier roll,
Grown wiser, the experienced soul
Will own as dearer far than they
The lips which kiss the tears away!
m. Elizabeth Akers—*Kisses.*

But is there nothing else,
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.
n. Beaumont and Fletcher—*A King and No King.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

I was betrothed that day;
I wore a troth-kiss on my lips I could not give away.
o. E. B. Browning—*Lay of the Brown Rosary.* Pt. II.

Thy lips which spake wrong counsel, I kiss close.
p. E. B. Browning—*Drama of Exile.* Sc. *Farther on, &c.*

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.
q. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 186.

Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest.
r. Byron—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 2.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past—
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove—
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.
s. Byron—*The First Kiss of Love.*

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily;
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,—
Then bind Love to last forever!
t. Campbell—*The First Kiss.*

Love's great artillery.
u. Crashaw—*On a Prayer Book.*

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.
v. Dodsley—*The Parting Kiss.*

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.
w. Drayton—*Poems.*

I long to kiss the image of my death.
x. Drummond—*Sonnet.*

Kisses honeyed by oblivion.
a. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

The kiss you take is paid by that you give:
The joy is mutual, and I'm still in debt.
b. GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne)—*Heroic Love.*

Tell me who first did kisses suggest?
It was a mouth all glowing and blest;
It kiss'd and it thought of nothing beside,
The fair month of May was then in its pride,
The flowers were all from the earth fast springing,
The sun was laughing, the birds were singing.
c. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* Prologue. No. 25.

A soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
d. BEN JONSON—*Volpone; or, the Fox.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
e. BEN JONSON—*The Forest. To Celia.*

What is a kiss? Alacke! at worst,
A single Dropp to quenche a Thirst,
Tho' oft it prooves in happie Hour,
The first swete Dropp of our long Showre.
f. LELAND—*In the Old Time.*

The kiss in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
g. MACAULAY—*Lays of Ancient Rome. Virginia.* Line 138.

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss.
h. MACAULAY—*Lays of Ancient Rome. Virginia.* Line 175.

I throw a kiss across the sea,
I drink the winds as drinking wine,
And dream they are all blown from thee,
I catch the whisper'd kiss of thine.
i. JOAQUIN MILLER—*England.* 1871.

Grow to my lips thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more.
j. MOORE—*The Kiss.*

One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!
k. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

Come hither sweet maiden, come hither to me,
And bring of good wine a full measure with thee;
And give me a kiss for the kiss I will give thee,
And do not deceive, and I will not deceive thee.
l. HASZUOS MULATSAGOK—*The Kiss.*

Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
m. POPE—*Summer.* Line 45.

Thou knowest the maiden who ventures to kiss a sleeping man, wins of him a pair of gloves.
n. SCOTT—*Fair Maid of Perth.* Ch. V.

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.
o. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.
p *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 4.

I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

I'll take that winter from your lips.
r. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married.
s. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 2.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.
t. *Henry IV.* Part I. Act III. Sc. 1.

Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career of laughter with a sigh?
u. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear.
v. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
w. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were foresworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.
x. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 1. *Song.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
y. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it.
z. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
a. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
c. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
d. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.
e. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 4.

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love.
f. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy.
g. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1,

We have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
h. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 8.

Why, then we'll make exchange; here, take you this,
And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
i. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 2.

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life.
j. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 4.

You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.
k. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
When soul meets soul on lover's lips.
l. SHELLEY—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act. IV.

Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive.
m. SHELLEY—*Adonais.* St. 26.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.
n. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 19.

Once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.
o. TENNYSON—*Fatima.* St. 3.

The long, loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep.
p. THOMSON—*The Seasons Winter.* Line 625.

A kiss from my mother made me a painter.
q. BENJAMIN WEST.

KNOWLEDGE.

I would rather excel others in knowledge than in power.
r. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 3.

Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.
s. ADDISON—*The Guardain.* No. 3.

Surely at last, far off, sometimes, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.
t. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. IV. Line 313.

All knowledge, and wonder (which is the seed of knowledge) is an impression of pleasure in itself.
u. BACON—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. I.

Knowledge is power.
v. BACON—*Meditationes Sacræ. De Heresibus.*

Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.
w. *Title given by Lord Brougham to a book published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.*

Knowledge by suffering entereth;
And life is perfected by Death!
x. E. B. BROWNING—*A Vision of Poets.* Conclusion. St. 37.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.
y. BURNS—*Address to Unco Guid.*

Deep sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences.
z. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 533.

Knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
aa. BYRON—*Manfred.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime.

a. BYRON—*Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 1.

Love is ever the beginning of Knowledge, as fire is of light.

b. CARLYLE—*Essay. Death of Goethe.*

What is all Knowledge too but recorded Experience, and a product of History; of which, therefore, Reasoning and Belief, no less than Action and Passion, are essential materials?

c. CARLYLE—*Essay. On History.*

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.

d. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

e. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 88.

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

f. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 96.

Knowledge comes
Of learning well retain'd, unfruitful else.

g. DANTE—*Vision of Paradise.* Canto V. Line 41.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.

h. DAVENANT—*The Just Italian.* Act V. Sc. 1.

To adorn ideas with elegance is an act of the mind superior to that of receiving them; but to receive them with a happy discrimination is the effect of a practiced taste.

i. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. On Reading.*

Knowledge is the antidote to fear,—
Knowledge, Use and Reason, with its higher aids.

j. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Courage.*

Knowledge is the knowing that we cannot know.

k. EMERSON—*Montaigne.*

Our knowledge is the amassed thought and experience of innumerable minds.

l. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

There is no knowledge that is not power.

m. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Old Age.*

Our knowledge doth but show us our ignorance. Our most studious scrutiny is but a discovery of what we cannot know.

n. OWEN FELTHAM—*Curiosity in Knowledge.*

Knowledge may be defined the perception of truth, or, in the language of Aristotle, the science of truth: and, consequently, he who acquires knowledge, perceives or acquires truth.

o. GOOD—*The Book of Nature.* Series III. Lecture IV.

The first step to self-knowledge is self-distrust. Nor can we attain to any kind of knowledge, except by a like process.

p. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

A desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.

q. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Conversation on Saturday, July 30. 1763.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

r. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1776.

That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.

s. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1770.

An humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after knowledge.

t. THOMAS À KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

The only jewel which will not decay is knowledge.

u. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

The improvement of the understanding is for two ends: first, for our own increase of knowledge; secondly, to enable us to deliver and make out that knowledge to others.

v. LOCKE—*Some Thoughts, Concerning Reading and Study.*

He that seeketh the depth of knowledge: is as it were in a *Laborinth*, in the which ye farther he goeth, the farther he is from the end.

w. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

It is only knowledge, which worne with yeares waxeth young, and when all things are cut away with the Cicle [sickle] of Time, knowledge flourisheth so high that Time cannot reach it.

x. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power.
a. Mann—*Lectures and Reports on Education.* Lecture I.

The maxim 'Know thyself' does not suffice;
Know others!—know them well—that's my advice.
b. Menander.

Only by knowledge of that which is not Thyself, shall thyself be learned.
c. Owen Meredith—*Know Thyself.*

I went into the temple there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge, or their own.
d. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 211.

All things I thought I knew; but now confess
The more I know I know, I know the less.
e. Owen—Bk. VI. 39.

Thou mayest of double ignorance boast,
Who know'st that thou nothing know'st.
f. Owen—*On one Ignorant and Arrogant.* Trans. by Cowper.

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
g. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 40.

How the best state to know? it is found out
Like the best woman;—that least talked about.
h. Schiller—*Votive Tablets. The Best Governed State.*

To know thyself—in others self discern;
Would'st thou know others? read thyself—and learn!
i. Schiller—*Votive Tablets. The Key.*

An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn.
j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me.
k. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
l. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 7.

I know a hawk from a handsaw.
m. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Too much to know, is, to know naught but fame.
n. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Biron.—What is the end of study?
King.—Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Biron.—Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King.—Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

My mind, aspire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust.
p. Sir Philip Sidney—*Sonnet. Leave me, O Love!*

A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime.
q. Sydney Smith—*Pleasures of Knowledge.*

There is no difference between knowledge and temperance; for he who knows what is good and embraces it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is learned and temperate.
r. Socrates.

Know thyself.
s. Solon of Athens.

By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know
And what to man, and what to God we owe.
t. Spenser—*The Tears of the Muses. Urania.*

Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
Giving a soul to her manifold features,
Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness,
The footsteps of Truth and the vision of song.
u. Bayard Taylor—*Kilimandjaro.* St. 2.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.
v. Tennyson—*Locksley Hall.* St. 71.

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.
w. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CXIII.

Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.
x. Daniel Webster—*Address Delivered at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of Bunker Hill Monument.*

Knowledge is the only fountain, both of the love and the principles of human liberty.
y. Daniel Webster—*Address Delivered on Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1843.*

He who binds
His soul to knowledge, steals the key of heaven.
z. Willis—*The Scholar of Thibet. Ben Khorat.*

L.

LABOR.

Toil is the lot of all, and bitter woe
The fate of many.
a. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XXI. Line 646.

Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
The many still must labour for the one.
b. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 8.

Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven.
c. CARLYLE—*Essays. Work.*

Without Labour there were no Ease, no Rest, so much as conceivable.
d. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

Labor is discovered to be the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more surely than the proudest battles.
e. CHANNING—*War.*

Work, feed thyself, to thine own powers appeal,
Nor whine out woes, thine own right-hand can heal.
f. CRABBE—*Parish Register.* Pt. III.

Honest labour bears a lovely face.
g. THOS. DEKKER—*Patient Grissell.* Act I. Sc. 1.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
h. HOOD—*Song of the Shirt.*

Men must work and women must weep.
i. CHARLES KINGSLEY—*The Three Fishers.*

From labor there shall come forth rest.
j. LONGFELLOW—*To a Child.* Line 162.

Taste the joy
That springs from labor.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VI. *In the Garden.*

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
l. LONGFELLOW—*The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run.
m. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 1012.

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 1021.

Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth.
o. FRANCES S. OSGOOD—*Labor.*

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that hire us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!
p. FRANCES S. OSGOOD—*Labor.*

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

I have had my labour for my travel.
r. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
s. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The labour we delight in, physics pain.
t. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Why such impress of shipwrights whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
u. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

LANDSCAPE.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
v. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 7.

Distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.
w. GARTH—*The Dispensatory.* Canto III. St. 271.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
x. LONGFELLOW—*Autumn.*

The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear,
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
a. POPE—*Messiah.* Line 67.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
b. SHENSTONE—*Shepherd's Home. A Pastoral Ballad.* Pt. II. *Hope.*

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.
c. TENNYSON—*The Lotos-Eaters. Choric Song.*

The plain was grassy, wild, and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
d. TENNYSON—*The Dying Swan.*

Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays.
e. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 644.

The streams with softest sound are flowing,
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now, if e'er you can.
f. WORDSWORTH—*The Idiot Boy.* St. 57.

In distant wilds, by human eye unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green;
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace
And waste their music on the savage race.
g. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 220.

LANGUAGE.

Language was given to us that we might say pleasant things to each other.
h. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Language.*

Languages are no more than the keys of Sciences. He who despises one, slights the other.
i. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XII.

O that those lips had language.
j. COWPER—*On Receipt of My Mother's Picture.*

Language is a city to the building of which every human being brought a stone.
k. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Language is fossil poetry.
l. EMERSON—*Essays. The Poet.*

Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas.
m. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Preface to the English Dictionary.*

Syllables govern the world.
n. JOHN SELDEN—*Power.*

He has strangled
His language in his tears.
o. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain:
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more may say, is listn'd more.
p. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. I.

There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture.
q. *Winter's Tale.* Act. II. Sc. 2.

Language, as well as the faculty of speech, was the immediate gift of God.
r. NOAH WEBSTER—*Preface to Dictionary.*

LAUGHTER.

We must laugh before we are happy, for fear we die before we laugh at all.
s. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

How much lies in Laughter: the cipher key, wherewith we decipher the whole man.
t. CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Laugh not too much; the wittie man laughs least.
For wit is newes only to ignorance.
Lesse at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
u. HERBERT—*The Temple. Church Porch.* St. 39.

Laugh and be fat, sir, your penance is known
They that love mirth, let them heartily drink,
'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow sink.
v. BEN JONSON—*The Penates.*

Laughter holding both his sides.
w. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 32.

Laugh at your friends, and, if your Friends are sore
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
a. POPE—*Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue I. Line 55.

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
b. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 35.

O, I am stabb'd with laughter.
c. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 1.

The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me.
e. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

They laugh that win.
f. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

With his eyes in flood with laughter.
g. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 7.

Laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature: delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling,
h. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*The Defence of Poesy.*

The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
i. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 757.

LEARNING.

Learning hath its infancy, when it is but beginning, and almost childish; then its youth, when it is luxuriant and juvenile; then its strength of years, when it is solid and reduced; and, lastly, its old age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust.
j. BACON—*Essays Civil and Moral. Of Vicissitude of Things.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.
k. BACON—*Essays. Of Studies.*

And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.
l. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales.* Prologue. Line 310.

I speak of that learning which makes us acquainted with the boundless extent of nature, and the universe, and which, even while we remain in this world, discovers to us both heaven, earth, and sea.
m. CICERO.

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.
n. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

There is the love of knowing without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to dissipation of mind.
o. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Learning by study must be won
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
p. GAY—*The Pack Horse and Carrier.* Line 41.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
q. GAY—*Shepherd and Philosopher.* Line 15.

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
r. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 215.

He might be a very clever man by nature, for all I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move.
s. ROBERT HALL—*Gregory's Life of Hall.*

For Learning is the fountain pure
Out from the which all glory springs:
Whoso therefore will glory win,
With learning first must needs begin.
t. FRANCIS KINWELMARSH—*Who Will Aspire to Dignity by Learning Must Advanced Be.* St. 5.

The Lord of Learning who upraised mankind
From being silent brutes to singing men.
u. LELAND—*The Music-lesson of Confucius.*

Thou art an heyre to fayre lyving, that is nothing, if thou be disherited of learning, for better were it to thee to inherite righteousnesse then riches, and far more seemly were it for thee to haue thy Studie full of bookes, then thy pursse full of mony.
v. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. To a Young Gentleman Named Alcius.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
w. POPE—*Essays on Criticism.* Line 215.

Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these.
x. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 19.

No man is wiser for his learning * * * wit and wisdom are born with a man.
y. JOHN SELDEN—*Learning.*

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
a. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O this learning! what a thing it is.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning.
c. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Learn to live, and live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large returns.
d. BAYARD TAYLOR—*To My Daughter.*

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy.
e. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 519.

Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still.
f. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night XII. Line 86.

LEISURE.

And leave us leisure to be good.
g. GRAY—*Ode to Adversity.* St. 3.

Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander, wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought.
h. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 125.

LIBERALITY.

Men might be better if we better deemed
Of them. The worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it.
i. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Mountain.*

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
j. BURNS—*Address to the Unco Guid.*

It is better to believe that a man does possess good qualities than to assert that he does not.
k. *Chinese Moral Maxims.* Compiled by John Francis Davis, F.R.S. China, 1823.

'Tis hard to school the heart to be, in spite
Of injury and envy, generous still.
l. HENRY ELLISON—*Sonnet. A Privilege Worth a Hard Earning.*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to other's show,
That mercy show to me.
m. POPE—*Universal Prayer.*

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.
n. PRIOR—*An English Padlock.*

But, by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.
o. WHITTIER—*What the Voice Said.*

LIBERTY.

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion.
p. BURKE—*Speech at a County Meeting at Bucks*, 1784.

What is liberty without wisdom and without virtue? It is the greatest of all possible evils; for it is folly, vice, and madness, without tuition or restraint.
q. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die.
r. BURNS—*Bannockburn.*

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
s. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 123.

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the crown.
t. EARL OF CHATHAM—*Speech on the Excise Bill.*

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.
u. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 446.

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven.
v. DRYDEN—*Palemon and Arcite.* Bk. II. Line 291.

Give me liberty, or give me death.
w. PATRICK HENRY—*Speech.* March, 1775.

License they mean when they cry liberty.
x. MILTON—*On the Detraction which followed Upon My Writing Certain Treatises.*

This is true Liberty when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free:
Which he who can and will deserves high praise:
Who neither can nor will may hold his peace.
What can be juster in a state than this?
y. MILTON—Trans. *Horace.* Ep. I. 16, 40.

Give me again my hollow tree
A crust of bread, and liberty!
z. POPE—*Imitations of Horace.* Bk. II. Satire VI. Line 220.

O liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!
aa. MADAME ROLAND—*Macauley. Mirabeau.*

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings.
a. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.
c. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe,
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
d. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal liberty.
e. SMOLLETT—*Ode to Independence.* Line 5.

On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like
"another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;"
and the sky on which you closed your eye was cloudless.
f. DANIEL WEBSTER—*Speeches. The Bunker Hill Monument.*

LIBRARIES.

The richest minds need not large libraries.
g. AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT—*Table Talk.* Bk. I. *Learning-Books.*

Libraries are as the shrine where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.
h. BACON—*Libraries.*

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues.
i. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. *The Elder Brother.* Act I. Sc. 2.

A library is but the soul's burial-ground.
It is the land of shadows.
j. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Star Papers. Oxford. Bodleian Library.*

The true University of these days is a Collection of Books.
k. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture V.

All round the room my silent servants wait,
My friends in every season, bright and dim.
l. BARRY CORNWALL—*My Books.*

A great library contains the diary of the human race.
m. DAWSON—*Address on Opening the Birmingham Free Library.*

A library may be regarded as the solemn chamber in which a man may take counsel with all that have been wise and great and good and glorious amongst the men that have gone before him.
n. DAWSON—*Address on Opening the Birmingham Free Library.* Oct. 26th, 1866.

The great consulting room of a wise man is a library.
o. DAWSON—*Address on opening the Birmingham Free Library.* Oct. 26th, 1866.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library.
p. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Books.*

From this slender beginning I have gradually formed a numerous and select library, the foundation of my works, and the best comfort of my life, both at home and abroad.
q. GIBBON—*Memoirs.*

Every library should try to be complete on something, if it were only the history of pinheads.
r. HOLMES—*The Poet at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. VIII.

I look upon a library as a kind of mental chemist's shop, filled with the crystals of all forms and hues which have come from the union of individual thought with local circumstances or universal principles
s. HOLMES—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. I.

The first thing, naturally, when one enters a scholar's study or library, is to look at his books. One gets a notion very speedily of his tastes and the range of his pursuits by a glance round his book-shelves.
t. HOLMES—*The Poet at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. VIII.

What a place to be in is an old library. It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage, and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.
u. LAMB—*Essays of Elia. Oxford in the Vacation.*

We enter our studies, and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another: we give no offence to the most illustrous by questioning him as long as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence: each interlocutor stands before us, speaks or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure.

a. LANDOR—*Imaginary Conversations. Milton and Andrew Marvell.*

No possession can surpass or even equal a good library to the lover of books. Here are treasured up for his daily use and delectation riches which increase by being consumed, and pleasures which never cloy.

b. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow.

c. *Titus Andronicus.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

He furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

d. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Shelved around us lie
The mummied authors.

e. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening.*

LIFE.

Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's fingers.

f. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Life is labour and death is rest.

g. ARCHIAS—*Thracian View of Life and Death.*

Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.

h. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. V. Line 401.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

i. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Mortality.* St. 2.

A life in which nothing happens.

j. AUERBACH—*On the Heights.*

Corruption springs from Light: 'tis the same power
Creates, preserves, destroys; the matter which
It works on, being one ever-changing form;—
The living, and the dying and the dead.

k. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood.*

Life's as serious a thing as death.

l. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Library and Balcony.*

Life's but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean, and end of all things—God.

m. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

We live in deeds not years: in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

n. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

God is the author, men are only the players. These grand pieces which are played upon earth have been composed in Heaven.

o. BALZAC.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and me must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

p. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*Life.*

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not "Good night" but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

q. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*Life.*

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

r. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Life Thoughts.*

Life, believe, is not a dream,
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day?

s. CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ—*Life.*

If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment.

t. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.

u. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.

v. WM. BROWNE—*Britannia Pastorals.* Bk. I. *Song. II.*

Life is a kind of Sleep, old Men sleep longest; they never begin to wake, but when they are to die.

a. De La Bruyere—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. II.

Life is but a day at most.

b. Burns—*Friars' Carse Hermitage.* Verse 2.

All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being.

c. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 89.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star
Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge.

d. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XV. St. 123.

Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life, say, would he name threescore?

e. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 34.

Our life is two-fold; sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence.

f. Byron—*The Dream.* Canto I. Line 1.

The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

g. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 32.

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of Youth a seeming length,
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

h. Campbell—*A Thought Suggested by the New Year.*

I repose, I write, I think; so you see that my way of life, and my pleasures are the same as in my youth.

i. Campbell—*Life of Petrarch.*

A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one.

j. Carlyle—*Essays. Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.*

Our being is made up of light and Darkness, the Light resting on the Darkness, and balancing it.

k. Carlyle—*Essays. Characteristics.*

There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

l. Carlyle—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

How many lives we live in one,
And how much less than one, in all?

m. Alice Cary—*Life's Mysteries.*

The life so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' essay so hard, so sharp the conquering.

n. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales. The Assembly of Foules.* Line 1.

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.

o. Cicero.

I've lived and loved.

p. Coleridge—Trans. *Wallenstein.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 6.

Life is but thought.

q. Coleridge—*Youth and Age.*

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!

r. Coleridge—*On Taking Leave of——*

Thank God for life: life is not sweet always,
Hands may be heavy-laden, hearts care full,
Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days,
And dreams divine end in awakenings dull,
Still it is life, and life is cause for praise.

s. Susan Coolidge—*Benedicam Domino.*

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread.

t. Cotton—*The Fireside.* St. 13.

His faith perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.

u. Cowley—*On the Death of Crashaw.* Line 56.

Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.

v. Cowley—*Imitations. Martial.* Lib. II. Ep. LXL.

Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away.

w. Cowper—*Hope.* Line 127.

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

x. Cowper—*Conversation.* Line 357.

What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?

y. Cowper—*The Task.* Line 55.

Let's learn to live, for we must die, alone.

z. Crabbe—*The Borough.* Letter X.

Life is not measured by the time we live.

aa. Crabbe—*The Village.* Bk. II.

Shall he who soars, inspired by loftier views,
Life's little cares and little pains refuse?
Shall he not rather feel a double share
Of mortal woe, when doubly arm'd to bear?

bb. Crabbe—*The Library.*

Live while you live, the epicure will say,
And take the pleasures of the present day:
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be,
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

cc. Doddridge—*Epigram on his Family Arms.* "*Dum Vivimus Vivamus.*"

Take not away the life you cannot give
For all things have an equal right to live.
a. DRYDEN—*Pythagorean Phil.* Line 705.

Life's a vast sea
That does its mighty errand without fail,
Painting in unchanged strength though waves are changing.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Life is not all incident; it has its intervals of thought, as well as action—of feeling—of endurance; and in order to reflect, and profit by these, it is sometimes necessary to sit down as it were upon the sand-hills of the desert, and consider from what point in the horizon the journey has been made, or to what opening in the distance it is likely to lead.
c. Mrs. ELLIS—*Social Distinction; or, Hearts and Homes.* Ch. V.

Sooner or later that which is now life shall be poetry, and every fair and manly trait shall add a richer strain to the song.
d. EMERSON—*Poetry and Imagination.*

When life is true to the poles of nature, the streams of truth will roll through us in song.
e. EMERSON—*Poetry and Imagination.*

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.
f. FRANKLIN—*Poor Richard.*

We live merely on the crust or rind of things.
g. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Lucian.*

How short is life! how frail is human trust.
h. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. III. Line 235.

The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
i. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 138.

Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
j. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 19.

Man's life is like unto a winter's day,
Some break their fast and so departs away,
Others stay dinner then departs full fed;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
Oh, reader, then behold and see,
As we are now so must you be.
k. BISHOP HENSHAW—*Horæ Succisivæ.*

I made a posie, while the day ran by;
Here will I smell my remnant out and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.
l. HERBERT—*Life.*

A dream, alas our life's a dream
On earth below,
Like shadows on the waves we seem,
And thus we go.
And when our tardy steps are yet
In space and time,
We are, and know it not, we're led
To heav'n sublime.
m. HERDER.

That man lives twice that lives the first life well.
n. HERRICK—*Hesperides Vertue.*

Life is short and art long.
o. HIPPOCRATES—*Aphorism I.*

There are two worlds; the world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our hearts and imaginations.
p. LEIGH HUNT—*Men, Women, and Books. Fiction and Matter of Fact.*

Man's life a Tragedy his mother's womb
(From which he enters) is ye tyring roome.
This spatious earth ye theatre and ye stage
That country wch he lives in: passions, rage,
Folly and vice are actors. The first cry
The prologe to ye ensuing Tragedy.
The former act consisteth of dumb showes:
The second, he to more perfections growes;
I' the third he is a man and doth beginn
To nurture vice, and act ye deeds of sinn.
I' the forth declynes, I' ye fift deseases clog
And trouble him; then Death's his epilogue.
q. IGNOTO.

There is but halting for the wearied foot;
The better way is hidden. Faith hath failed;
One stronger far than reason mastered her.
It is not reason makes faith hard, but life.
r. JEAN INGELOW—*A Pastor's Letter to a Young Poet.* Pt. II. Line 231.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted wo.
s. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 255.

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.
t. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 315.

Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone.
u. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Irene.* Act III. Sc. 8.

The present hour alone is man's.
v. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Irene.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Our whole life is like a play.
a. Ben Jonson—*Discoveries De Vitâ Humanâ.*

For he who gave this vast machine to roll,
Breathed Life in them, in us a reasoning Soul;
That kindred feelings might our state improve,
And mutual wants conduct to mutual love.
b. Juvenal—*Satire XV.* Line 150.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
c. Francis Anne Kemble—*Lines to the Young Gentlemen leaving the Lennox Academy, Mass.*

I doubt whether those who through every clime
Have wandered and sought, in peace and in strife,
For gold and for treasures, have ever found time
To study the genuine value of life.
d. Omar Khayyam—*Bodenstedt,* Trans.

Life will be lengthened while growing, for Thought is the measure of life.
e. Leland—*The Return of the Gods.* Line 85.

In the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.
f. Longfellow—*The Building of the Ship.* St. 24.

Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares.
g. Longfellow—*Maidenhood.*

Life is the gift of God, and is divine.
h. Longfellow—*Emma and Eginhard.* Line 158.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
i. Longfellow—*A Psalm of Life.*

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.
j. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!
k. Longfellow—*The Village Blacksmith.*

Youth, hope, and love:
To build a new life on a ruined life,
To make the future fairer than the past,
And make the past appear a troubled dream.
l. Longfellow—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VIII.

Haue more minde on thy bookes then my [thy] bags, more desire of godlinesse then gold, greater affection to dye well, then to liue wantonly.
m. Lyly—*Euphues and His England. The Story of Cassander the Hermit and Callimachus.*

Life is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim.
n. Mazzini—*Life and Writings.* Ch. V.

Life hath set
No landmarks before us.
o. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto V. St. 14.

Life is good; but not life in itself.
p. Owen Meredith—*The Apple of Life.*

When life leaps in the veins, when it beats in the heart,
When it thrills as it fills every animate part,
Where lurks it? how works it? * * * we scarcely detect it.
q. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto I. St. 5.

For men to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
r. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 250.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to heav'n.
s. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 553.

'Tis not the whole of life to live;
Nor all of death to die.
t. Montgomery—*The Issues of Life and Death.*

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
u. Moore—*Oh! Think Not My Spirit.*

Life let us cherish.
v. Nagelis's *Volkslied.*

To me the hours of youth are dear,
In transient light that flow:
But age is heavy, cold, and drear,
As winter's rocks of snow.
w. Thomas Love Peacock—*Youth and Age.*

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
x. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 133.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate and rot.
a. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 63.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best;
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope, the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false, that thwarts this one great end;
And all of God that bless mankind, or mend.
b. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 303,

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage.
c. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. II. Line 322.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gail.
d. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 107.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolics, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot.
e. POPE—*Moral Essay.* Ep. II. Line 243.

To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
f. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 109.

Our life is but a span.
g. *New England Primer.*

So vanishes our state; so pass our days;
So life but opens now, and now decays;
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.
h. PRIOR—*Solomon on the Vanity of the World.* Bk. III.

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn;
And he alone is blessed who ne'er was born.
i. PRIOR—*Solomon on the Vanity of the World.* Bk. III.

Half my life is full of sorrow,
Half of joy, still fresh and new;
One of these lives is a fancy.
But the other one is true.
j. ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR—*Dream-Life.*

I came at morn—'twas spring, I smiled,
The fields with green were clad;
I walked abroad at noon,—and lo!
'Twas summer,—I was glad;
I sate me down; 'twas Autumn eve,
And I with sadness wept;
I laid me down at night, and then
'Twas winter,—and I slept.
k. MARY PYPER—*Epitaph. A Life.*

The weary pilgrim oft doth seek to know
How far he's come, how far he has to go;
His way is tedious, and his way opprest,
All his desire is to be at rest.
l. QUARLES—*Emblems.*

This life is but the passage of a day,
This life is but a pang and all is over;
But in the life to come which fades not away
Every love shall abide and every lover.
m. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Saints and Angels.*

Life's but a span, or a tale, or a word,
That in a trice, or a suddaine, is rehearsed.
n. *The Roxburghe Ballads. A Friend's Advice.* Pt. II. Edited by Chas. Hindley.

Man's life compared is unto a Flower,
That grows and withers all within one houre;
And like to grasse that groweth in the field,
Or like true courage, which is loth to yield.
o. *The Roxburghe Ballads. A Discourse of Man's Life.* Edited by Chas. Hindley.

In the hearts holy stillness only beams
The shrine of refuge from life's stormy throng.
p. SCHILLER—*Commencement of the New Century.* Line 33.

O'er Ocean, with a thousand masts, sails forth the stripling bold—
One boat, hard rescued from the deep, draws into port the old!
q. SCHILLER—*Votive Tablets, Expectation and Fulfillment.*

Sound, sound the clarion! fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
r. SCOTT—*Old Mortality.* Ch. XXXIV. *Motto.*

A man's life's no more than to say, One.
s. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

And so from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot.
And thereby hangs a tale.
t. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
u. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys; renown, and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.
a. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
b. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I bear a charmed life.
c. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
d. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then we have a prescription to die, when death is our physician.
e. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Let life be short; else shame will be too long.
f. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Life is a shuttle.
g. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
h. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
i. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 3.

O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 2.

Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow.
l. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep.
m. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.
n. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

That but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.
o. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
p. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 4.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.
r. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

This day I breathed first: time is come round;
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.
s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 3.

This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.
t. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant.
u. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thy life's a miracle.
v. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools.
w. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee.
x. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep.
y. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.
z. SHELLEY—*Adonais.* St. 32.

We have two lives;
The soul of man is like the rolling world,
One half in day, the other dipt in night;
The one has music and the flying cloud,
The other, silence and the wakeful stars.
a. Alex. Smith—*Horton.* Line 76.

I believe that we cannot live better than in seeking to become better, nor more agreeably than having a clear conscience.
b. Socrates.

"Life is not lost," said she, "for which is bought
Endless renown."
c. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto XI. Line 19.

Life as a whole, life in detail, each moment, each circumstance, has its sting; for one's own land inspires a thousand pleasures that we guess not till they are lost.
d. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. XIV Ch. III.

Life lives only in success.
e. Bayard Taylor—*Amran's Wooing.* St. 5.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day.
f. Bayard Taylor—*Autumnal Vespers.*

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees.
g. Tennyson—*Ulysses.* Line 6.

Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use.
h. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CXVII.

Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.
i. Thomson—*Winter.* Line 1028.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
j. Thoreau—*A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.*

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pain grows sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
k. Hester L. Thrale—*Three Warnings.*

We live not in our moments or our years;
The Present we fling from us like the rind
Of some sweet Future, which we often find
Bitter to taste.
l. Richard Chenevix Trench—*Sonnet. Enjoy the Present.*

One for the cravings of his life provides,
One weaves himself another way to live,
To reach the secret is beyond our lore,
And man must rest, till God doth furnish more.
m. Charles (Tennyson) Turner—*Sonnet. Silkworms and Spiders.*

So life we praise, that does excel,
Not in much time, but acting well.
n. Waller—*Long and Short Life. Epigrams.*

Our life contains a thousand springs, and dies if one be gone;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
o. Watts—*Hymns and Spiritual Songs.* Bk. II. Hymn 19.

"Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears!"
p. Whittier—*Written in a Lady's Album.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
q. Wordsworth—*Ode. Intimation of Immortality.*

Cradles rock us nearer to the tomb:
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
r. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 718.

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour.
s. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire II. Line 285.

That life is long which answers life's great end.
t. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 773.

LIGHT.

Light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul that intense light will not make it beautiful.
u. Emerson—*Nature.* Ch. III.

Light—God's eldest daughter.
v. Fuller—*The Holy and Profane States. Building.*

Against the darkness outer
God's light his likeness takes,
And He from the mighty doubter
The great believer makes.
w. R. W. Gilder—*The New Day.* Pt. IV. *Song* XV. St. 3.

Dark with excessive bright.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 380.

Hail, holy light, offering of heav'n, first-born.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 1.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.
c. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 381.

Light from her native East
To journey the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun was not.
d. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 243.

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.
e. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 79.

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

'Twas a light that made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort.
g. SOUTHEY—*The Curse of Kehama.*

God and Nature met in light.
h. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CX.

LINGUISTS.

Away with him, away with him; he speaks Latin.
i. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 7.

By your own report
A linguist.
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

O! good, my lord, no Latin;
I'm not such a truant since my coming
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
k. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Speaks three or four languages word for word without book.
l. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 3.

This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist.
m. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse; the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
n. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

LISTENING.

But yet she listen'd—'tis enough—
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal's no rebuff.
o. BYRON—*Mazeppa.* St. 6.

Listen, every one
That listen may, unto a tale
That's merrier than the nightingale.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Interlude Before the Monk of Casal-Maggiore.*

This cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening.
q. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

LITERATURE.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.
r. BACON—*Essay. Of Studies.*

Books only partially represent their authors; The writer is always greater than his work.
s. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought Literature.*

There is a fashion in letters which regulates the books we purchase, and the authors we talk about.
t. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought Literature.*

The noble art from Cadmus took its rise
Of painting words and speaking to the eyes;
He first in wond'rous magic-fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound;
The various figures by his pencil wrought
Gave colour, and a body to the thought
u. BREBEUF—Trans. by Hon. Mary Monk.

Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls.
v. CARLYLE—*Essay. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

The beaten paths of Literature lead the safeliest to the goal; and the talent pleases us most, which submits to shine with new gracefulness through old forms. Nor is the noblest and most peculiar mind too noble or peculiar for working by prescribed laws.
w. CARLYLE—*Essay. Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.*

O blessed Letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all:
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the Dead-living unto council call!
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel and what doth us befall.
x. SAMUEL DANIEL—*Musophilus.*

But indeed, we prefer books to pounds; and we love manuscripts better than florins: and we prefer small pamphlets to war horses.
y. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Curiosities of Literature. Pamphlets.*

Literature is an avenue to glory, ever open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honours or of wealth.
z. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character.* Ch. XXIV.

Men of letters occupy an intermediate station between authors and readers. They are gifted with more curiosity of knowledge, and more multiplied tastes, and by those precious collections, which they are forming during their lives, are more completely furnished with the means than are possessed by the multitude who read, and the few who write.

a. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXI.

Time, the great destroyer of other men's happiness, only enlarges the patrimony of literature to its possessor.

b. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXII.

All literature writes the character of the wise man.

c. Emerson—*Essay. Of History.*

Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose; our prose in the seventeenth, poetry.

d. J. C. and A. W. Hare—*Guesses at Truth.*

The walk of Prose is a walk of business, along a road, with an end to reach, and without leisure to do more than take a glance at the prospect: Poetry's on the other hand is a walk of pleasure, among fields and groves, where she may often loiter and gaze her fill, and even stoop now and then to cull a flower.

e. J. C. and A. W. Hare—*Guesses at Truth.*

Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain,—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

f. Macaulay—*Essay on Mitford's History of Greece.*

There, is first, the literature of knowledge; and, secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is, to teach; the function of the second is, to move; the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy.

g. Thomas De Quincey—*Essays on the Poets. Alexander Pope.*

We cultivate literature on a little oat meal.

h. Sydney Smith—*Lady Holland's Memoir.*

Literature is that part of thought that is wrought out in the name of the beautiful. A poem, like that of Homer, or an essay upon Milton or Dante or Cæsar from a Macaulay, a Taine, or a Froude, is created in the name of beauty, and is a fragment in literature, just as a Corinthian capital is a fragment in art. When truth, in its outward flow, joins beauty, the two rivers make a new flood called "letters." It is an Amazon of broad bosom, resembling the sea.

i. David Swing—*Club Essays. "The Greatest of Fine Arts."*

LOSS.

What 's saved affords
No indication of what 's lost.

j. Owen Meredith—*The Scroll.*

When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
When health is lost, something is lost;
When character is lost, all is lost!

k. *Motto Over the Walls of a School in Germany.*

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

l. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 4.

He came like a dream in the dawn of life,
He fled like a shadow before its noon;
He is gone and my peace is turned to strife,
And I wander and wane like the weary moon.

m. Shelley—*Fragments from an Unfinished Drama.*

Over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

n. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXVII.

LOVE.

Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure!
* * * * * * *
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!

o. Addison—*Rosamond.* Act III. Sc. 2.

She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

p. Addison—*Rosamond.* Act I. Sc. 6.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast),
The woman that deliberates is lost.

q. Addison—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love,
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.

r. Addison—*Cato.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Ask not of me, love, what is love?
Ask what is good of God above—
Ask of the great sun what is light—
Ask what is darkness of the night—
Ask sin of what may be forgiven—
Ask what is happiness of Heaven—
Ask what is folly of the crowd—
Ask what is fashion of the shroud—
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss—
Ask of thyself what beauty is.

s. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *A Large Party and Entertainment.*

Could I love less I should be happier.
a. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

I cannot love as I have loved,
And yet I know not why;
It is the one great woe of life
To feel all feeling die.
b. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *A Large Party and Entertainment.*

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love.
c. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Alcove and Garden.*

The truth of truths is love.
d. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

Love is that orbit of the restless soul
Whose circle graces the confines of space,
Bounding within the limits of its race
Utmost extremes.
e. Geo. H. Boker—*Sonnet.*

We love only partially till we know thoroughly. Grant that a closer acquaintance reveals weakness;—it will also disclose strength.
f. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Love.*

Love is like fire. Wounds of fire are hard to bear; harder still are those of love.
g. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen—*Gunnar.*

There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument.
h. Sir Thos. Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II.

Behold me! I am worthy
Of thy loving, for I love thee!
i. E. B. Browning—*Lady Geraldine's Courtship.* St. 79.

But I love you, sir:
And when a woman says she loves a man,
The man must hear her, though he love her not.
j. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. IX.

I would not be a rose upon the wall
A queen might stop at, near the palace door,
To say to a courtier, "Pluck that rose for me,
Its prettier than the rest." O Romney Leigh!
I'd rather far be trodden by his foot,
Than lie in a great queen's bosom.
k. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. IV.

Then we talked—oh, how we talked! her voice so cadenced in the talking,
Made another singing—of the soul! a music without bars—
While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round where we were walking,
Wrought interposition worthy sweet,—as skies about the stars.
l. E. B. Browning—*Lady Geraldine's Courtship.* St. 45.

Yet love, mere love, is beautiful indeed,
And worthy of acceptation.
m. E. B. Browning—*Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

Love alone begets love.
n. De La Bruyere—*The Characters and Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Love! who lightest on wealth, who makest thy couch in the soft cheeks of the youthful damsel, and roamest beyond the sea, and 'mid the rural cots, thee shall neither any of the immortals escape, nor men the creatures of a day.
o. Buckley's *Sophocles. Antigone.*

A youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.
p. Burns—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 9.

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
q. Burns—*Song. Ae Fond Kiss.*

Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!
r. Burns—*Ae Fond Kiss.*

What is life when wanting love.
s. Burns—*Lovely Nancy.*

Love is a boy by poets styl'd;
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.
t. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto I. Line 843.

What mad lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams or hemp departed?
u. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 23.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.
v. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 199.

And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.
w. Byron—*The Dream.* St. 2.

Let's love a season,
But let that season be only Spring.
x. Byron—*Stanzas. Could Love Forever.*

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence: man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart;
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
Men have all these resources, we but one,
To love again, and be again undone.
y. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 194.

Oh Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah! why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place to die;
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.
a. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 2.

Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage and cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill.
b. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 81.

O that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
c. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 177.

She knew she was by him beloved—she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow.
d. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 3.

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.
e. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 2.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name.
f. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 1099.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still.
g. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 123.

Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be still—
Is human love the growth of human will?
h. BYRON—*Lara.* Canto II. St. 22.

Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
i. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 1127.

I'll bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love, all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree.
j. CAMPBELL—*Caroline.* Pt. I.

Love lies bleeding.
k. CAMPBELL—*O'Connor's Child.* St. 5.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love, that run away.
l. CAREW—*Conquest by Flight.*

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.
m. HARTLEY COLERIDGE—*She is not Fair.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.
n. COLERIDGE—*Love.*

And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
o. COLERIDGE—*Christabel.* Pt. II.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like.
p. COLERIDGE—*Youth and Age.*

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why love must needs be blind,
But this is the best of all I hold
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.
q. COLERIDGE—*To a Lady.*

In many ways doth the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal.
r. COLERIDGE—*Motto to Poems.*

True Love is humble, thereby it is known
Girded for service, seeking not its own;
Exalts its object, timid homage pays,
Vaunts not itself, but speaks in self-dispraise.
s. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Microcosm. True Love—Spurious Love.*

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me
t. CONGREVE—*Way of the World.* Act III. Sc. 12.

'Tis better to be left, than never to have been loved.
u. CONGREVE—*Way of the World.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Love me for what I am, Love. Not for sake
Of some imagined thing which I might be,
Some brightness or some goodness not in me,
Born of your hope, as dawn to eyes that wake
Imagined morns before the morning break.
v. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Of Such As I Have.*

Thank God for Love: though Love may hurt and wound
Though set with sharpest thorns its rose may be,
Roses are not of winter, all attuned
Must be the earth, full of soft stir, and free
And warm ere dawns the rose upon its tree.
w. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Benedicam Domino.*

A mighty pain to love it is
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
Is to love, but love in vain.
a. COWLEY—*Gold.*

Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free.
b. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V.
Line 353.

When a man loves a woman, it is of nature; when a woman loves a woman, it is of grace —of the grace that woman makes by her loveliness.
c. CHARLES F. DEEMS—*Address at Funeral of Alice Cary.*

We are all born for love. It is the principle of existence and its only end.
d. DISRAELI (Earl of Beaconsfield)—*Sybil.* Bk. V. Ch. IV.

His love
The life-long sanctuary of her womanhood.
e. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Is it what we love, or how we love,
That makes true good?
f. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

I think we had the chief of all love's joys
Only in knowing that we love each other.
g. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

No other crown
Is aught but thorns on my poor woman's brow.
h. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Their souls are enlarged forevermore by that union, and they bear one another about in their thoughts continually as it were a new strength.
i. GEORGE ELIOT—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XXIX.

'Tis what I love determines how I love.
j. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Women know no perfect love:
Loving the strong, they can forsake the strong;
Man clings because the being whom he loves
Is weak and needs him.
k. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

All mankind love a lover.
l. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Love.*

Love which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man.
m. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

Venus, thy eternal sway
All the race of men obey.
n. EURIPIDES—*Austice.*

Love, then hath every bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
Each other every wish they give:
Not to know love is not to live.
o. GAY—*Plutus, Cupid and Time.* Line 135.

I love her doubting and anguish;
I love the love she withholds,
I love my love that loveth her,
And anew her being moulds.
p. R. W. GILDER—*The New Day.* Pt. III. *Song XV.*

Love, Love, my Love.
The best things are the truest!
When the earth lies shadowy dark below
Oh then the heavens are bluest!
q. R. W. GILDER—*The New Day.* Pt. IV. *Song I.*

Of the book of books most wondrous
Is the tender one of love.
With attention have I read;
Few of pages joyful,—
Whole editions sorrow.—
Of the sections one is parting;—
Meet again!—a little chapter,
Fragmentary.—Of afflictions
Volumes, lengthened by interpellations,
Endless without goal.
r. GOETHE.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign:
And we shall never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine!
s. GOLDSMITH—*The Hermit.* St. 39.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.
t. GRAY—*The Bard.* I. 3. Line 12.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train appear.
u. GRAY—*On the Spring.*

When all else fails love saves.
v. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN—*The Sword of Damocles.* Title page.

Love is a lock that linketh noble minds,
Faith is the key that shuts the spring of love.
w. ROBERT GREENE—*Alcida. Verses written under a Carving of Cupid Blowing Bladders in the Air.*

The chemist of love
Will this perishing mould,
Were it made out of mire,
Transmute into gold.
x. HAFIZ—*Divan.*

Knowledge is the parent of love; Wisdom, love itself.
y. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Love understands love; it needs no talk.
z. F. R. HAVERGAL—*Royal Commandments. Loving Allegiance.*

Love is like a landscape which doth stand,
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.
a. Robt. Hegge—*On Love.*

And once again we plighted our troth,
And titter'd, caress'd, kiss'd so dearly.
b. Heine—*Book of Songs.* No 57. St. 2.

The fount of love,
Is the rose and the lily, the sun and the dove.
c. Heine—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 3.

Alas! for love, if thou art all,
And naught beyond, O Earth.
d. Mrs. Hemans—*The Graves of a Household.*

You say to me—wards your affection's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.
e. Herrick—*Love me Little, Love me Long.*

O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his biziness.
f. Hogg—*Love is Like a Dizziness.*

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast.
g. Holmes—*Songs of Many Seasons. Dorothy II.* St. 7.

But great loves, to the last, have pulses red;
All great loves that have ever died dropped dead.
h. Helen Hunt—*Dropped Dead.*

Love has a tide!
i. Helen Hunt—*Verses. Tides.*

From henceforth thou shalt learn that there is love
To long for, pureness to desire, a mount
Of consecration it were good to scale.
j. Jean Ingelow—*A Parson's Letter to a Young Poet.* Pt. II. Line 55.

Love leads to present rapture,—then to pain,
But all through Love in time is healed again.
k. Leland—*Sweet Marjoram.*

Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship.
l. Longfellow—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. III.

Love is master of all arts,
And puts it into human hearts
The strangest things to say and do.
m. Longfellow—*Interlude before The Monk of Casal-Maggiore.*

As thou sittest in the moonlight there,
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,
And the only darkness that which lies
In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,
Strangely, and strongly, and more and more,
As to one I have known and loved before
n. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine.
o. Longfellow—*Hiawatha. Wedding Feast.*

How can I tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines?
How can I tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays?
p. Longfellow—*Emma and Eginhard.* Line 75.

I do not love thee less for what is done,
And cannot be undone. Thy very weakness
Hath brought thee nearer to me, and henceforth
My love will have a sense of pity in it,
Making it less a worship than before.
q. Longfellow—*Masque of Pandora. In the Garden.*

I love thee as the good love heaven.
r. Longfellow—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3.

It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves.
s. Longfellow—*The Spanish Student.* Act III. Sc. 5.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun.
t. Longfellow—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXI.

Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought.
u. Longfellow—*Endymion.* St. 4.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak. It serves for food and raiment.
v. Longfellow—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 5.

So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.
w. Longfellow—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VIII.

That was the first sound in the song of love!
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.
x. Longfellow—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The presence of those we love makes us compassionate and generous.

a. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. VII.

There is nothing holier in this life of ours, than the first consciousness of love,—the first fluttering of its silken wings.

b. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. VI.

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

c. LOVELACE—*To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.*

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd,
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows;
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too: then down he throws
The coral of his lip—the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how,)
With these the crystal on his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win;
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and cupid blind did rise;
O Love, hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me.

d. LYLY—*Cupid and Campaspe.*

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair;
But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.

e. LORD LYTTLETON—*Epigram.*

The lover in the husband may be lost.

f. LORD LYTTLETON—*Advice to a Lady.*

Love has no thought of self!
Love buys not with the ruthless usurer's gold
The loathsome prostitution of a hand
Without a heart? Love sacrifices all things
To bless the thing it loves.

g. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Lady of Lyons.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.

h. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act I. Sc. 1.

But thou, through good and evil, praise and blame,
Wilt thou not love me for myself alone!

Yes; thou wilt love me with exceeding love;
And I will tenfold all that love repay,
Still smiling, though the tender may reprove,
Still faithful, though the trusted may betray.

i. MACAULAY—*Lines Written in August, 1847.*

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.

j. MARLOWE—*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

Love me little, love me long.

k. MARLOWE—*The Jew of Malta.* Act IV.

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

l. MARLOWE—*Hero and Leander. First Sistiad.*

I loved you ere I knew you; know you now,
And, having known you, love you better still.

m. OWEN MEREDITH—*Vanini.*

Love is all on fire and yet is ever freezing,
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leesing:
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.

n. MIDDLETON—*Song from Play First Printed in* 1602.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit
That woman's love can win; or long inherit
But what it is, hard to say, harder to hit.

o. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1010.

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I would endure, without him, live no life.

p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 832.

If anyone should importune me to give a reason why I loved him, I feel it could no otherwise be expressed than by making answer, "Because it was he; because it was I." There is beyond what I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and inevitable power that brought on this union.

q. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. XXVI.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

r. MOORE—*Come, Rest in This Bosom.*

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.

s. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Light of the Harem.*

"Tell me, what's Love;" said Youth, one day,
To drooping Age, who cross'd his way.—
"It is a sunny hour of play,
"For which repentance dear doth pay;
"Repentance! Repentance!
"And this is Love, as wise men say."

t. MOORE—*Youth and Age.*

The heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

u. MOORE—*Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms.*

There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.
a. MOORE—*Love's Young Dream.*

Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Just as he please—just as he please.
b. D. M. MULOCK—*Plighted.*

What's done is what remains! Ah, blessed they
Who leave completed tasks of love to stay
And answer mutely for them, being dead.
c. Mrs. NORTON—*The Lady of La Garaye.* The Conclusion. Line 17.

Let those love now who never lov'd before,
Let those who always loved now love the more.
d. PARNELL—*Trans. of the Pervigilium Veneris. Ascribed to Catullus.*

The moods of love are like the wind;
And none knows whence or why they rise.
e. PATMORE—*The Angel in the House. The Betrothal. Sarum Plain.*

What thing is love?—for sure love is a thing:—
Love is a prick, love is a sting,
Love is a pretty, pretty, thing;
Love is a fire, love is a coal,
Whose flame creeps in at every hole!
f. GEORGE PEELE—*Miscellaneous Poems. Love.*

Love will make men dare to die for their beloved—love alone; and women as well as men.
g. PLATO—*The Symposium.* I. Line 473,

Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart, while I preserv'd my sheep.
h. POPE—*Autumn.* Line 79.

I'll fly from Shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains;
From shepherds, flocks, and plains I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world but love!
i. POPE—*Autumn.* Line 86.

Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think or bravely die?
j. POPE—*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.*

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
k. POPE—*Epistle to Eloisa.* Last line.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
l. POPE—*The Wyf of Bath. Her Prologue.* Line 369.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not show'rs to larks, or Sun-shine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
m. POPE—*Autumn.* Line 43.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.
n. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 189.

Oh Tyrant Love!
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
o. POPE—*Ode III.* Line 3.

Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r,
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
p. POPE—*Summer.* Line 45.

O love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes.
q. POPE—*Spring.* Line 49.

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.
r. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 273.

Search then the Ruling Passion; there, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
s. POPE—*Moral Essay.* Ep. I. Line 176.

Thou know'st the practice of the female train:—
Lost in the children of the present spouse
They slight the pledges of their former vows;
Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
t. POPE'S *Homer's Odessey.* Bk. XV. Line 24.

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.
u. POPES' *Homer's Odessey.* Bk. XV. Line 79.

Two souls in sweet accord,
Each for each caring and each self unheard,
Bringing life's discords into perfect tune;
True to true feeling, and to nature living,
Plighting no faith, nor needing proof nor proving,
Taking for granted, never asking, giving,
Not doubting, and not fearing "how?" or "where?"
Not caring if less bright or young or fair;
Sure to be ever loved, and sure of loving.
v. HELENA CLARISSA VON RANKE—*Love.*

In their first passion women love their lovers, in all the others they love love.
w. ROCHEFOUCAULD—*Maxim* 471.

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in what we inspire.
a. Rochefoucauld—*Maxim* 259.

She was good as she was fair.
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.
b. Rogers—*Jacqueline.*

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone before,—
He gathers round him.
c. Rogers—*Human Life.*

"Time is short, life is short." * * *
"Life is sweet, love is sweet, use to-day while you may;
Love is sweet, and to-morrow may fail;
Love is sweet, use it to-day."
d. Christina G. Rossetti—*The Prince's Progress.* St. 7.

A pressing lover seldom wants success,
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down
And wastes a ten years' siege before one town.
e. Rowe—*To the Inconstant. Epilogue.*

Blessed through love are the gods—through love
Their bliss to ourselves is given;
Heavenlier through love is the heaven above
And love makes the earth a heaven.
f. Schiller—*The Triumph of Love.*

Love can sun the Realms of Light!
g. Schiller—*The Triumph of Love.*

Love, only Love, can guide the creature
Up to the Father-fount of Nature;
What were the soul did Love forsake her:
Love guides the Mortal to the Maker.
h. Schiller—*The Triumph of Love.*

No bridge can love to love convey;
Yet Love has found the way.
i. Schiller—*Hero and Leander.* St. 3.

But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love!
j. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 28.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.
k. Scott—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto III. St. 24.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
l. Scott—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto III. St. 1.

Love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
m. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto IV. St. 1.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
* * * * * * *
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.
n. Scott—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto V. St. 13.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.
o. Scott—*Marmion.* Canto III. St. 10.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
p. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound.
r. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

As sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
s. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say Jove laughs.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Be thou, as thou wast wont to be,
See as thou was wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
u. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Ros.—But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?
Orl.—Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.
v. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy.
w. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Didst thou but know the wily touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
x. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot, love you?
a. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale.
b. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.
c. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.
d. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
* * * * * * *
It is to be all made of faith and service;—
* * * * * * * *
It is to be all made of fantasy.
f. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this.
h. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour.
i. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

He was more than over shoes in love.
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

How wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.
k. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I am sure my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.
l. *King Lear.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
m. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 7.

If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
n. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.
o. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 4.

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason.
q. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires.
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover.
s. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

It is my soul, that calls upon my name;
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool.
u. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters!
v. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Let thy love be younger than thyself
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
w. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
a. *Sonnet CXVI.*

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in a lover's eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
c. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too.
d. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.
e. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

Love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
f. *Sonnet XL.*

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.
g. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
h. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
i. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike.
j. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Love's heralds should be thoughts
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love;
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
k. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point.
l. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Love's not Time's fool.
m. *Sonnet CXVI.*

Love keeps his revels where there are but twain.
n. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 123.

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides? c. 3.
o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. S

Love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence.
p. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tir'd simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.
q. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee.
r. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
s. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love.
u. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 3.

No sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason.
v. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.
w. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!
x. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 3.

O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay;
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.
y. *Sonnet LXXI.*

What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
a. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 202.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute!
b. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
c. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Reason thus with reason fetter;
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.
d. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
f. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
g. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one-half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light.
h. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Speak low if you speak love.
i. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of Love.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.
l. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 2.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
m. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The strongest, love will instantly make weak:
Strike the wise dumb; and teach the fool to speak.
n. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 145.

They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform.
o. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
p. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

This is the very ecstacy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings.
q. *Hamlet* Act II. Sc. 1.

Though last, not least in love!
r. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won.
u. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

To be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
v. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Upon this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.
w. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.
x. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 4.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight-score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight-score times?
Oh, weary reckoning!
y. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 4.

When love speaks the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
a. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."
b. *A Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime.
c. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

You know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
d. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Your eyes are load-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear.
e. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Love is sweet
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever;
* * * * * * *
They who inspire it most are unfortunate,
As I am now: but those who feel it most
Are happier still.
f. Shelley—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act II. Sc. 4.

They love indeed who quake to say they love.
g. Sir Philip Sidney—*Sonnet. Silent Worshipper.*

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love!
h. Smollett—*Roderick Random.* Ch. XL.

They sin who tell us Love can die:
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell.
i. Southey—*Curse of Kehama. Mount Meru.* St. 10.

Death is the world, where your light shin'd never;
Well is he born that may behold you never.
j. Spenser—*Sonnet. Love's Living Fire.*

True be it sayd, whatever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound;
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound.
k. Spenser—*Fœrie Queeene.* Bk. IV. Canto X. St. 1.

Love is the emblem of eternity: it confounds all notion of time: effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end.
l. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. VIII. Ch. II.

Love knows no motive, it seems to be a divine power that works and thinks within us, taking entire possession of us, our having no control over it.
m. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. XV. Ch. III.

Where we really love, we often dread more than we desire the solemn moment that exchanges hope for certainty.
n. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. VIII. Ch. IV.

Why so pale and wan fond lover,
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?
o. Sir John Suckling—*Song.*

Love is the life of man.
p. Swedenborg.

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet as strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
q. Swift—*To Love.*

I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!
r. Bayard Taylor—*Bedouin Song.*

Love better is than Fame.
s. Bayard Taylor—*Christmas Sonnets. To J. L. G.*

Love is rest.
t. Bayard Taylor—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening. Under the Moon.*

Love's humility is Love's true pride.
u. Bayard Taylor—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening. Under the Moon.*

I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
v. Tennyson—*Elaine.* Line 1298.

Love could walk with banish'd Hope no more.
w. Tennyson—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 813.

Love is hurt with jar and fret;
Love is made a vague regret.
x. Tennyson—*The Miller's Daughter.* St. 28.

Love lieth deep; Love dwells not in lip-depths.
a. TENNYSON—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 466.

Love passeth not the threshold of cold Hate,
And Hate is strange beneath the roof of Love.
b. TENNYSON—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 778.

Love reflects the thing beloved.
c. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LI.

Love's arms were wreathed about the neck of Hope,
And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew in her breath
In that close kiss and drank her whisper'd tales.
They said that Love would die when Hope was gone,
And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
The same old paths where Love had walk'd with Hope
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.
d. TENNYSON—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 815.

Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt.
e. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXIV.

She is coming my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed:
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.
f. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXII. St. ii.

The nightingale, with long and low preamble,
Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn larches,
And in and out the woodbine's flowery arches
The summer midges wove their wanton gambol
And all the white-stemmed pinewood slept above—
When in this valley first I told my love.
g. TENNYSON—*Sonnet.*

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear; I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."
h. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXII. St. 10.

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXVII.

It is best to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.
j. THACKERAY—*Pendennis.* Ch. VI.

'And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours;
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away.
k. THOMPSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 980.

For Truth makes holy Love's illusive dreams,
And their best promise constantly redeems.
l. TUCKERMAN—*Love Sonnets.*

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.
m. WALLER—*On a Girdle.*

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree, as angels do above.
n. WALLER—*Divine Love.* Canto III.

To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below.
o. WALLER—*Divine Love.* Canto III.

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill:
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!
p. WHITTIER—*Amy Wentworth.* St. 18.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.
q. WILLIS—*Love in a Cottage.*

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.
r. WORDSWORTH—*A Poet's Epitaph.* St. 2.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away,—no strife to heal,—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.
s. WORDSWORTH—*Laodamia.*

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws forever!
t. Sir THOMAS WYAT—*A Renouncing of Love.*

LOYALTY.

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king.
u. HENRY CAREY—*God Save the King.* (Also credited to Dr. Bull.)

Now let us sing, Long live the King.
a. Cowper—*History of John Gilpin.*

The first great work (a task performed by few)
Is that yourself may to yourself be true.
b. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 71.

Over the hills and far away
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain,
The King commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.
c. George Farquhar—*The Recruiting Officer.* (Quoted by Swift and Gay.)

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty.
d. Fitz-Greene Halleck—*Connecticut.*

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.
e. Holmes—*Army Hymn.*

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
f. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' th' blood.
g. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
h. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that
I loved Rome more.
i. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The swallow follows not summer more
Willingly than we your lordship.
j. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 6.

To thine own-self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day.
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.
k. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the Earth?
l. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 1.

LUCK.

O, once in each man's life, at least,
Good luck knocks at his door;
And wit to seize the flitting guest
Need never hunger more.
But while the loitering idler waits
Good luck beside his fire,
The bold heart storms at fortune's gates,
And conquers its desire.
m. Lewis J. Bates—*Good Luck.*

They who make
Good luck a god count all unlucky men.
n. George Eliot—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe.
o. Longfellow—*Evangeline.* Pt. I.

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The fairy ladies danced upon the hearth.
p. Milton—*At a Vacation Exercise in the College.*

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.
q. Lover—*Rory O'More.*

All planets of good luck, I mean.
r. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

And good luck go with thee.
s. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

As good luck would have it.
t. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 5.

By the luckiest stars.
u. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Good luck lies in odd numbers * * * they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death.
v. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Mine hours were nice and lucky.
w. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality.
x. *Sonnet XIV.*

Pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius.
y. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times.
z. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 3.

'Tis a lucky day, boy.
aa. *Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 3.

What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?
bb. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Wheresoe'er thou move, good luck
Shall fling her old shoe after.
cc. Tennyson—*Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.* St. 27.

LUXURY.

Fell luxury! more perilous to youth
Than storms or quicksands, poverty or chains.
dd. Hannah More—*Belshazzar.*

Luxury and dissipation, soft and gentle as their approaches are, and silently as they throw their silken charms about the heart, enslave it more than the most active and turbulent vices.
a. HANNAH MORE—*Essays. Dissipation.*

On his weary couch
Fat Luxury, sick of the night's debauch,
Lay groaning, fretful at the obtrusive beam
That through his lattice peeped derisively.
b. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. VII. Line 69.

'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expense
And Splendour borrows all her rays from Sense.
c. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 179.

Rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious bouquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
d. *Taming of the Shrew.* Induction.

M.

MAMMON.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.
e. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 9.

Cursed Mammon be, when he with treasures
To restless action spurs our fate!
Cursed when for soft, indulgent leisures,
He lays for us the pillows straight.
f. GOETHE—*Faust.*

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 679.

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store
Sees but a backward steward for the Poor.
h. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 171.

MAN.

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.
i. AKENSIDE—*Epistle to Curio.*

In one respect man is the nearest thing to me, so far as I must do good to men and endure them.
j. AURELIUS ANTONINUS—*Thoughts.* Ch. V.

Men in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or state; servants of fame; and servants of business.
k. BACON—*Of Great Place.*

My Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.
l. BACON—*Apothegm.* No. 17.

It matters not what men assume to be;
Or good, or bad, they are but what they are.
m. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood.*

Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God.
n. BAILEY—*Festus. Prœm.* Line 162.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky.
o. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*The Invitation.*

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.
p. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Miscellaneous Poems.*

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.
q. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Love's Cure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Most men are bad.
r. BIAS OF PRIENE.

The whole creation is a mystery, and particularly that of man.
s. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Sec. 36.

Acquit youselves like men, my friends.
t. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk XV. Line 617.

A man's a man for a' that.
u. BURNS—*For A' That.* St. 2.

Man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
v. BURNS—*Man Was Made to Mourn. A Dirge.*

Lord of himself, that heritage of woe!
w. BYRON—*Lara.* Canto I. St. 2.

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear.
x. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 109.

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.
a. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. II. Line 24.

Manhood begins when we have in any way made truce with Necessity; begins even when we have surrendered to Necessity, as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to necessity; and thus, in reality triumphed over it, and felt that in Necessity we are free.
b. CARLYLE—*Essays. Burns.*

Man stands as in the centre of Nature; his fraction of Time encircled by Eternity, his handbreadth of Space encircled by Infinitude.
c. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.
d. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture I.

To understand man, however, we must look beyond the individual man and his actions or interests, and view him in combination with his fellows.
e. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

Men the most infamous are fond of fame;
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.
f. CHURCHILL—*The Author.* Line 86.

The good great man? three treasures, love and light
And calm thoughts regular as infants' breath,
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.
g. COLERIDGE—*Reproof.*

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.
h. COWPER—*Epistle to Joseph Hill.*

But strive still to be a man before your mother.
i. COWPER—*Motto of No.* 111. *Connoisseur.*

So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,
To span Omnipotence, and measure might
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down.
j. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 211.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
k. DANIEL—*To the Countess of Cumberland.* St. 12.

A sacred spark created by his breath,
The immortal mind of man his image bears;
A spirit living 'mid the forms of death,
Oppressed, but not subdued, by mortal cares.
l. Sir H. DAVY—*Written After Recovery from a Dangerous Illness.*

Men are but children of a larger growth.
m. DRYDEN—*All for Love.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

A man is the whole encyclopedia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man.
n. EMERSON—*History.*

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.
o. JOHN FLETCHER—*Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.*

Stood I, O Nature! man alone in thee
Then were it worth one's while a man to be.
p. GOETHE—*Faust.*

Ah, tell them they are men!
q. GRAY—*On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.* St. 6.

If goodness leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast.
r. HERBERT—*The Pulley.* St. 4.

Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.
s. HERBERT—*The Temple. Man.*

Man is one world, and hath another to attend him.
t. HERBERT—*The Temple. Man.*

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.
u. HOLMES—*The Poet at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. XI.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known
For lack of listeners are not said.
v. JEAN INGELOW—*Afternoon at a Parsonage. Afterthought.*

Man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.
w. WASHINGTON IRVING—*The Sketch Book. Westminster Abbey.*

The only competition worthy a wise man, is with himself.
x. MRS. JAMESON—*Memoirs and Essays. Washington Allston.*

A man of mark.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Saga of King Olaf.* Pt. IX. St. 2.

Before man made us citizens, great
Nature made us men.
b. LOWELL—*The Capture.*

Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge.
c. LOWELL—*Fable for Critics.* Line 1296.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man.
d. MONTGOMERY—*The Common Lot.*

Man is a falling flower; and Fame in vain
Strives to protract his momentaneous reign
Beyond his bounds, to match the rolling tide,
On whose dread waves the long olympiads ride,
Till, fed by time, the deep procession grows,
And in long centuries continuous flows;
For what the power of ages can oppose?
e. PETRARCH—*The Triumph of Time.* Line 153.

A minister, but still a man.
f. POPE—*Epistle to James Craggs.*

An honest man's the noblest work of God.
g. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 248.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
h. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 1.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
i. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep I. Line 57.

Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
j. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 193.

So if unprejudic'd you scan
The goings of this clock-work, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being, what's o'clock.
k. PRIOR—*Alma, or the Progress of the Mind.* Pt. III. Line 272.

Many men resemble glass, smooth, polished and dull so long as unbroken—then sharp, every splinter pricks.
l. RICHTER.

Such is man! in great affliction, he is elevated by the first minute; in great happiness, the most distant sad one, even while yet beneath the horizon, casts him down.
m. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. VI.

Man's but a blast or a smoak, or a cloud,
That in a thought, or a moment, is dispersed.
n. *The Roxburghe Ballads.* Edited by Chas. Hindley. *A Friend's Advice.* Pt. II.

"How poor a thing is man!" alas 'tis true
I'd half forgot it when I chanced on you.
o. SCHILLER—*The Moral Poet.*

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
p. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day.
q. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Are you good men and true?
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.
s. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.
t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
u. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man!
v. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. V. Sc. 5.

I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.
w. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
x. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Men at some time are masters of their fates,
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
y. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love,
z. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.
aa. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best.
bb. *Henry III.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Now hath Time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches on into mine eyes, the outward watch,
Where to my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
The sounds that tell what hour it is.
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell.
a. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults.
b. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

The foremost man of all this world.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. IV. Sc. 3.

Mur.—We are men, my liege.
Mac.—Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men.
d. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty, in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no nor women neither, though by your smiling, you seem to say so.
e. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What is a man
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed?
f. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Why, he's a man of wax.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds
Of high resolve, on fancy's boldest wing.
h. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Canto IV. Line 160.

Man that flowers so fresh at morn, and fades at evening late.
i. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto IX.

When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself: Surely mortal man is a broomstick!
j. SWIFT—*A Meditation upon a Broomstick, According to the style of Hon. Robt. Boyle's Meditations.*

And ah for a man to rise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be.
k. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. X. St. 6.

Man is man, and master of his fate.
l. TENNYSON—*Enid.* *Song of Fortune and Her Wheel.*

Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
m. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. I.

I am a man, nothing that is human do I think unbecoming in me.
n. TERENCE—*Heautontimoreumenos.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The mind's the standard of the man.
o. WATTS—*Horæ Lyricæ.* Bk. II. *False Greatness.*

When faith is lost, when honor dies.
The man is dead!
p. WHITTIER—*Ichabod.* St. 8.

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man.
q. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 112.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
r. YOUNG—*Paraphrase of Job.* Line 187.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
s. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 68.

Man is the tale of narrative old Time.
t. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 109.

The man of wisdom is the man of years.
u. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 775.

MANNERS.

A moral, sensible, and well bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
v. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 193.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.
w. EMERSON—*Social Aims.*

But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass.
x. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 1.

MARTYRDOM.

Christians have burned each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
y. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 83.

Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star.
z. BEN JONSON—*Underwoods.* *An Epistle to Master John Selden.*

He strove among God's suffering poor
One gleam of brotherhood to send;
The dungeon oped its hungry door
To give truth one martyr more,
Then shut,—and here behold the end!
aa. LOWELL—*On the Death of C. T. Torrey.*

Martyrs! who left for our reaping
Truths you had sown in your blood—
Sinners! whom long years of weeping
Chasten'd from evil to good—
* * * * * *
Say, through what region enchanted
Walk ye, in Heaven's sweet air?
Say, to what spirits 'tis granted
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?
a. MOORE—*Where is Your Dwelling, Ye Sainted?*

It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr.
b. NAPOLEON.

A pale martyr in his shirt of fire.
c. ALEX. SMITH—*A Life Drama.* St. 2.

MATRIMONY.

He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.
d. BACON—*Essays. Of Marriage and Single Life.*

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met!
And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labor'd words could speak.
e. BAYLY—*To My Wife.*

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
f. JAMES BEATTIE. *The Minstrel.* Bk. I.

And from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair,
Has led and turned me by a single hair.
g. BLAND'S *Anthology.*

"First God's love"
"And next," he smiled; "the love of wedded souls,
Which still presents that mystery's counterpart,
Sweet shadow-rose, upon the water of life.
Of such a mystic substance, Sharon gave
A name to! human, vital, fructuous rose,
Whose calyx holds the multitude of leaves.
Loves filial, loves fraternal, neighbor-loves,
And civic, all fair petals, all good scents,
All reddened, sweetened from one central Heart."
h. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. IX.

Cursed be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart.
i. BURNS—*The Henpecked Husband.*

There was no great disparity of years,
Though much in temper; but they never clash'd:
They moved like stars united in their spheres,
Or like the Rhone by Leman's waters wash'd,
Where mingled and yet separate appears
The river from the lake, all bluely dash'd
Through the serene and placid glassy deep,
Which fain would lull its river-child to sleep.
j. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 87.

Man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
k. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 1005.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure,
Marry'd in haste, we may repent at leisure.
l. CONGREVE—*The Old Bachelor.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.
m. COTTON—*The Fireside.* St. 5.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry,—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.
n. COWPER—*Pairing Time Anticipated.*

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
o. COWPER—*Mutual Forbearance.* Line 39.

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above;
And earth a second Eden shows,
Where'er the healing water flows,
p. COWPER—*Love Abused.*

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.
q. Sir JOHN DAVIES—*Contention.*

The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction.
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her way, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, she t'other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause.
r. GAY—*Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.*

So, with decorum all things carry'd;
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.
a. GOLDSMITH—*The Double Transformation.* St. 3.

He that hath a wife and children, wants not business.
b. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other!
c. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. X.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.
d. LONGFELLOW—*The Building of the Ship.*

The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife:
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And Wealth, when there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.
e. MASSINGER—*New Way to Pay Old Debts.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Not from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour.
f. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1053.

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law; true source
Of human offspring.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 750.

To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing like the morn; all Heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 510.

What thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be sever'd; we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 957.

What thou bidst
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 635.

Drink, my jolly lads, drink with discerning,
Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning;
Never was owl more blind than a lover,
Drink and be merry, lads, half seas over.
k. D. M. MULOCK—*Magnus and Morna.* Sc. 3.

She who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys.
l. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 261.

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
m. POPE—*Autumn.* Line 70.

An' thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.
n. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.
o. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

A world-without-end bargain.
p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.
q. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one.
r. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
s. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king.
t. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 2.

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
u. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
a. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine.
b. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine.
c. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content; I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.
d. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed; she would have made Hercules have turned spit: yea and have cleft his club to make the fire too. * * * * I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary.
e. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have.
f. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than woman's are.
g. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
* * * * * * *
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we watch with Henry being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 5.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.
i. *As You Like it.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where 't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.
j. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.
k. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.
l. *Much Ado About Nothing* Act II. Sc. 3.

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by:
And underneath that consecrated roof
Plight me the full assurance of your faith.
m. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O, monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
o. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
p. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
q. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 4.

She shall watch all night;
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness.
r. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

She's not well married that lives married long
But she's best married that dies married young.
s. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thy husband commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
* * * * * * *
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage.
c. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 2.

All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro—
And ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
The murmured melody of pleasant thought,
Unconscious uttered, gentle-toned and low.
Light household duties, ever more inwrought
With placid fancies of one trusting heart
That lives but in her smile, and turns
From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,
With tenderness, that heavenward ever yearns
To be refreshed where one pure altar burns.
Shut out from hence the mockery of life;
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting wife.
d. Elizabeth Oakes Smith—*The Wife.*

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.
e. Swift—*Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

As the husband is the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.
f. Tennyson—*Locksley Hall.* St. 24.

Marriages are made in Heaven.
g. Tennyson—*Aylmer's Field.* Line 198.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy.
h. Waller—*Marriage of the Dwarfs.*

Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge,
And nature that is kind in Woman's breast,
And reason that in Man is wise and good,
And fear of Him who is a righteous Judge,
Why do not these prevail for human life,
To keep two hearts together that began
Their spring time with one love.
i. Wordsworth—*The Excursion.* Bk. VI.

Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
j. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 175.

MEDITATION.

The art of meditation may be exercised at all hours, and in all places; and men of genius, in their walks, at table, and amidst assemblies, turning the eye of the mind inwards, can form an artificial solitude; retired amidst a crowd, calm amidst distraction, and wise amidst folly.
k. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XI.

Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live,
l. Geo. Granville (Lord Lansdowne)—*Meditation on Death.*

Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour,
And, in the depths of heavenly peace reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power,—
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful,
A shining Jacob's-ladder of the mind!
m. Paul H. Hayne—*Sonnet IX.*

This evening late, by them the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began
Rapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy.
n. Milton—*Comus.* Line 540.

He is divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
o. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
p. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to heaven:
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
q. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 376.

MEETING.

We met—'twas in a crowd.
r. Thomas Haynes Bayly—*We Met.*

The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.
s. Longfellow—*Morituri Salutamus.*

In life there are meetings which seem
Like a fate.
t. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto III. St. 8.

Some day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.
u. Nora Perry—*Some Day of Days.*

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning or in rain?
a. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 1.

MELANCHOLY.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild, sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul.
b. WILLIAM COLLINS—*The Passions.* Line 57.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for his own.
c. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard. The Epitaph.*

Moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness.
d. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 485.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate.
e. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

Go—you may call it madness, folly,—
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay!
f. ROGERS—*To* ———.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.
g. ROGERS—*To*———.

I can suck melancholy out of a song.
h. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
i. *Taming of the Shrew.* Induction.

O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?
j. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

The greatest note of it is his melancholy.
l. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

MEMORY.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long, ago, long, long ago.
m. THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—*Long, Long Ago.*

The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me!
n. BURNS—*Lament for Glencairn.*

I die—but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I have been blest.
o. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 1114.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.
p. CAMPBELL—*Hallowed Ground.* St. 6.

It is with the human race as with the individuals of it, our memories go back but a little way, or, if they go back far, they pick up here a date and there an occurrence half forgotten.
q. DAWSON—*Address on Opening the Birmingham Free Library,* Oct. 26th, 1866.

Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.
r. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 87.

It is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved.
s. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Memory.*

Memory, like a purse, if it be over-full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it; take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof.
t. FULLER—*Rules for Improving the Memory.*

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
u. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 81.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
v. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 7.

In my remembrance blossom
The images long forsaken.
w. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* Prologue. No. 30.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!
a. HOOD—*I Remember, I Remember.*

Tho' lost to sight to mem'ry dear
Thou ever wilt remain.
b. GEO. LINLEY—*Song.*

Nothing now is left
But a majestic memory.
c. LONGFELLOW—*Three Friends of Mine.*

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.
d. LONGFELLOW—*From My Arm Chair.* St. 11.

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustle in the dark.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Fire of Drift-Wood.* St. 7.

There comes to me out of the Past
A voice, whose tones are sweet and wild,
Singing a song almost divine,
And with a tear in every line.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Interlude before "The Mother's Ghost."*

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.
g. LONGFELLOW—*A Gleam of Sunshine.*

Oft in the stilly night
E'er slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
h. MOORE—*Oft in the Stilly Night.*

To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee!
i. MOORE—*I Saw Thy Form.*

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
j. MOORE—*Oft in the Stilly Night.*

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day.
k. MOTHERWELL—*Jeannie Morison.*

Forgotten? No, we never do forget:
We let the years go: wash them clean with tears,
Leave them to bleach out in the open day,
Or lock them careful by, like dead friends' clothes,
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain,—
But we forget not, never can forget.
l. D. M. MULOCK—*A Flower of a Day.*

Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
m. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 225.

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.
n. PRAED—*I Remember, I Remember.*

And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.
o. READ—*The Stranger on the Sill.*

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.
p. RICHTER.

Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
q. ROGERS—*Pleasures of Memory.* Pt. II.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
r. ROGERS—*Pleasures of Memory.* Pt. I.

Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.
s. ROGERS—*Pleasures of Memory.* Pt. II.

I have a room whereinto no one enters
Save I myself alone:
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
There my life centres.
t. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Memory.* Pt. II.

I wept for memory.
u. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Song.*

Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem
The recollection of a dream.
v. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Introduction to Canto IV.

Briefly thyself remember.
w. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet?
Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year.
a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
b. *Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.
c. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.
d. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps. * * * An hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum.
e. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 2.

I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.
f. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial.
g. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
h. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume.
i. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.
k. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet.
l. SHELLEY—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act I. Sc. 1.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
m. SHELLEY—*To a Skylark.* St. 18.

The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts.
n. SHERIDAN—*Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas.*

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
o. TATE and BRADY—*Psalm CXII.* St. 6.

A land of promise, a land of memory,
A land of promise flowing with the milk
And honey of delicious memories!
p. TENNYSON—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 333.

As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me.
q. AMELIA B. WELBY—*Pulpit Eloquence.*

The dust is old upon my "sandal-shoon,"
And still I am a pilgrim; I have roved
From wild America to spicy Ind,
And worshipp'd at innumerable shrines
Of beauty; and the painter's art, to me,
And sculpture, speak as with a living tongue,
And of dead kingdoms I recall the soul,
Sitting amid their ruins.
r. WILLIS—*Florence Gray.*

How bright and fair that afternoon returns
When last we parted! Even now I feel
Its dewy freshness in my soul.
s. JOHN WILSON—*The City of the Plague.*

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.
t. WORDSWORTH—*Yarrow Visited.*

MERCY.

O God! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the blessed decree,
That grace can e'er be found, when sought,
And naught shut out the soul from Thee!
u. ELIZA COOK—*Prayer.*

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:
v. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 17.

Being all fashioned of the self-same dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just!
w. LONGFELLOW—*Emma and Eginhard.* Line 167.

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 77.

Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love.
y. POLLOK—*The Course of Time.* Bk. III. *All-Pervading Wisdom*

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face
The lineaments of Gospell bookes.
a. MATHEW ROYDON—*An Elegie on a Friend's Passion for His Astrophill.*

Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.
b. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

How would you be,
If He, who is the top of Judgment. should
But judge you as you are? O think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
d. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
f. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Open the gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
g. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 4.

Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word.
h. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Straight in her heart did mercy come.
i. *Sonnet CXLV.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the heart of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself:
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.
j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.
l. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
m. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
n. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
o. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?
p. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. IV. Canto I. St. 42.

Lenity will operate with greater force, in some instances than rigor. It is, therefore, my first wish, to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.
q. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Moral Maxims. Punishments.*

MERIT.

Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.
r. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 2.

View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
s. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 1023.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.
t. G. COLEMAN (The Younger)—*Epilogue to The Heir-at-Law.*

By merit raised
To that bad eminence.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 5.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer.
v. *Merchant of Venice*—Act II. Sc. 9.

MERMAIDS.

Once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
a. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister flood of tears.
b. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Slowly sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces; rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold: and while they mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.
c. TENNYSON—*The Sea Fairies.*

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?
I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
d. TENNYSON—*The Mermaid.*

MERRIMENT.

The city has May games, feasts, wakes and merry meetings, to solace themselves. * * * * Let them freely feast, sing, and dance, have their puppet plays, hobby-horses, tabors, crowds, bag-pipes, etc., play at ball, and barley breaks.
e. BURTON—*The Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. I. Sec. 2.

Merry swithe, it is in halle,
When the beards waveth alle.
f. ADAM DAVIE—*Life of Alexander.*

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."
g. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 25.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprov'd pleasures free.
h. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 38.

Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare.
i. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. St. 21.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
j. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act II. Sc. 1.

And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.
k. *Henry III.* Prologue.

And let's be red with mirth.
l. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

As merry as the day is long.
m. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.
n. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and brayed with minstrelsy.
o. *Timon of Athens.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Induction.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.
q. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow,—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 4.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
s. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
t. *Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1.

'Tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
u. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 2.

What should a man do, but be merry?
v. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the torturing hour?
w. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
a. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
b. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 403.

MIDNIGHT.

Is there not
A tongue in every star that talks with man,
And wooes him to be wise? nor wooes in vain;
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
c. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

It was evening here,
But upon earth the very noon of night.
d. DANTE—*Purgatorio.* Canto XV. Line 5.

Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!
The frontier town and citadel of night!
The watershed of Time, from which the streams
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,
One to the land of promise and of light,
One to the land of darkness and of dreams.
e. LONGFELLOW—*The Two Rivers.* Pt. I.

O wild and wondrous midnight.
There is a might in thee
To make the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality!
f. LOWELL—*Midnight.*

Midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 667.

MIND.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.
h. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Occupation.*

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.
i. BROWNING—*Paracelsus.* II.

The mind, the music breathing from her face.
j. BYRON—*Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 6.

My mind is my kingdom.
k. CAMPBELL—*Song.*

Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance.
l. CHANNING—*The Present Age.*

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss,
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Thou much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
m. Sir EDWARD DYER—*Hannah's Courtly Poets.*

Each mind has its own method.
n. EMERSON—*Essay. Intellect.*

A noble mind disdains to hide his head,
And let his foes triumph in his overthrow.
o. ROBERT GREENE—*Alphonso, King of Arragon.* Act I.

The mind is like a sheet of white paper in this, that the impressions it receives the oftenest, and retains the longest, are black ones.
p. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Nobody, I believe, will deny that we are to form our judgment of the true nature of the human mind, not from sloth and stupidity of the most degenerate and vilest of men, but from the sentiments and fervent desires of the best and wisest of the species.
q. ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON—*On the Immortality of the Soul.*

Stern men with empires in their brains.
r. LOWELL—*The Biglow Papers.*

Infinite riches in a little room.
s. MARLOWE—*The Jew of Malta.* Act I.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 254.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy there I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God and nature hath assigned.
u. PERCY'S *Reliques. From Byrd's Psalmes. Sonnets.* 1588.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd
Make and maintain the balance of the mind.
v. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 117.

Strength of mind is exercise, not rest.
w. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 117.

Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.
x. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword!
y. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues.
a. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
b. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

'Tis but a base, ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
c. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.
d. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act. IV. Sc. 3.

When the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
e. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
* * * * * * * * *
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them.
f. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

My mind to me an empire is
While grace affordeth health.
g. Robt. Southwell—*Look Home.*

It is the mynd that makes good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore.
h. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. XI. Canto IX. St. 30.

Systems exercise the mind, but faith enlightens and guides it.
i. Voltaire—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Soul.*

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.
j. Watts—*False Greatness.*

Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.
k. Wordsworth—*Yes! Thou Art Fair.*

MIRACLE.

Every believer is God's miracle.
l. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
m. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.
n. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What is a miracle? 'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire on mankind;
And while it satisfies, it censures too.
o. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 1245.

MISCHIEF.

He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.
p. Edward Hyde Clarendon—*History of the Rebellion.* Vol. III. Bk. VII. Sec. 84.

Now let it work: mischief thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
q. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
r. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

There's mischief in this man.
s. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 2.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
t. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

MISERY.

The niobe of Nations! there she stands
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe.
u. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 79.

Come the eleventh plague rather than this should be;
Come sink us rather in the sea;
Come rather pestilence and reap us down;
Come God's sword rather than our own.
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane.
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before.
v. Cowley—*Discourse Concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.*

Thou shalt by trial know what bitter fare
Is others' bread;—how hard the path to go
Upward and downward by another's stair.
w. Dante—*Paradiso.* Canto XVII. Line 58.

The worst of misery
Is when a nature framed for noblest things
Condemns itself in youth to petty joys,
And, sore athirst for air, breathes scanty life
Gasping from out the shallows.
x. George Eliot—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.
y. Herrick—*Sorrows Succeed.*

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.
z. Holmes—*The Poet at the Breakfast-Table.* Ch. III.

The child of misery, baptized in tears!
a. LANGHORNE—*The Country Justice.*

O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave.
b. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 101.

Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
c. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Meagre his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
d. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
e. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Misery makes sport to mock itself.
f. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.
g. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Then being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company."
h. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. VI.

MISFORTUNE.

Calamity is man's true touch-stone.
j. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Triumph of Honour.* Sc. 1.

But strong of limb
And swift of foot misfortune is, and, far,
Outstripping all, comes first to every land,
And there wreaks evil on mankind, which prayers
Do afterwards redress.
k. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 625.

For of fortune's sharpe adversite,
The worst kind of infortune is this,
A man that hath been in prosperite,
And it remember, whan it passed is.
l. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. Troylus and Crysseyde.* Bk. III. Line 1625.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.
m. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

I was born, sir, when the Crab was ascending, and my affairs go backward.
n. CONGREVE—*Love for Love.* Act II. Sc. 1.

One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to his death.
o. HOOD—*Bridge of Sighs.*

I never knew a man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.
p. POPE—*Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

Cold news for me;
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?
r. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 2.

O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."
u. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

We have seen better days.
v. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then return to his former fall.
w. SPENSER—*The Shepherd's Calendar.* Feb. Line 12.

Misfortune had conquered her, how true it is, that sooner or later the most rebellious must bow beneath the same yoke.
x. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XVIII. Ch. I.

MODERATION.

Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff reign, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be to moderate their haste.
y. ADDISON'S *Ovid's Metamorphoses. Story of Phaelon.* Line 147.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.
a. FULLER—*Miscellaneous Aphorisms.*

Pan.—Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres.—Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong as that
Which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
b. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless,
And the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.
c. TUPPER—*Of Compensation.* Line 15.

MODESTY.

Modesty is to merit, what Shades are to the Figures in a Picture; it gives it Strength and Heightning.
d. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. II.

Modesty is that feeling by which honorable shame acquires a valuable and lasting authority.
e. CICERO—*Rhetorical Invention.*

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.
f. CRASHAW'S *Translation of His Own Epigram on the Miracle of Cana. St. John's Gospel.* Ch. II.

Thou water turn'st to wine (fair Friend of life)
Thy foe, to cross the sweet arts of thy reign,
Distils from thence the tears of wrath and strife,
And so turns wine to water back again.
g. CRASHAW—*To Our Lord Upon the Water Made Wine.*

When Christ, at Cana's feast by power divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine
See! cried they, while in red'ning tide it gush'd,
The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd.
h. CRASHAW—*Pœmata et Epigrammata.* Trans. by Aaron Hill.

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.
i. FIELDING—*Tom Thumb the Great.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
j. POPE—*Epilogue to the Satires.* Dialogue I. Line 135.

Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there?
k. *Measure for Measure.* Act 2. Sc. 2.

I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 2.

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
m. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
n. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 229.

MONEY.

Money was made not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.
Shame and wo to us if we our wealth obey,
The horse does with the horseman run away.
o. COWLEY—*Imitations. Tenth Epistle of Horace.* Bk. I. Line 75.

Get to live;
Then live, and use it, else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.
p. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.* St. 26.

The Almighty Dollar.
q. WASHINGTON IRVING—*The Creole Village.*

Get money; still get money boys;
No matter by what means.
r. BEN JONSON—*Every Man in His Humour.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 422.

But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Importune him for moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand thus;—but tell him
My uses cry me.
u. *Timon of Athens.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Put but money in thy purse. * * * Fill thy purse with money.
v. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Money is a good soldier sir, and will on.
w. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels.
x. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 53.

MONTHS.

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,
Thirty days to each affix;
Every other thirty-one,
Except the second month alone.
a. *Common in Chester Co., Pa., among the Friends.*

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one
Excepting February alone:
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.
b. *Common in New England States.*

Thirty dayes hath November,
Aprill, June, and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.
c. RICHARD GRAFTON—*Abridgement of the Chronicles of Englande.* 1570. 8vo. "*A rule to knowe how many dayes every moneth in the yeare hath.*"

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February eight-and-twenty all alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one:
Unless that leap-year doth combine,
And give to February twenty-nine.
d. *Return from Parnassus.*

JANUARY.

Janus was invoked at the commencement of most actions; even in the worship of the other gods the votary began by offering wine and incense to Janus. The first month in the year was named from him; and under the title of Matutinus he was regarded as the opener of the day. Hence he had charge of the gates of Heaven, and hence, too, all gates, Januæ, were called after him, and supposed to be under his care. Hence, perhaps, it was, that he was represented with a staff and key, and that he was named the Opener (Patulcius), and the Shutter (Clusius).
e. M. A. DWIGHT—*Grecian and Roman Mythology. Janus.*

Janus am I; oldest of potentates!
Forward I look and backward, and below
I count—as god of avenues and gates—
The years that through my portals come and go.
I block the roads and drift the fields with snow,
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Written for the Children's Almanac.*

FEBRUARY.

Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light.
Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering.
g. BRYANT—*A Winter Piece.* Line 60.

The February sunshine steeps your boughs
And tints the buds and swells the leaves within.
h. BRYANT—*Among the Trees.* Line 53.

February makes a bridge, and
March breaks it.
i. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

MARCH.

March. Its tree, Juniper. Its stone, Bloodstone. Its motto, "Courage and strength in times of danger."
j. *Old Saying.*

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee,
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.
For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun doth bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.
k. BRYANT—*March.*

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.
l. BRYANT—*March.*

The hazel-blooms, in threads of crimson hue,
Peep through the swelling buds, foretelling Spring,
Ere yet a white-thorn leaf appears in view,
Or March finds throstles pleased enough to sing.
m. CLARE—*The Rural Muse. First Sight of Spring.*

The snow-flakes fall in showers,
The time is absent still,
When all Spring's beauteous flowers,
When all Spring's beauteous flowers
Our hearts with joy shall fill.
n. GOETHE—*March.*

Ah March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!
a. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. March.*

Slayer of the winter, art thou here again?
O welcome thou that bring'st the summer nigh!
The bitter wind makes not the victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
b. WILLIAM MORRIS—*March.*

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds her sway:
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing;
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for spring.
c. HORACE SMITH—*First of March.*

With rushing winds and gloomy skies
The dark and stubborn winter dies:
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise;
March!
d. BAYARD TAYLOR—*March.*

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call:
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.
e. TENNYSON—*The May Queen.* Conclusion. St. 7.

APRIL.

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.
f. BRYANT—*An Invitation to the Country.*

When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming birds
And silken wing'd insects of the sky.
g. BRYANT—*The Fountain.*

Old April wanes, and her last dewy morn
Her death-bed steeps in tears; to hail the May
New blooming blossoms 'neath the sun are born,
And all poor April's charms are swept away.
h. CLARE—*The Village Minstrel and Other Poems. The Last of April.*

Every tear is answered by a blossom,
Every sigh with songs and laughter blent,
Apple-blooms upon the breezes toss them.
April knows her own, and is content.
i. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*April.*

Now the noisy winds are still;
April's coming up the hill!
All the spring is in her train,
Led by shining ranks of rain;
Pit, pat, patter, clatter,
Sudden sun, and clatter, patter!
First the blue and then the shower;
Bursting bud, and smiling flower;
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Birds too full of song to sing;
Crisp old leaves astir with pride,
Where the timid violets hide,—
All things ready with a will,—
April's coming up the hill!
j. MARY MAPES DODGE—*Now the Noisy Winds are Still.*

Within your showers
I breed no flowers,
Each field a barren waste appears:
If you don't weep
My blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.
k. FRENEAU—*May to April.*

Oh, the lovely fickleness of an April day.
l. W. HAMILTON GIBSON—*Pastoral Days. Spring.*

Tell me, eyes, what 'tis ye're seeking;
For ye're saying something sweet,
Fit the ravish'd ear to greet,
Eloquently, softly speaking.
m. GOETHE—*April.*

Golden and snowy and red the flowers,
Golden, snowy and red in vain;
Robins call robins through sad showers;
The white dove's feet are wet with rain.
* * * * * * * *
For April sobs while these are so glad
April weeps while these are so gay,—
Weeps like a tired child who had,
Playing with flowers, lost its way.
n. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. April.*

The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.
o. LUCY LARCOM—*The Sister Months.*

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.
p. LONGFELLOW—*An April Day.*

Sweet April-time—O cruel April-time!
Year after year returning, with a brow
Of promise, and red lips with longing paled,
And backward-hidden hands that clutch the joys
Of vanished springs, like flowers.
q. D. M. MULOCK—*April.*

When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.
r. *Sonnet XCVIII.*

Well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads.
a. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

A gush of bird-song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day in the morning
b. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*April.*

MAY.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made.
c. RICHARD BARNFIELD—*Address to the Nightingale.*

Spring's last-born darling, clear-eyed, sweet,
Pauses a moment, with white twinkling feet,
And golden locks in breezy play,
Half teasing and half tender to repeat
Her song of "May."
d. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*May.*

Light and silv'ry cloudlets hover
In the air, as yet scarce warm;
Mild with glimmer soft tinged over,
Peeps the sun through fragrant balm.
Gently rolls and heaves the ocean
As its waves the bank o'erflow,
And with ever restless motion
Moves the verdure to and fro,
Mirror'd brightly far below.
e. GOETHE—*May.*

But winter lingering chills the lap of May.
f. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 172.

Sweet May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don;
And through the blue heavens above us
The very clouds move on.
g. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 5.

The earth had long been avaricious,
But May, when she came, gave with great prodigality,
And all things now smile with rapture delicious.
h. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 30.

The voice of one who goes before to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May!
* * * * * * * * *
O May, sweet-voiced one, going thus before,
Forever June may pour her warm red wine
Of life and passion,—sweeter days are thine!
i. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. May.*

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the rain-drops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day:
To some new bird each hour we listen.
j. LUCY LARCOM—*The Sister Months.*

It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!
k. LONGFELLOW—*The Theologian's Tale. Elizabeth.* Pt. III.

The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with its jocund carolling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcomed this majestic holiday.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Lady Wentworth.* Line 113.

Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest.
m. LONGFELLOW—*It is not Always May.*

Now the bright Morning star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.
n. MILTON—*Song. On May Morning.*

I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.
o. PERCIVAL—*The Reign of May.*

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May.
p. *Sonnet XVIII.*

Another May new buds and flowers shall bring:
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?
q. CHARLOTTE SMITH—*Elegiac Sonnets, and Other Essays.*

When May, with cowslip-braided locks,
Walks through the land in green attire,
And burns in meadow-grass the phlox
His torch of purple fire:
* * * * * * * * *
And when the punctual May arrives,
With cow-slip-garland on her brow,
We know what once she gave our lives,
And cannot give us now!
r. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Lost May.*

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.
s. TENNYSON—*The May Queen.*

Sweet as the breeze that fans the smiling field;
Sweet as the breath that opening roses yield.
t. THOMSON—*May.*

When the flowers from out the grass 'gin springing,
As if towards the sparkling sunshine smiling
On a May-day in morn's early glow:
And the birdlets in their best are singing,
With delight the flow'ry world beguiling:
O, what rapture can compare thereto?
a. VOGELWEIDE—Trans. in *The Minnesinger of Germany. Women and Spring.*

The daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odour yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.
Then lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is nature's holiday.
b. WOLCOT—*May Day.*

JUNE.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.
c. BRYANT—*June.*

June is bright with roses gay,
Harebells bloom around her feet.
d. DORA GOODALE—*The Months.*

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
e. LOWELL—*The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,
The calling, cooing, wooing everywhere.
f. NORA PERRY—*In June.*

So sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see;
So blithe and gay the humming-bird a-going
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee.
g. NORA PERRY—*In June.*

JULY.

The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks.
h. BRYANT—*Among the Trees.* Line 63.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.
i. EMERSON—*To the Humble-Bee.*

AUGUST.

In the parching August wind,
Cornfields bow the head,
Sheltered in round valley depths,
On low hills outspread.
j. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*A Year's Windfalls.* St 8.

Dead in the air, and still! the leaves of the locust and walnut
Lazily hang from the boughs, inlaying their intricate outlines
Rather on space than the sky,—on a tideless expansion of slumber.
k. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Home Pastorals. August.* Pt. I.

SEPTEMBER.

September stood upon the earth like a goddess of might and glory.
l. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. III. Ch. XXVIII.

The morrow was a bright September morn;
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.
m. LONGFELLOW—*The Falcon of Sir Federigo.* Line 135.

OCTOBER.

Suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
n. BRYANT—*October.*

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.
o. BRYANT—*October*, 1866.

The October day is a dream, bright and beautiful as the rainbow, and as brief and fugitive. The same clouds and the same sun may be with us on the morrow, but the rainbow will have gone. There is a destroyer that goes abroad by night; he fastens upon every leaf, and freezes out its last drop of life, and leaves it on the parent stem, pale, withered, and dying.
p. W. HAMILTON GIBSON—*Pastoral Days. Autumn.*

October's gold is dim—the forests rot,
The weary rain falls ceaseless, while the day
Is wrapped in damp.
q. DAVID GRAY—*The Luggie and Other Poems. In the Shadows. Sonnet XIX.*

Bending above the spicy woods which blaze,
Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun
Immeasurably far; the waters run
Too slow, so freighted are the river-ways
With gold of elms and birches from the maze
Of forests.

a. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. October.*

October! the foliage becomes a royal crown, decking nature with mingled hues of green and gold and red.

b. ALLAN THROCKMORTON—*Sketches.*

Close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

c. WHITTIER—*Snow-bound.*

NOVEMBER.

When shrieked
The bleak November winds, and smote the woods,
And the brown fields were herbless, and the shades,
That met above the merry rivulet,
Were spoiled, I sought, I loved them still; they seemed
Like old companions in adversity.

d. BRYANT—*A Winter Piece.* Line 22.

Yet one smile more departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast.

e. BRYANT—*November.*

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
* * * * * * *
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

f. HARTLEY COLERIDGE—*Poems. November.*

Dry leaves upon the wall,
Which flap like rustling wings and seek escape,
A single frosted cluster on the grape
Still hangs—and that is all.

g. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*November.*

No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

h. HOOD—*November.*

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse: and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

i. KEBLE—*The Christian Year. Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.*

The dead leaves their rich mosaics,
Of olive and gold and brown,
Had laid on the rain-wet pavements,
Through all the embowered town.

j. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW—*November.*

Now Neptune's month our sky deforms,
The angry night cloud teems with storms,
And savage winds, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
Let's hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

k. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LXVIII.*

All brilliant flowers are pale and dead
And sadly droop to earth,
While pansies chill in velvet robes
Count life but little worth;
But in these dark November days
That wander wild and wet,
Our thoughts are winged to summer hours
On breath of mignonette.

l. ELIZA O. PEIRSON—*Mignonette.*

The wild November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night wind blows its folds aside,
Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes
The Autumn's vacant throne:
She has but one short moon to live,
And she must live alone.

m. STODDARD—*November.*

Wrapped in his sad-colored cloak, the Day, like a Puritan, standeth
Stern in the joyless fields, rebuking the lingering color,—
Dying hectic of leaves and the chilly blue of the asters,—
Hearing, perchance, the croke of a crow on the desolate tree-top.

n. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Home Pastorals. November.* Pt. I.

DECEMBER.

Wild was the day; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New-England's strand,
When first the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

o. BRYANT—*The Twenty-second of December.*

Shout now! The months with loud acclaim,
Take up the cry and send it forth;
May, breathing, sweet, her Spring perfumes
November thundering from the North.
With hands upraised, as with one voice,
They join their notes in grand accord;
Hail to December! say they all,
It gave to Earth our Christ the Lord!

Then sprang Aurora to her car,
And showers of light on Earth there fell;
Each ray seemed bound to human hearts,
The wondrous tale of love to tell!
Down from the spheres a peal rang forth;
Angels and men their incense poured;
Hail to the month! Hail to the day!
Which gave all worlds our Christ the Lord!
a. J. K. Hoyt—*The Meeting of the Months.*

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.
b. Keats—*Songs.* St. 1, 2.

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us sing by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.
c. Longfellow—*By the Fireside. A Christmas Carol.*

In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
d. Pope—*Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 77.

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
e. Whittier—*Snow-Bound.*

MONUMENTS.

The tap'ring pyramid, the Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud.
f. Blair—*The Grave.* Line 190.

Gold once out of the earth is no more due unto it; what was unreasonably committed to the ground, is reasonably resumed from it; let monuments and rich fabricks, not riches, adorn men's ashes.
g. Sir Thomas Browne—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. III.

To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our belief.
h. Sir Thomas Browne—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

Monuments themselves memorials need.
i. Crabbe—*The Borough.* Letter II.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead: a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.
j. Fuller—*The Holy and Profane States. Tombs.*

She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.
k. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

This grave shall have a living monument.
l. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I have executed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids, which neither the wasting shower, the unavailing north-wind, or an innumerable succession of years, and the flight of seasons, shall be able to demolish.
m. Smart's *Horace.* Bk. III. *Ode XXX.*

MOON, THE

Doth the moon care for the barking of a dog?
n. Burton—*Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. II. Sec. III. Mem. 7.

The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made.
That's both her lustre and her shade,)
And in the lantern of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light.
o. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto I. Line 905.

I saw the man in the moon.
p. Dekker—*Old Fortunatus.*

The moon's fair image quaketh
In the raging waves of ocean,
Whilst she, in the vault of heaven,
Moves with peaceful motion.
q. Heine—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* Prologue. No. 23.

The silver-footed queen.
r. Homer.

Such a slender moon, going up and up,
Waxing so fast from night to night,
And swelling like an orange flower-bud, bright,
Fated, methought, to round as to a golden cup,
And hold to my two lips life's best of wine.
a. Jean Ingelow—*Songs of the Night Watches. The First Watch.* Pt. II.

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror, from the east
The waiting world awaking
To a golden fairy feast.
b. Ernest Jones—*Moonrise.*

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright!
c. Ben Jonson—*To Cynthia.*

Sweet through the green leaves shines the moon.
d. Leland—*The Swan.*

It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
And their aerial neighborhoods of nests
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
And harvest-fields, its mystic splendor rests.
e. Longfellow—*The Harvest Moon.*

The moon was pallid, but not faint;
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharmed with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars,
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.
f. Longfellow—*Occultation of Orion.*

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.
g. Longfellow—*Endymion.*

See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.
h. Longfellow—*Christus The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

The first pale star of night! the trembling star!
And all heaven waiting till the sun had drawn
His long train after! then a new creation
Will follow their queen-leader from the depths.
i. George Macdonald—*Within and Without.* Pt. IV. Sc. 9.

The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.
j. Mickle—*Cumnor Hall.*

To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
k. Milton—*Il Penseroso.* Line 67.

Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam:
The lulled winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
Nature is hush'd.
l. Robert Montgomery—*The Starry Heavens.*

Hail, pallid crescent, hail!
Let me look on thee where thou sitt'st for aye
Like memory—ghastly in the glare of day,
But in the evening, light.
m. D. M. Mulock—*The Moon in the Morning.*

No rest—no dark.
Hour after hour that passionless bright face
Climbs up the desolate blue.
n. D. M. Mulock—*Moon-Struck.*

He * * thought the moon was made of green cheese.
o. Rabelais—*Works.* Bk. I. Ch. XI.

Day glimmer'd in the east, and the White Moon
Hung like a vapor in the cloudless sky.
p. Rogers—*Italy. The Lake of Geneva.*

Again thou reignest in thy golden hall,
Rejoicing in thy sway, fair queen of night!
The ruddy reapers hail thee with delight:
Theirs is the harvest, theirs the joyous call
For tasks well ended ere the season's fall.
q. Roscoe—*To the Harvest Moon.*

Good even, fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.
r. Scott—*Heart of Mid-Lothian.* Ch. XVII.

I saw the new moon late yestereen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.
s. Scott—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

The moon is in her summer glow;
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud.
t. Scott—*Rokeby.* Canto I. St. 1.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
a. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 2.

It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
b. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow.
c. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And, through this distemperature we see
The seasons alter.
d. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing of the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyous eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?
e. SHELLEY—*To the Moon.*

The young moon has fed
Her exhausted horn
With the sunset's fire.
f. SHELLEY—*Hellas.*

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently and with how wan a face!
g. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*Astrophel and Stella. Sonnet XXXI.*

Diana thus, Heaven's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.
h. SWIFT—*To Lord Harley, on his Marriage.*

I with borrow'd silver shine;
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar,
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
i. SWIFT—*On the Moon.*

The sacred Queen of Night,
Who pours a lovely, gentle light,
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.
j. THOMSON—*Ode to Seraphina.*

The crimson Moon, uprising from the sea,
With large delight, foretells the harvest near.
k. LORD THURLOW—*Select Poems. The Harvest Moon.*

How peacefully the broad and golden moon
Comes up to gaze upon the reaper's toil!
That they who own the land for many a mile,
May bless her beams, and they who take the boon
Of scattered ears; Oh! beautiful! how soon
The dusk is turned to silver without soil,
Which makes the fair sheaves fairer than at noon,
And guides the gleaner to his slender spoil.
l. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*Sonnet. The Harvest Moon.*

MORALITY.

Morality is the object of government. We want a state of things in which crime will not pay, a state of things which allows every man the largest liberty compatible with the liberty of every other man.
m. EMERSON—*Fortune of the Republic.*

Morality, when vigorously alive, sees farther than intellect, and provides unconsciously for intellectual difficulties.
n. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Dirus Cæsar.*

The moral system of the universe is like a document written in alternate ciphers, which change from line to line.
o. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning,—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

The True Grandeur of Humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man.
q. CHAS. SUMNER—*Oration on The True Grandeur of Nations.*

MORNING.

In saffron-colored mantle from the tides
Of Ocean rose the morning to bring light
To gods and men.
r. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk XIX. Line 1.

Now from the smooth deep ocean-stream the sun
Began to climb the heavens, and with new rays
Smote the surrounding fields.
s. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. VII. Line 525.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day.
t. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 98.

O word and thing most beautiful!
a. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Morning.*

Slow buds the pink dawn like a rose
From out night's gray and cloudy sheath;
Softly and still it grows and grows,
Petal by petal, leaf by leaf.
b. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*The Morning Comes Before the Sun.*

I saw myself, the lambent easy light
Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night.
c. DRYDEN—*Hind and Panther.* Pt. II. Line 1230.

Beauteous Night lay dead
Under the pall of twilight, and the love-star sickened and shrank.
d. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gipsy.* Bk. II.

Go forth at morning's birth,
When the glad sun, exulting in his might,
Comes from the dusky-curtained tents of night,
Shedding his gifts of beauty o'er the earth;
When sounds of busy life are on the air,
And man awakes to labour and to care,
Then hie thee forth: go out amid thy kind,
Thy daily tasks to do, thy harvest-sheaves to bind.
e. MRS. EMBURY—*Autumn Evening.*

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.
f. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 5.

The Morn! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad;
If but to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had.
g. HOOD—*Ode to Melancholy.*

The blessed morn has come again;
The early gray
Taps at the slumberer's window pane,
And seems to say,
Break, break from the enchanter's chain,
Away, away!
h. RALPH HOYT—*Snow. A Winter Sketch.*

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell.
i. KEBLE—*The Christian Year. Morning.*

"A fine morning,"
"Nothing's the matter with it that I know of.
I have seen better and I have seen worse."
j. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act V. Sc. 2.

And the morning pouring everywhere
Its golden glory on the air.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. Second Interlude. St. 3.

Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.
l. LONGFELLOW—*To-morrow.*

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved.
m. LONGFELLOW—*Autumn.*

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
n. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 171.

Morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 2.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.
p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 641.

The season prime for sweetest scents and airs.
q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 200.

Far in the east the morn is gray;
I must be gone before 'tis day.
r. D. M. MULOCK—*A Shetland Fairy Tale.* Sc. 4.

How beautiful is morning!
How the sunbeams strike the daisies,
And the kingcups fill the meadow
Like a golden-shielded army
Marching to the uplands fair.
s. D. M. MULOCK—*A Stream's Singing.*

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day.
t. PARNELL—*Hermit.* Line 117.

O'er the ground white snow, and in the air—
Silence. The stars, like lamps soon to expire
Gleam tremblingly; serene and heavenly fair
The eastern hanging crescent climbeth higher:
See, purple on the azure softly steals,
And Morning, faintly touched with quivering fire,
Leans on the frosty summits of the hills,
Like a young girl over her hoary sire.
u. ROSCOE—*Poems and Essays.*

An hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.
v. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
w. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker prancing to his love.
y. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

The busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer.
a. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

The golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach.
c. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.
d. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray;
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay.
e. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Darkness is fled.
Now, flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,
And, blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake them.
f. SHERIDAN—*The Critic.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess! hail;
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.
g. WM. SOMERVILLE—*The Chase.* Bk. II. Line 19.

Now the frosty stars are gone:
I have watched them one by one,
Fading on the shores of Dawn.
Round and full the glorious sun
Walks with level step the spray,
Through his vestibule of Day.
h. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Ariel in the Cloven Pine.*

Yonder fly his scattered golden arrows,
And smite the hills with day.
i. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening. Morning.*

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.
j. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. III. Line 1.

Rise, happy morn, Rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.
k. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXX.

Brown Night retires; young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospects wide.
l. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 51.

The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews.
m. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 47.

It is the fairest sight in Nature's realms,
To see on summer morning, dewy-sweet,
That very type of freshness, the green wheat,
Surging through shadows of the hedgerow elms;
How the eye revels in the many shapes
And colors which the risen day restores!
n. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*Sonnet. Morning.*

MORTALITY.

"Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."
o. EDWIN ARNOLD—*The Light of Asia.* Bk. III. Line 25.

Flesh is but the glasse, which holds the dust
That measures all our time; which also shall
Be crumbled into dust.
p. HERBERT—*The Temple. Church Monuments.*

Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies.
q. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Winter. An Ode.*

Consider
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:—
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.
r. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Consider.*

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality.
s. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought;
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves.
t. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 417.

Man wants but little, nor that little long;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
u. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 118.

MOTHER.

Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
a. ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN—*Rock Me to Sleep.*

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps;
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes.
b. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 225.

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.
c. COLERIDGE—*The Three Graves.* St. 10.

There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.
d. Mrs. HEMANS—*Siege of Valencia.* Sc. *Room in a Palace of Valencia.*

The aged Mother to her Daughter spake,
Daughter, said she, arise,
Thy Daughter to her Daughter take
Whose Daughter's Daughter cries.
e. HOKEWELL—*Apolog.* I. Ch. V. Sec. 7.

When the rose of thine own being
Shall reveal its central fold,
Thou shalt look within and marvel,
Fearing what thine eyes behold;
What it shows and what it teaches
Are not things wherewith to part;
Thorny rose! that always costeth
Beatings at the heart.
f. JEAN INGELOW—*A Mother Showing the Portrait of Her Child.*

But one upon Earth is more beautiful and better than the wife—that is the mother.
g. L. SCHEFER.

And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
h. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the newborn mind.
i. Mrs. SIGOURNEY—*The Mother of Washington.*

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.
j. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto VII. Line 308.

The bearing and the training of a child is woman's wisdom.
k. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto V. Line 470.

MOTIVE.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.
l. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VIII. Ch. LXV.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.
m. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Elixer*

It is not the deed
A man does, but the way that he does it, should plead
For the man's compensation in doing it.
n. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto II. St. 1.

MOUNTAINS.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
o. BYRON—*Manfred.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky.
p. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Line 4.

Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
q. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 17.

Yesterday brown was still thy head, as the locks of my loved one,
Whose sweet image so dear silently beckons afar.
Silver-grey is the early snow to-day on thy summit,
Through the tempestuous night streaming fast over thy brow.
r. GOETHE—*The Swiss Alps.*

Round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.
s. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 192.

Earth has built the great watch-towers of the mountains, and they lift their heads far up into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around to see if the Judge of the World comes not!
t. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. VI.

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.
u. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 32.

Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery.
v. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Nature. Mountains.*

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another.
a. SHELLEY—*Love's Philosophy.*

MURDER.

Nothing can be in itself so disagreeable to me as to go to London, or to show to the world the face of a man marked by the hand of God.
b. BURKE—*Letter to Lord Loughborough.*

Mordre wol out, that seene day by day.
c. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Nonnes Preestes Tale.* Line 15058.

Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
d. DRYDEN—*The Cock and Fox.* Line 285.

Murder, like talent, seems occasionally to run in families.
e. GEORGE HENRY LEWES—*Physiology of Common Life.* Ch. XII.

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Prince's were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren?
f. BEILBY PORTEUS—*Death.* Line 154.

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the golden time
Ere human statute purg'd the general weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
g. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 5.

He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as fresh as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
i. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Is not the causer of these timeless deaths
As blameful as the executioners?
j. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
k. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.
l. *Hamlet.* Act 2. Sc. 2.

O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy.
m. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder: Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfill a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
n. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust,
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
o. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.
p. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Cast not the clouded gem away,
Quench not the dim but living ray,—
My brother man, Beware!
With that deep voice which from the skies
Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,
God's angel cries, Forbear!
q. WHITTIER—*Human Sacrifice.* Pt. VII.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
r. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire VII. Line 55.

MUSIC.

Music religious heat inspires,
It wakes the soul and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
s. ADDISON—*A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.* St. 4.

Rich celestial music thrilled the air
From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged
Eastward and westward, making bright the night.
t. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. IV. Line 418.

Music tells no truths.
u. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

God is its author, and not man; he laid
The key-note of all harmonies; he planned
All perfect combinations, and he made
Us so that we could hear and understand.
a. M. G. Brainard—*Music.*

The rustle of the leaves in summer's hush
When wandering breezes touch them, and the sigh
That filters through the forest, or the gush
That swells and sinks amid the branches high,—
'Tis all the music of the wind, and we
Let fancy float on this æolian breath.
b. M. G. Brainard—*Music.*

Discords make the sweetest airs.
c. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 919.

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
d. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 21.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.
e. Byron—*Beppo.* St. 32.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.
f. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XV. St. 5.

Hears thy stormy music of the drum.
g. Campbell—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. 1.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels.
h. Carlyle—*Essays. The Opera.*

See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of Nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it.
i. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture III.

With voices sweet entuned, and so smale,
That me thought it the sweetest melody
That ever I heard in my life.
j. Chaucer—*Flower and Leaf.* Line 79.

In hollow murmurs died away.
k. Collins—*The Passions.* Line 68.

In notes by distance made more sweet.
l. Collins—*The Passions.* Line 60.

When music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell.
m. Collins—*The Passions.* Line 1.

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak;
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
n. Congreve—*The Mourning Bride.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.
o. Dryden—*A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.*

Music sweeps by me as a messenger
Carrying a message that is not for me.
p. George Eliot—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

There is no feeling, perhaps, except the extremes of fear and grief, that does not find relief in music—that does not make a man sing or play the better.
q. George Eliot—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VI. Ch. VII.

'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands: He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio.
r. George Eliot—*Legend of Jubal. Stradivarius.* Line 151.

Heaven's thunders melt
In music!
s. John Hookham Frere (Wm. and Robt. Whistlecraft)—*The Monks and Giants.* Canto III.

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
t. Gray—*Elegy in a Country Church Yard.* St. 108.

He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,
One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute.
u. Thos. Hervey—*The Devil's Progress.*

Music may be divine, but its living is its dying. It gushes, and is drunk up by the thirsty silences.
v. J. G. Holland—*Plain Talks on Familar Subjects. Art and Life.*

Music was a thing of the soul—a rose-lipped shell that murmured of the eternal sea—a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.
w. J. G. Holland—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Art and Life.*

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to spirit ditties of no tone.
x. Keats—*Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor.
y. Keats—*St. Agnes' Eve.* St. 27.

Joy has its voice—so has grief! There are eloquent tears; and deep sorrows
Melt into songs—in the fields which grow green the sweet nightingale sings;
Genius and Love never meet but the spirit of music is near them;
When the heart speaks, lend thine ear—lend thine ear, for its language is song.
a. CHARLES KISFALUDY—*Sound of Song.*

Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony,
But organically I am incapable of a tune.
b. LAMB—*A Chapter on Ears.*

Music is in all growing things;
And underneath the silky wings
Of smallest insects there is stirred
A pulse of air that must be heard;
Earth's silence lives, and throbs, and sings.
c. LATHROP—*Music of Growth.*

Of all the arts, great music is the art
To raise the soul above all earthly storms.
d. LELAND—*The Music Lesson of Confucius.*

O secret music! sacred tongue of God!
I hear thee calling to me, and I come!
e. LELAND—*The Music Lesson of Confucius.*

Music is the universal language of mankind.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Outre-Mer. Ancient Spanish Ballads.*

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.
g. LONGFELLOW—*The Day is Done.*

Writ in the climate of Heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Children of the Lord's Supper.* Line 262.

Yea, music is the Prophet's art;
Among the gifts that God hath sent,
One of the most magnificent!
i. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. Second Interlude. St. 5.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
j. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 244.

In an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the soundboard breathes.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 708.

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.
l. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 560.

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
m. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 136.

Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
n. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 145.

Such music (as, 'tis said,)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung.
o. MILTON—*Hymn on the Nativity.* St. 12.

The hidden soul of harmony,
p. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 144.

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
q. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 161.

The sound
Symphonius of ten thousand harps that tuned
Angelic harmonies.
r. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 558.

And music too—dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.
s. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

Music! O how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
t. MOORE—*On Music.*

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
u. MOORE—*The Harp That Once.*

The Father spake! In grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty music tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations,
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.
* * * * * * *
And wheresoever, in his rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul—
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll!
v. FRANCES S. OSGOOD—*Music.*

As some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
w. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 343.

By music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
* * * * * *
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds.
a. POPE—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise
And fill with spreading sounds the skies.
b. POPE—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain.
c. POPE—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.
d. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 143.

Music resembles Poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
e. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 143.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
f. POPE—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starv'd hackney sonnetteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
g. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 418.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!
h. ROGERS—*Human Life.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With surest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
k. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.
m. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again,—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.
o. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 1.

It will discourse most excellent music.
p. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.
q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air.
s. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Music do I hear?
Ha! ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
t. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
u. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

One who the music of his own vain tongue,
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony.
v. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

Play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.
w. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
x. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows!
y. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.*
z. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
aa. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The Music of the spheres! list my Marina.
a. *Pericles.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Induction.

Music, when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory.
c. SHELLEY—*To* ———.

Musick! soft charm of heav'n and earth,
Whence dids't thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date,
Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate?
d. EDMUND SMITH—*Ode in Praise of Musick.*

Dischord ofte in musick makes the sweeter lay.
e. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto II. St. 5.

Music revives the recollections it would appease.
f. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. IX. Ch. II.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.
g. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Vivien.* Line 240.

Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
h. TENNYSON—*The Lotos Eaters. Choric Song.* St. 1.

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes.
i. TENNYSON—*The Lotos Eaters. Choric Song.* St. 1.

Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
j. WATTS—*Hymns and Spiritual Songs.* Bk. II. Hymn 19.

With a great pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
We hear the wild refrain.
k. WHITTIER—*At Port Royal.*

Soft is the music that would charm forever.
l. WORDSWORTH—*Sonnet. Not Love, Not War.*

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.
m. WORDSWORTH—*The Solitary Reaper.*

Where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.
n. WORDSWORTH—*Inside of King's Chapel, Cambridge.*

N.

NAME.

Oh! no! we never mention her
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.
o. THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—*Oh! No! We Never Mention Her.*

He lives who dies to win a lasting name.
p. DRUMMOND—*Sonnet.*

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.
q. LEIGH HUNT—*Abou Ben Adhem.*

The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.
r. DON JORGE MANRIQUE—*Coplas De Manrique.* Trans. by Longfellow.

Oh name forever sad, forever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
s. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 31.

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.
t. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?
u. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words—
* * * * *
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
v. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
w. *Comedy of Errors.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

NARRATIVE.

I hate
To tell again a tale once fully told.
y. BRYANT'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XII. Line 556.

What so tedious as a twice told tale?
z. POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XII. Last line.

NATURE.

Nature's great law, and law of all men's minds?—
To its own impulse every creature stirs;
Live by thy light, and earth will live by her's!
a. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Religious Isolation.* St. 4.

The course of Nature seems a course of Death,
And nothingness the whole substantial thing.
b. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood.*

God quickened—in the sea, and in the rivers—
So many fishes of so many features,
That in the waters we may see all creatures,
Even all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters to be drown'd,
For seas—as well as skies—have sun, moon, stars;
As well as air—swallows, rooks, and stares;
As well as earth—vines, roses, nettles, melons,
Mushrooms, pinks, gilliflowers, and many millions
Of other plants, more rare, more strange than these;
As very fishes, living in the seas.
c. DU BARTAS—*Divine Weeks and Works.*

Nature, too unkind
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!
d. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Philaster.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still.
e. BLOOMFIELD—*Farmer's Boy. Spring.* Line 9.

Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.
f. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Pt. XVI.

Rich with the spoils of nature.
g. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Pt. XIII.

There are no grotesques in nature; not anything framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces.
h. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Pt. XV.

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.
i. BRYANT—*Thanatopsis.*

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.
j. BRYANT—*Thanatopsis.*

Nature, the vicar of the almightie Lord.
k. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. Assembly of Foules.* Line 379.

Not without art, yet to nature true.
l. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 699.

All nature wears one universal grin.
m. FIELDING—*Tom Thumb the Great.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Where Nature is sovereign, there is no need of austerity and self-denial.
n. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.
o. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 23.

Nature can soothe if she cannot satisfy.
p. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. III. Ch. XXVIII.

Wise is Nature's plan,
Who, in her realm as in the soul of man,
Alternates storm with calm, and the loud noon
With dewy evening's soft and sacred lull.
q. PAUL H. HAYNE—*Sonnet.*

That undefined and mingled hum,
Voice of the desert never dumb!
r. HOGG—*Verses to Lady Anne Scott.*

Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
s. LONGFELLOW—*Voices of the Night.* Prelude.

No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
t. LONGFELLOW—*Sunrise on the Hills.* Line 35.

So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Nature.*

O Nature, how fair is thy face,
And how light is thy heart, and how friendless thy grace!
v. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto V. St. 28.

But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills.
w. RICHARD MILNES—*Tragedy of the Lar de Gaube.* St. 2.

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine!
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 561.

This wild abyss,
The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 910.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart:
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
b. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 267.

All nature is but art.
c. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep I. Line 289.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.
d. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 13.

See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbor to embrace.
e. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 10.

Some touch of Nature's genial glow.
f. SCOTT—*Lord of the Isles.* Canto III. St. 14.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
h. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!
i. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
k. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.
l. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er dusted.
m. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.
n. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Yet neither spins, he cards, nor frets,
But to her mother nature all her care she lets.
o. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. II. Canto I.

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moans of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.
p. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto VII. Line 208.

Nothing in nature is unbeautiful
q. TENNYSON—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 350.

O Nature! * * * * * * *
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works;
Snatch me to heaven.
r. THOMSON—*The Seasons.* *Autumn.* Line 1350.

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?
s. THOMSON—*The Seasons.* *Spring.* Line 465.

Nature is always wise in every part.
t. LORD THURLOW—*Select Poems.* *The Harvest Moon.*

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of nature let him die!
WORDSWORTH—*The Old Cumberland Beggar.*

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.
u. WORDSWORTH—*Tintern Abbey.*

Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
Was e'er created solely for itself.
v. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 706.

Such blessings nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
She rears her flowers and spreads her velvet green.
w. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 219.

The course of nature is the art of God.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 1267.

NECESSITY.

Necessity is stronger far than art.
b. ÆSCHYLUS—*Prom.* 514.

Than is it wisdom, as thinketh me,
To maken vertu of necessité,
And take it wel, that we may nat escheive,
And namely that that to us alle is dewe,
c. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Knighte's Tale.* Line 2184.

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordained to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
d. DRYDEN—*Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. III. Line 1084.

Not mine
This saying, but the sentence of the sage,
Nothing is stronger than necessity.
e. EURIPIDES—*Hel.* 514.

Necessity, the mother of invention.
f. FARQUHAR—*The Twin Rivals.* Act I.

My steps have pressed the flowers,
That to the Muses' bowers
The eternal dews of Helicon have given:
And trod the mountain height,
Where Science, young and bright,
Scans with poetic gaze the midnight-heaven;
Yet have I found no power to vie
With thine, severe Necessity!
g. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Necessity.*

Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves.
h. WM. PITT—*Speech on the India Bill.* Nov. 1783.

Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,
As well as surest prompter of invention.
i. SCOTT—*Peveril of the Peak.* Ch. XXVI.

He must needs go that the Devil drives.
j. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Necessity's sharp pinch!
k. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Now sit we close about the taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
l. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
m. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

To make a virtue of necessity.
n. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Necessity seems to bear a divine character, while the determinations of the human will may be imbued with pride.
o. MADAME DE STAËL—*In Abel Steven's Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXI.

NEGLECT.

The poor too often turn away unheard,
From hearts that shut against them with a sound
That will be heard in heaven.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.
q. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 4.

NIGHT.

Day is a snow-white Dove of heaven,
That from the east glad message brings:
Night is a stealthy, evil Raven,
Wrapt to the eyes in his black wings.
r. ALDRICH—*Day and Night.*

I love night more than day—she is so lovely;
But I love night the most because she brings
My love to me in dreams which scarcely lie.
s. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood. Midnight.*

Night comes, world-jewelled, * * * * *
The stars rush forth in myriads as to wage
War with the lines of Darkness; and the moon,
Pale ghost of Night, comes haunting the cold earth
After the sun's red sea-death—quietless.
t. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

When draws near the witching hour of night.
u. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 55.

Night wears away, and morn is near,
The stars are high, two-thirds of night are past;
The greater part,—and scarce a third remains.
v. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. X. Line 292.

Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber!
w. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 93.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
x. BYRON—*Manfred.* Act III. Sc. 4.

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.
y. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 122.

Til that the brighte sonne had lost his hewe,
For the orizont had reft the sonne his liht,
(This is as much to sayn as it was nyht.)
z. CHAUCER—*The Canterbury Tales. The Frankeleynes Tale.* Line 288.

Night drew her sable curtain down
And pinned it with a star.
a. M'Donald Clarke.

The crackling embers on the hearth are dead;
The indoor note of industry is still;
The latch is fast; upon the window-sill
The small birds wait not for their daily bread;
The voiceless flowers—how quietly they shed
Their nightly odours;—and the household rill
Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds that fill
The vacant expectation, and the dread
Of listening night.
b. Hartley Coleridge—*Poems. Night.*

O radiant Dark! O darkly fostered ray!
Thou hast a joy too deep for shallow Day.
c. George Eliot—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
d. Goldsmith—*The Deserted Village.* Line 121.

How gently rock your poplars high
Against the reach of primrose sky
With heaven's pale candles stored.
e. Jean Ingelow—*Supper at the Mill.*

'Tis the witching hour of night,
Orbed is the moon and bright,
And the stars they glisten, glisten,
Seeming with bright eyes to listen—
For what listen they?
f. Keats—*A Prophecy.* Line 1.

I heard the trailing garment of the night
Sweep through her marble halls.
g. Longfellow—*Hymn to the Night.*

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.
h. Longfellow—*Hymn to the Night.*

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen, in breathless silence,
To the solemn litany.
i. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. 5.

The Night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.
There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.
j. Longfellow—*Light of Stars.*

Then stars arise, and the night is holy.
k. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. I.

Quiet night, that brings
Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,
In which he rises early to do wrong,
And when his work is ended, dares not sleep.
l. Massinger—*The Guardian.* Act II. Sc. 4.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;
And the moon look'd forth, as tho' in pain,
With her face all white and wet.
m. Owen Meredith—*The Wanderer.* Bk. IV. *The Portrait.*

The night is come! On the hills above
Her dusky hair she hath shaken free,
* * * * * * *
She hath loosen'd the shade of the cedar grove,
And shaken it over the long dark lea.
She hath kindled the glow-worm, and cradled the dove,
In the silent cypress tree.
n. Owen Meredith—*The Wanderer.* Bk. I. *Desire.* St. 2.

Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in louring Night,
Her shadowy offspring.
o. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 397.

Now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd,
And now wild beasts came forth, the woods to roam.
p. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. I. Line 499.

O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
q. Milton—*Comus.* Line 195.

Sable-vested Night, eldest of things.
r. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 962.

The sun was sunk, and after him the Star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veiled th' horizon round.
s. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 48.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!
a. MONTGOMERY—*Night.* St. 1.

O, such a blessed night is this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
b. MOORE—*To Viscount Strangford.* St. 4.

There never was night that had no morn.
c. D. M. MULOCK—*The Golden Gate.*

Day is ended, Darkness shrouds
The shoreless seas and lowering clouds.
d. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Rhododaphne.*

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy vale of night.
e. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. VIII. Line 605.

Oh Night, most beautiful and rare!
Thou giv'st the heavens their holiest line,
And through the azure fields of air
Bring'st down the gentle dew.
f. READ—*Night.*

On dreary night let lusty sunshine fall.
g. SCHILLER—*Pompeii and Herculaneum.*

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.
h. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto VI. Last lines.

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—"Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.
i. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Come, seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!
k. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
l. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
m. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death.
n. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 1.

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
o. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

In the dead waste and middle of the night.
p *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wings to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop an drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
q. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Making night hideous.
r. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle overveil'd the earth.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

Pry'thee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.
t. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.
u. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tol'd twelve.—
Lovers to bed.
v. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise.
w. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The night is long that never finds the day.
x. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.
y. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 1.

This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day;
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.
z. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

'Tis now the witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.
a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which Vernal Zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene, Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars, unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.
b. SHELLEY—*Night.*

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven.
c. SOUTHEY—*Thalaba.*

Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool.
d. TENNYSON—*Œnone.*

Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void,
Distinction lost; and gay variety
One universal blot: such the power
Of light to kindle and create the whole.
e. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 1136.

Mysterious Night! when the first man but knew
Thee by report, unseen, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely Frame,
This glorious canopy of Light and Blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting Flame,
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened on his view.
Who could have thought what Darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such endless Orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Weak man! why to shun Death this anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?
f. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE—*Night and Death.* Transcribed from an Autograph.

Earth, turning from the sun, brings night to man.
g. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 2011.

How is night's sable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What wisdom shines! what love! This midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition!
h. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 385.

Mine is the night, with all her stars.
i. YOUNG—*Paraphrase on Job.* Line 147.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 18.

NOBILITY.

These look like the workmanship of heaven;
This is the porcelain clay of human kind,
And therefore cast into the noble mould.
k. DRYDEN—*Don Sebastian.* Act I. Sc. 1.

O lady, nobility is thine, and thy form is the reflection of thy nature!
l. EURIPIDES—*Gon.*, 238.

There are epidemics of nobleness as well as epidemics of disease.
m. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.
n. CHARLES KINGSLEY—*A Farewell.* St. 2.

Be noble in every thought
And in every deed!
o. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

Noble by birth, yet noble by great deeds.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Emma and Eginhard.* Line 82.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
q. LOWELL—*Sonnet IV.*

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder.
r. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: This was a man!
a. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 5.

The two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.
b. Swift—*Battle of the Books.*

Better not to be at all
Than not be noble.
c. Tennyson—*The Princess.* Pt. II. Line 79.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
d. Tennyson—*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.* St. 7.

O.

OATHS.

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it.
e Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto II. Line 377.

Oaths were not purpos'd more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a penfold.
f. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 197.

Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?
g. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto II. Line 379.

Hence ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great, vulgar and the small.
h. Cowley—*Horace.* Bk. III. Ode I.

Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife—
Some men have surely then a peaceful life;
Whatever subject occupy discourse,
The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,
Asseveration blustering in your face
Makes contradiction such a happy case:
In every tale they tell, or false or true,
Well known, or such as no man ever knew,
They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
With oaths like rivets forced into the brain,
And e'en when sober truth prevails throughout,
They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.
i. Cowper—*Conversation.* Line 55.

Sworn on every slight pretence,
Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book's outside, who ne'er look'd within.
j. Cowper—*Expostulation.* Line 384.

And fall a cursing, like a very drab.
k. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.
l. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 1.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
m. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any.
n. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
o. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

For it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him.
p. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.
q. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

It is a great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
r. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 1.

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
s. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Or having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
t. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

That suck'd the honey of his music vows.
u. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
a. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act. IV. Sc. 2.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
b. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 6.

What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise.
c. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths.
d. *Cymbeline*—Act II. Sc. 1.

"He shall not die, by God," cried he.
The Accusing Spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in: and the Recording Angel as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.
e. STERNE—*Tristram Shandy.* Ch. VIII.

OBEDIENCE.

Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear.
f. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. I. Line 280.

He who obeys with modesty, appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.
g. CICERO—Leg. III. 2.

Obey him gladly; and let him too know,
You were not made for him, but he for you.
h. COWLEY—*The Davideis.* Bk. IV. Line 674.

One day thou wilt be blest;
So still obey the guiding hand that fends
Thee safely through these wonders for such ends.
i. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. II. Line 575.

I find the doing of the will of God, leaves me no time for disputing about His plans.
j. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXXII.

Obedience is the key to every door.
k. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LIII.

I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of heav'n submit.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 371.

"To him who wears the cross," he said,
"The first great law is—To Obey!"
m. SCHILLER—*The Fight with the Dragon.*

And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain.
n. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it.
o. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Obey, and be attentive.
p. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array.
q. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

OBLIVION.

Oblivion is not to be hired.
r. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumb'd and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost except a little life.
s. BYRON—*On Hearing that Lady Byron was Ill.* Line 9.

Oblivion is the dark page, whereon Memory writes her light-beam characters, and makes them legible; were it all light, nothing could be read there, any more than if it were all darkness.
t. CARLYLE—*Essays. On History Again.*

Without oblivion, there is no remembrance possible. When both oblivion and memory are wise, when the general soul of man is clear, melodious, true, there may come a modern Iliad as memorial of the Past.
u. CARLYLE—*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.* Introduction. Ch. I.

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion.
v. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

OBSCURITY.

Content thyself to be obscurely good;
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
w. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
x. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 14.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.
y. POPE—*Ode on Solitude.*

OCCUPATIONS.

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.

a. BACON—*Maxim of the Law.* Preface.

Despatch is the soul of business.

b. EARL OF CHESTERFIELD—*Letter.* Feb. 5, 1750.

A business with an income at its heels.

c. COWPER—*Retirement.* Line 614.

A manufacturing district * * sends out, as it were, suckers into all its neighborhood.

d. HALLAM—*View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.* Ch. IX. Pt. II.

Choose brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world.

e. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

The eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd.

f. SAML. JOHNSON—*Verses on Robt. Levet.* St. 7.

Business dispatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done.

g. BULWER-LYTTON—*Caxtoniana.* Essay XXVI.

I'll give thrice so much land to any well deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

h. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

i. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

That which is everybody's business, is nobody's business.

k. IZAAK WALTON—*Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. II.

ACTING—THE STAGE.

Farce follow'd Comedy, and reach'd her prime
In ever laughing Foote's fantastic time;
Mad wag! who pardon'd none, nor spared the best,
And turn'd some very serious things to jest.
Nor church nor state escaped his public sneers,
Arms nor the gown, priests, lawyers, volunteers:
"Alas, poor Yorick!" now forever mute!
Whoever loves a laugh must sigh for Foote.

We smile, perforce, when histrionic scenes
Ape the swoln dialogue of kings and queens,
When "Chrononhotonthologos must die"
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty.

l. BYRON—*Hints from Horace.* Line 329.

I think I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others; because in it I recognize the union and culmination of my own. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was Poetry; He formed it, and that was Scripture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.

m. CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.

n. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 270.

Like hungry guests, a sitting audience looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks.
The founder's you: the table is this place:
The carvers we: the prologue is the grace.
Each act, a course, each scene, a different dish
Though we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and rough.
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof?
Wit is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sirloin:
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft and chaste,
Are water-gruel without salt or taste.

o. GEORGE FARQUHAR—*The Way to Win Him.* Prologue.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.

p. GOLDSMITH—*Retaliation.* Line 101.

OCCUPATIONS—ACTING.

Everybody has his own theatre, in which he is manager, actor, prompter, playwright, sceneshifter, boxkeeper, doorkeeper, all in one, and audience into the bargain.

a. J. C. and A. W. Hare—*Guesses at Truth.*

A long, exact, and serious Comedy;
In every scene some Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.

b. Pope—*Epistle to Miss Blount.* IV. Line 22.

Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.

c. Pope—*Prologue to Addison's Cato.* Line 42.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live over each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage.

d. Pope—*Prologue to Addison's Cato.* Line 1.

A beggarly account of empty boxes.

e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious.

f. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.

g. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you lived.

h. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion.

i. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 5.

If it be true, that "good wine needs no bush," 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue.

j. *As You Like It.* Epilogue.

I have heard, that guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have porcelain'd their malefactions.

k. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

In a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

l. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd.

m. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

n. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgotten my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.

o. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that neither, having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

p. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, (and as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness,

q. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

r. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he shall weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears.

s. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slowly falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

t. Thackeray—*The End of the Play.*

In other things the knowing artist may
Judge better than the people; but a play
(Made for delight, and for no other use)
If you approve it not, has no excuse.

u. Waller—*Prologue to the Maid's Tragedy.*

AGRICULTURE.

Thou destroy'st thy labouring steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with pains thy else ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the surly clods he broke),
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman.
a. DRYDEN—*Pythagorean Philosophy, from Fifteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.* Line 179.

The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land.
b. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Farming.*

Smoothly and lightly the golden seed by the furrow is cover'd.
c. GOETHE—*To the Husbandman.*

Oft did the harvest to the sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
d. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 7.

And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XIII.

Adam, well may we labour, still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb and flower.
f. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 205.

Each tree,
Laden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 306.

The fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.
h. LADY MONTAGUE—*The Answer.*

A pear tree planted nigh,
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
i. POPE—*January and May.* Line 632.

Here Ceres' gift in waving prospect stand;
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand.
j. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 39.

Our rural Ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain.
k. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 241.

Weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
l. POPE—*Summer.* Line 66.

Where grows? where grows it not? If va'n our toil,
We ought to blame the culture not the soil.
m. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 14.

Fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
n. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.
o. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing bough may live.
p. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The ripest fruit first falls.
q. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality.
r. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

You sunburn'd sickle men, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.
s. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employed
The Kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compared your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent lived.
t. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 58.

The juicy pear
Lies in a soft profusion scattered round.
u. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 630.

Blessed be agriculture! if one does not have too much of it.
v. CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER—*My Summer in a Garden.* Preliminary.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;
* * * * *
But let the good old corn adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!
w. WHITTIER—*The Corn-Song.*

O,—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

a. WHITTIER—*The Pumpkin.*

ALCHEMY.

By fire
Of sooty coal th' empiric alchymist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold.

b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 439.

The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest.

c. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 269.

. . . . . The glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold.

d. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

You are an alchymist; make gold of that.

e. *Timon of Athens.* Act V. Sc. 1.

ARCHITECTURE.

Houses are built to live in, not to look on; therefore, let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both can be had.

f. BACON—*Essays. Of Building.*

The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish, as well as the ærial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.

g. EMERSON—*Essay. Of History.*

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

h. GRAY—*A Long Story.*

Grandeur * * * consists in form and not in size: and to the eye of the philosopher the curve drawn on a paper two inches long, is just as magnificent, just as symbolic of divine mysteries and melodies, as when embodied in the span of some cathedral roof.

i. CHARLES KINGSLEY—*Prose Idylls. My Winter-Garden.*

The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones,
And with him toiled his children,—and their lives
Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
As offerings unto God.

j. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. III.

Nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculpture graven.

k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 715.

The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd: and the work some praise.
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes.

l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 730.

When we view some well-proportion'd dome,
No single parts unequally surprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes.

m. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 249.

Architecture is the work of nations.

n. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Sculpture.*

Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact, than the richest without meaning. There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic buildings, without some intellectual intention.

o. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Architecture. The Lamp of Memory.*

I would have, then, our ordinary dwelling-houses built to last, and built to be lovely; as rich and full of pleasantness as may be within and without, and with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation and partly his history.

p. RUSKIN—*Seven Lamps of Architecture. The Lamp of Memory.*

No person who is not a great sculptor or painter, *can* be an architect. If he is not a sculptor or painter, he can only be a builder.

q. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Sculpture.*

Ornamentation is the principal part of architecture, considered as a subject of fine art.

r. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Sculpture.*

The value of Architecture depends on two distinct characters:—the one, the impression it receives from human power; the other, the image it bears of the natural creation.

s. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Architecture. The Lamp of Beauty.*

When we build, let us think that we build (public edifices) for ever. Let it not be for the present delight, nor for present use alone, let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as

we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substances of them, "See! this our fathers did for us."

a. RUSKIN—*Seven Lamps of Architecture. The Lamp of Memory.*

Architecture is frozen music.

b. SCHELLING—*Philosophie der Kunst.* P. 576.

'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich,

c. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 3.

He that hath a house to put his head in, has a good head piece.

d. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."

e. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. VI.

ASTRONOMY.

An astronomer rapt in abstraction, while he gazes on a star, must feel more exquisite delight than a farmer who is conducting his team.

f. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. On Habituating Ourselves to an Individual Pursuit.*

And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern.

g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 346.

At night astronomers agree.

h. PRIOR—*Phillis's Age.* St. 3.

And teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night.

i. *Tempest.* Act 1. Sc. 2.

My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

j. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Those earthly god-fathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star.

k. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

AUTHORSHIP.

The circumstance which gives authors an advantage above all these great masters, is this, that they can multiply their originals; or rather can make copies of their works to what number they please, which shall be as valuable as the originals themselves.

l. ADDISON—*The Spectator.* No. 166.

A book made, renders succession to the author: for as long as the book exists, the author remaining ἀθανατος, immortal, cannot perish.

m. RICHARD AUNGERVYLE (Richard De Bury). *Philobiblon.*

Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear
Glean after what it can.

n. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Unless a man can link his written thoughts with the everlasting wants of men, so that they shall draw from them as from wells, there is no more immortality to the thoughts and feelings of the soul than to the muscles and the bones.

o. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Star Papers. Oxford. Bodleian Library.*

Art thou a pen, whose task shall be
To drown in ink
What writers think?
Oh, wisely write,
That pages white
Be not the worse for ink and thee.

p. ETHEL LYNN BEERS—*The Gold Nugget.*

Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, release from vacuity, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the fireside—authors.

q. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Authors.*

There is probably no hell for authors in the next world—they suffer so much from critics and publishers in this.

r. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Authors.*

A man of moderate Understanding, thinks he writes divinely: A man of good Understanding, thinks he writes reasonably.

s. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

A man starts upon a sudden, takes Pen, Ink and Paper, and without ever having had a thought of it before, resolves within himself he will write a Book; he has no Talent at Writing, but he wants fifty Guineas.

t. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

The genius of an Author consists in Designing well, and Pointing well.

u. DE LA BRUYERE—*Of the Works of Wit and Eloquence.*

'Tis as much a Trade to make a Book, as to make a Watch; there's something more than Wit requisite to make an Author.

v. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

w. BUNYAN—*Apology for his Book.*

Writers, especially when they act in a body and in one direction, have great influence on the public mind.

a. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.

b. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 83.

Dear authors! suit your topics to your strength,
And ponder well your subject, and its length;
Nor lift your load, before you're quite aware
What weight your shoulders will, or will not, bear.

c. BYRON—*Hints from Horace.*

The authors who affect contempt for a name in the world put their names to the books which they invite the world to read.

d. CICERO.

That writer does the most, who gives his reader the most knowledge and takes from him the least time.

e. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.* Preface.

Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
Till authors hear at length one general cry,
Tickle and entertain us, or we die!

f. COWPER—*Retirement.* Line 707.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

g. COWPER—*The Progress of Error.* Line 376.

The jest is clearly to be seen,
Not in the words—but in the gap between:
Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

h. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 540.

But then to write at a loose rambling rate,
In hope that the world will wink at all our faults,
Is such a rash illgrounded confidence
As men may pardon, but will never praise.

i. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—Trans. *Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 290.

Choose an author as you choose a friend.

j. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 96.

Ev'ry busy little scribbler now
Swells with the praises which he gives himself,
And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.

k. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 473

The men who labour and digest things most
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

l. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 163.

Authors stand between the governors and the governed, and form the single organ of both. Those who govern a nation cannot at the same time enlighten the people, for the executive power is not empirical; and the governed cannot think, for they have no continuity of leisure.

m. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXV.

It is style alone by which posterity will judge of a great work, for an author can have nothing truly his own but his style.

n. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Miscellanies. Style.*

No considerable work was ever composed till its author, like an ancient magician, first retired to the grove, or to the closet, to invocate.

o. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. X.

Of all the sorrows in which the female character may participate, there are few more affecting than those of an authoress.

p. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Calamities of Authors. The Life of an Authoress.*

Readers may be classed into an infinite number of divisions; but an author is a solitary being, who, for the same reason he pleases one, must consequently displease another.

q. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. On Reading.*

The public mind is the creation of the Master-Writers.

r. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXV.

We find great men often greater than the books they write.

s. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XV.

All writing comes by the grace of God, and all doing and having.

t. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Expereince.*

No man can write anything who does not think that what he writes is, for the time, the history of the world,

u. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Nature.*

The writer, like a priest, must be exempted from secular labor. His work needs a frolic health; he must be at the top of his condition.

v. EMERSON—*Poetry and Imagination. Creation.*

Envy's a sharper spur than pay:
No author ever spared a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another.

a. GAY— *The Elephant and the Bookseller.* Line 74.

Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men;
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.

b. GAY—*The Shepherd and the Philosopher.* Line 75.

Every author, in some degree, portrays himself in his works even be it against his will.

c. GOETHE—*The Poet's Year.*

The most original modern authors are not so because they advance what is new, but simply because they know how to put what they have to say, as if it had never been said before.

d. GOETHE.

One writer, for instance, excels at a plan, or a title-page, another works away at the body of the book, and a third is a dab at an index.

e. GOLDSMITH—*The Bee.* No. 1. Oct. 6, 1759.

His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art. (Of Burke).

f. ROBERT HALL—*Apology for the Freedom of the Press.*

Whatever an author puts between the two covers of his book is public property; whatever of himself he does not put there is his private property, as much as if he had never written a word.

g. GAIL HAMILTON—*Country Living and Country Thinking.* Preface.

Let your literary compositions be kept from the public eye for nine years at least.

h. HORACE.

A man may write at any time if he set himself doggedly to it.

i. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1773.

Each change of many-colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

j. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Prologue on the Opening of the Drury Lane Theatre.*

The chief glory of any people arises from its authours.

k. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Preface to Dictionary.*

Authors' lives in general are not uniform — they are strangely checquered by vicissitudes; and even were the outward circumstances uniform, the inward struggles must still be various.

l. GEO. HENRY LEWES—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. II.

To write much, and to write rapidly, are empty boasts. The world desires to know what you have done, and not how you did it.

m. GEO. HENRY LEWES—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. II.

If you once understand an author's character, the comprehension of his writing becomes easy.

n. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. V.

Look, then, into thine heart and write.

o. LONGFELLOW—*Voices of the Night.* Prelude. St. 19.

Perhaps the greatest lesson which the lives of literary men teach us is told in a single word: Wait!

p. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VIII.

Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be.

q. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 168.

He that commeth in print because he woulde be knowen, is like the foole that commeth into the Market because he woulde be seen.

r. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. To the Gentlemen Readers.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.

s. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act II. Sc. 2.

He who writes prose builds his temple to Fame in rubble; he who writes verses builds it in granite.

t. BULWER-LYTTON—*Caxtoniana.* Essay XXVII.

No author ever drew a character, consistent to human nature, but what he was forced to ascribe to it many inconsistencies.

u. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. IV. Ch. XIV.

Take away the sword,
States can be saved without it; bring the pen.

v. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The ink of the scholar is more sacred than the blood of the martyr.

w. MOHAMMED—*Tribute to Reason.*

If I were a writer of books, I would compile a register, with a comment, of the various deaths of men; and it could not but be useful, for he who should teach men to die would at the same time teach them to live.

x. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. XIX.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
a. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 17.

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old.
b. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep I. Line 35.

E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
c. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 280.

For authors nobler palms remain.
d. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. II. Line 190.

Most authors steal their works or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
e. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 618.

Our Author * * * * * * * * *
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities, what not?
f. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 274.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
g. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 1.

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,—
Like Lee, or Budgel, I will rhyme and print.
h. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire I. Line 97.

Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew.
i. POPE—*Prologue to Satire.* Line 89.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt' me in ink, my parents' or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
j. POPE—*Prologue to Satire.* Line 125.

'Tis not how well an author says;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
k. PRIOR—*Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd.*

I lived to write, and wrote to live.
l. ROGERS—*Italy. A Character.* I. 16.

Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.
m. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose pen, no matter.
n. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity.
o. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
p. SHEFFIELD—*Essay on Poetry.*

Look in thy heart and write.
q. SIDNEY—*Maxim.*

The great and good do not die even in this world. Embalmed in books, their spirits walk abroad. The book is a living voice. It is an intellect to which one still listens.
r. SAM'L SMILES—*Character.* Ch. X.

Like Cæsar, now thou writest what thou hast done,
These acts, this book, will live while there's a sun.
s. Capt. JOHN SMITH—*Smith's General History.*

What thou hast done shows all is in thy power;
And to write better, only must write more.
t. THOMAS SOUTHERNE—*To Congreve. On The Old Bachelor.* Line 40.

In every author let us distinguish the man from his works.
u. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Poets.*

So must the writer, whose production should
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould.
v. WALLER—*To Mr. Killegrew.*

A work of genius is the essence, it may be, of a whole life, the condensed knowledge, judgment, skill, that make up the man,
w. THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY—*Sermons. The Religion of the Present and of the Future.*

An author! 'tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unbless'd, with sense, above their peers refined,
Who stand up, dictators to mankind?
Nay who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause?
That sole proprietor of just applause.
x. YOUNG—*Epistles to Mr. Pope.* Ep. II. *From Oxford.* Line 15.

Who can write so fast as men run mad?
y. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 278.

BLACKSMITHING.

And him who, with the steady sledge,
Smites the shrill anvil all day long.
z. BRYANT—*The Song of the Sower.* St. 4.

Curs'd be that wretch (Death's factor sure) who brought
Dire swords into the peaceful world, and taught
Smiths, who before could only make
The spade, the ploughshare, and the rake,
Arts, in most cruel wise
Man's lett t' epitomize.
aa. COWLEY—*In Commendation of the Time we live in, under the Reign of our gracious King, Charles II.*

And the smith his iron measures hammered
to the anvil's chime;
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom
makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues
of the loom.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Nuremberg.*

As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they smote
The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones; that hung
Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the sounding wire,
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.
b. LONGFELLOW—*To a Child.*

In other part stood one who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and
brass
Had melted.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI.
Line 561.

He doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself.
d. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on his anvil cool.
e. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The painful smith, with force of fervent heat,
The hardest iron soon doth mollifie,
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list apply.
f. SPENSER—*Sonnet XXXII.*

BUTCHERING.

Whoe'er has gone thro' London street,
Has seen a Butcher gazing at his meat,
And how he keeps
Gloating upon a sheep's
Or bullock's personals, as if his own;
How he admires his halves
And quarters—and his calves,
As if in truth upon his own legs grown.
g. HOOD—*A Butcher.*

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the
slaughter?
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks.
i. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II.
Sc. 1.

The butcher in his killing clothes.
j. WALT WHITMAN—*Carol of Occupations.*
Pt. VI. St. 32.

CABINET-MAKERS.

Ingenious Fancy, never better pleased
Than when employ'd t' accommodate the
fair,
Heard the sweet moan of pity, and devised
The soft settee; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
k. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. I.
Line 71.

Joint stools were then created; on three legs
Upborne they stood—three legs upholding
firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat.
l. COWPER—*The Sofa.* Bk. I. Line 19.

Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And Luxury the accomplish'd Sofa last.
m. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. I.
Line 85.

A three-legg'd table, O ye fates!
n. HORACE.

When on my three-foot stool I sit.
o. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

CARPENTRY.

Are the tools without, which the carpenter puts forth his hands to, or are they and all the carpentry within himself; and would he not smile at the notion that chest or house is more than he?
p. BARTOL—*The Rising Faith.*
Personality.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.
q. LONGFELLOW—*The Builders.*

If they cannot cut, it may be said
His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchets
lead.
r. POPE—*Epilogue to Satires.*
Dialogue II. Line 149.

He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

Flav.—Speak, what trade art thou?
1*st Cit.*—Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar.—Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
t. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The carpenter dresses his plank—the tongue of his fore-plane whistles its wild ascending lisp.
u. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass.*
Walt Whitman. Pt. XV. St. 77.

The house-builder at work in cities or anywhere,
The preparatory jointing, squaring, sawing, mortising,
The hoist-up of beams, the push of them in their places, laying them regular,
Setting the studs by their tenons in the mortises according as they were prepared,
The blows of the mallets and hammers.
a. WALT WHITMAN—*Song of the Broad-Axe.* Pt. III. St. 4.

CULINARY.

Besides they always smell of bread and butter.
b. BYRON—*Beppo.* St. 39.

Nearer as they came, a genial savour
Of certain stews and roast-meats, and pilaus,
Things which in hungry mortal's eyes find favour.
c. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 47.

Yet smelt roast meat, beheld a huge fire shine,
And cooks in motion with their clean arms bared.
d. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 50.

Ever a glutton, at another's cost,
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost.
e. DRYDEN—*Fourth Satire of Persius.* Line 58.

Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends us cooks.
f. GARRICK—*Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

Here is bread, which strengthens man's heart, and therefore is called the staff of life.
g. MATTHEW HENRY—*Commentaries.* Psalm CIV.

Her that ruled the rost in the kitchen.
h. HEYWOOD—*History of Women.* Ed. 1624. P. 286.

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books:
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
i. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Bk. I. Canto II. St. 24.

Herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses.
j. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 85.

"Pray take them, Sir,—Enough's a Feast;
"Eat some, and pocket up the rest.
k. POPE—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. VII. Line 24.

Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite.
l. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Get me twenty cunning cooks.
m. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Pan.—He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.
Tro.—Have I not tarried?
Pan.—Ay, the grinding: but you must tarry the bolting.
Tro.—Have I not tarried?
Pan.—Ay, the bolting: but you must tarry the leavening.
Tro.—Still have I tarried.
Pan.—Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking: nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.
n. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 1.

'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
o. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Cap.—What's there?
1st Serv.—Things for the cook, sir: but I know not what.
p. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept?
q. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.
r. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Would the cook were of my mind!
s. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Bread is the staff of life.
t. SWIFT—*Tale of a Tub.*

Corne, which is the staffe of life.
u. WINSLOW—*Good News from New England.*

DANCING.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet.
v. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 22.

To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many twinkling feet.
w. GRAY—*Progress of Poesy.* Pt. I. Verse 3. Line 10.

And the dancing has begun now,
And the dancers whirl round gaily
In the waltz's giddy mazes,
And the ground beneath them trembles.
x. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Don Ramiro.* St. 23.

Twelve dancers are dancing, and taking no rest,
And closely their hands together are press'd;
And soon as a dance has come to a close,
Another begins, and each merrily goes.
y. HEINE—*Dream and Life.*

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. IV.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.
b. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 143.

Dancing in the chequer'd shade.
c. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 96.

Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away;
* * * * * * *
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
d. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto V. Line 19.

Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
e. POPE—*Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 597.

He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope.
f. PRIOR—*Alma, or the Progress of the Mind.* Canto II. Line 9.

They have measured many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
g. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.
h. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

DENTISTRY.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.
i. RICHARD ALLISON—*An Howres Recreation in Musike.*

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang;
And through my lugs gies many a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!
j. BURNS—*Address to the Toothache.*

One said a tooth drawer was a kind of unconscionable trade, because his trade was nothing else but to take away those things whereby every man gets his living.
k. HAZLITT—*Shakespeare Jest Books. Conceits, Clinches, Flashes and Whimzies.* No. 84.

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently.
l. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I have the toothach.
* * * * * *
What? sigh for the toothach?
m. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

HATTERS.

A hat not much the worse for wear.
n. COWPER—*History of John Gilpin.*

My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear.
o. GAY—*Shepherd's Week. Friday.* Line 123.

INN-KEEPING.

He who has not been at a tavern knows not what a paradise it is. O holy tavern! O miraculous tavern!—holy, because no carking cares are there, nor weariness, nor pain; and miraculous, because of the spits, which of themselves turn round and round!
p. ARENTIO—Quoted by Longfellow in *Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. II.

For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale.
q. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 121.

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn.
r. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 3.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.
t. SHENSTONE—*Written on the Window of an Inn.*

We left the shade:
And, ere the stars were visible, had reached
A village inn,—our evening resting-place.
u. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk I. Last lines.

INSTRUCTION.

O ye! who teach the ingenious youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals,—never mind the pain.
v. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 1.

He is wise who can instruct us and assist us in the business of daily virtuous living.
w. CARLYLE—*Essays. Schiller.*

Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind.
And, while they captivate, inform the mind.
x. COWPER—*Hope.* Line 770.

There is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the same state or principle in which you are; a transfusion takes place: he is you, and you are he; there is a teaching; and by no unfriendly chance or bad company can he ever quite lose the benefit.

a. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Spiritual Laws.*

Instruction does not prevent waste of time or mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers of all.

b. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.

c. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 201.

Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares:
Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His worst of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits; before the awful frown
That binds his brows the boldest eye goes down;
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

d. HOLMES—*The School Boy.*

Whilest that the childe is young, let him be instructed in vertue and lytterature.

e. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

To dazzle let the vain design,
To raise the Thought, and touch the Heart, be thine!

f. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 249.

I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences.

g. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc 1.

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. * * * * * * * * * * * * To cunning men
I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up.

h. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 1.

We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter.

i. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

When I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble,
* * * * *
Say, I taught thee.

j. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes;
Each girl when pleased with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
* * * * * * *
A blockhead with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice.

k. SWIFT—*Cadenus and Vanessa.* Line 733.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

l. THOMSO —*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 1149.

INVENTION.

The golden hour of invention must terminate like other hours, and when the man of genius returns to the cares, the duties, the vexations, and the amusements of life, his companions behold him as one of themselves —the creature of habits and infirmities.

m. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch XVI.

Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is or should be an inventor.

n. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

This is a man's invention, and his hand.

o. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

JEWELRY.

A pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster shell.

p. BUNYAN—*Apology for his Book.* Line 89.

Stones of small worth may lie unseen by day,
But night itself does the rich gem betray.

q. COWLEY—*Davideis.* Bk. III. Line 37.

These gems have life in them: their colors speak,
Say what words fail of.

r. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear.

s. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 14.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and, of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light with radiance insincere.

t. J. G. LOCKHART—*Zara's Ear-rings.*

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.

u. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto II. Line 7.

A quarrel, * * * *
About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring.
a. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
b. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd.
c. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Jew.—I have a jewel here.
Mer.—O, pray, let's see 't.
d. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads.
e. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!
f. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 8.

Our chains and our jewels.
Your broaches, pearls, and owches.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 4.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
h. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold.
i. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 1.

'Tis plate of rare device: and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their value's great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage.
j. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 7.

Hast.—[Within] What is 't clock?
Mus.—Upon the stroke of four.
k. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.
l. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected, light, compact.
m. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 142.

JOURNALISM.

Advertisements are of great use to the vulgar: first of all, as they are instruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the gazette, may easily creep into the advertisements, by which means we often see an apothecary in the same paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running footman with an ambassador.
n. ADDISON—*Tatler.* No. 224.

I would * * * earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.
o. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 10.

No little scribbler is of wit so bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair.
p. ADDISON—*The Drummer.* Epilogue.

The great art in writing advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye; without a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupt.
q. ADDISON—*The Tatler.* No. 224.

They consume a considerable quantity of our paper manufacture, employ our artisans in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.
r. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 367.

The office of a good newspaper is to represent well the interests of its time.
s. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Newspapers.*

The highest reach of a News-writer is an empty Reasoning on Policy, and vain Conjectures on the public Management.
t. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

The News-writer lies down at Night in great Tranquility, upon a piece of News which corrupts before Morning, and which he is obliged to throw away as soon as he awakes.
u. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

'Tis the business of the journalist to inform us when a book is published, for whom 'tis printed.
v. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

Hear, land o' cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.
w. BURNS—*On Capt. Grose's Peregrinations Through Scotland.*

A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemn'd to drudge the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine.
x. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 975.

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
y. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 5.

This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not e'en critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break.
a. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 50.

Miscellanists are the most popular writers among every people; for it is they who form a communication between the learned and the unlearned, and, as it were, throw a bridge between those two great divisions of the public.
b. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. Miscellanists.*

Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace.
c. DRYDEN—*Threnodia Agustalis.* Line 49.

If you would learn to write 'tis in the street you must learn it.
d. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude.*

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.
e. LAMB—*Essays of Elia. Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*

For evil news rides post, while good news bates.
f. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1530.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.
g. NAPOLEON.

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.
h. POPE—*Epistles of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk. II. Line 108.

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.
i. SCOTT—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto II. St. 22.

Bring me no more reports.
j. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Celia.—Here comes Monsieur le Beau,
Rosa.—With his mouth full of news.
Celia.—Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.
Rosa.—Then shall we be news-crammed.
k. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 2.

How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion.
l. *Winter's Tale.* Act V. Sc. 2.

I drown'd these news in tears.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.
n. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of.
o. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 3.

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered.
p. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 7.

News fitting to the night
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
q. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 6.

O God, defend me! how am I beset—
What kind of catechising call you this?
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together.
s. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
t. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. I.

Prythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that
I may drink thy tidings.
u. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
v. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
w. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of news.
x. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departed friend.
y. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

There's villainous news abroad
z. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
aa. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem;
The times are wild.
bb. *Henry IV.* Act I. Sc. 1.

For whatsoever mother-wit or art
Could work, he put in proof.
cc. SPENSER—*Mother Hubberd's Tale.* Line 1138.

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty and Law.
a. STORY—*Motto of the Salem Register. Life of Story.*

Through the rare felicity of the times, you are permitted to think what you please, and to publish what you please.
b. TACITUS.

LAW.

One of the Seven was wont to say; "That laws were like cobwebs; where the small flies were caught, and the great break through."
c. BACON—*Apothegms.* No. 181.

The only thing certain about litigation is its uncertainty.
d. BOVEE—*Thoughts, Feelings, and Fancies. Washington Irving.*

The law of Heaven and Earth is life for life.
e. BYRON—*The Curse of Minerva.*

Where law ends, tyranny begins.
f. EARL OF CHATHAM—*Speech.* Jan. 9, 1770. *Case of Wilkes.*

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. * * * The law which is perfection of reason.
g. Sir EDWARD COKE—*First Institute.*

The gladsome light of jurisprudence.
h. Sir EDWARD COKE—*First Institute.*

Just laws are no restraint upon the freedom of the good, for the good man desires nothing which a just law will interfere with.
i. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Reciprocal Duties of State and Subject.*

Our human laws are but the copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws, so far as we can read them.
j. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

The time shall come when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense;
A justice with grave justices shall sit;
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
k. GAY—*The Birth of the Squire.* Line 74.

Whenever the offence inspires less horror than the punishment, the rigour of penal law is obliged to give way to the common feelings of mankind.
l. GIBBON—*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Chap. XIV.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
m. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 386.

Lawyers are made in a day.
n. J. G. HOLLAND—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Working and Shirking.*

We must never assume that which is incapable of proof.
o. GEO. HENRY LEWES—*The Physiology of Common Life.* Ch. XIII.

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.
p. MACKLIN—*Love à la Mode.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
q. POPE—*Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue II. Line 46.

All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law.
r. POPE—*Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue I. Line 167.

Once (says an Author; where, I need not say)
Two Trav'lers found an Oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
While Scale in hand Dame Justice past along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
"There take" (says Justice), "take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu."
s. POPE—*Verbatim from Boileau.*

Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on and gather up the whole estate.
t. POPE—*Satires of Dr. Donne.* Satire II. Line 91.

Let us consider the reasons of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.
u. Sir JOHN POWELL—*Coggs vs. Bernard.* 2 Ld. Raym. 911.

Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
v. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
w. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act II. Sc. 1.

But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king?—and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the law.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

2 *Clo.*—But is this "law."
1 *Clo.*—Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.
a. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
c. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

He hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power.
d. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

He's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.
e. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I am a subject
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance.
f. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 3.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?
g. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

In the corrupted currents of the world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.
h. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

It pleases time and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law; which is past depth
To those that, without heed, plunge into't.
i. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him.
j. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.
k. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense.
l. *Othello.* Act 1. Sc. 3.

The first thing we do, lets kill all the lawyers.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

They have been grand jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.
n. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 2.

'Tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't.
o. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

To offend and judge, are distinct offices, and of opposed nature.
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

We are for law; he dies.
q. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
r. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

When law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong.
s. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

You wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience.
t. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

A little bench of heedless bishops,
And there a chancellor in embryo.
u. SHENSTONE—*The Schoolmistress.* St. 28.

When the state is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.
v. TACITUS.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.
w. JOHN TRUMBULL—*McFingal.* Canto III. Line 489.

LIVERY.

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man who calleth be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! O for a coach, ye gods!
x. HENRY CAREY—*Chrononhotonthologos.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Come, my coach! Good-night, ladies.
y. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Many carriages he hath dispatched.
z. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 7.

My coach, which stays for us
At the park gate.
aa. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Our chariot and our horsemen be in readiness.
bb. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 5.

MACHINERY.

O the engineer's joys!
To go with a locomotive!
To hear the hiss of steam—the merry shriek—the steam-whistle—the laughing locomotive!
To push with resistless way, and speed off in distance.
cc. WALT WHITMAN—*Poems of Joys.* St. 4.

The narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery.

a. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass. Walt Whitman.* Pt. XXXI. St. 184.

MASONS.

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.

b. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

The elder of them, being put to nurse,
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.

c. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

The crowded line of masons with trowels in their right hands, rapidly laying the long side wall,
The flexible rise and fall of backs, the continual click of the trowels striking the bricks,
The bricks, one after another, each laid so workman-like in its place, and set with a knock of the trowel-handle.

d. WALT WHITMAN—*Song of the Broad-Axe.* Pt. III. St. 4.

MEDICINE.

A man's own observation on what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.

e. BACON—*Essays. Of Regimen of Health.*

Learn'd he was in med'c'nal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder
That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder.

f. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto II. Line 223.

'Tis not amiss, ere ye're giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wiser course.

g. BUTLER—*Epistle of Hudibras to Sidrophel.* Line 5.

Physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem: but although we sneer
In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer.

h. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto X. St. 42.

When taken
To be well shaken.

i. GEORGE COLMAN, Jr.—*The Newcastle Apothecary.*

So lived our sires, ere doctors learned to kill,
And multiplied with theirs the weekly bill.

j. DRYDEN—*To John Dryden, Esq.* Line 71.

See one physician, like a sculler plies,
The patient lingers and by inches dies,
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Waft him more swiftly to the Stygian shores.

k. "D." Probably JOHN DUNSCOMB—*A Note in Nichols' Select Collection of Poems.*

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said,
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

l. GAY—*The Sick Man and the Angel.*

After death, the doctor.

m. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases.

n. HIPPOCRATES—*Aphorism I.*

You behold in me
Only a travelling physician;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.

o. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

In requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.

p. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 626.

How the Doctor's brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of chamomile.

q. MOORE—*Wreaths for Ministers.*

Time is generally the best doctor.

r. OVID.

Banished the doctor, and expell'd the friend.

s. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 330.

Learn from the beast the physic of the field.

t. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 174.

Modern Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fool.

u. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 108.

Who shall decide where Doctors disagree,
And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?

v. POPE—*Moral Essay.* Ep. III. Line 1.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease
I died last night of my physician.

w. PRIOR—*The Remedy Worse than the Disease.*

You tell your doctor that y're ill;
And what does he but write a bill'
Of which you need not read one letter;
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better,
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.

x. PRIOR—*Alma.* Canto III.

Physicians, of all men, are most happy: whatever good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth; and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

y. QUARLES—*Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man.*

Use three Physicians,
Still-first Dr. Quiet,
Next Dr. Merry-man
And Dr. Dyet.
a. *From Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum.* Edition 1607.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
b. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.
c. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Macb.—Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow:
Raze out the written trouble of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doc.—Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb.—Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
d. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliances are reliev'd
Or not at all.
e. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Mac.—How does your patient doctor?
Doc.—Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health.
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
h. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick;
Being sick, have in some measure made me well.
i. *King Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

In this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physic
After his patient's death.
k. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.
l. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

No cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death.
m. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.
n. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
o. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob.
p. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

When I was sick you gave me bitter pills.
q. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 4.

You rub the sore
When you should bring the plaster.
r. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Nothing is more estimable than a physician who, having studied nature from his youth, knows the properties of the human body, the diseases which assail it, the remedies which will benefit it, exercises his art with caution, and pays equal attention to the rich and the poor.
s. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Physicians.*

MERCANTILE.

The calculations of the counting-room involve consequences beyond the accumulation of wealth. They are made, not merely for the actual necessities and artificial requirements of society, but they bring from strange lands, new objects for investigation, and suggestions which give encouragement to thought.
t. FREEMAN HUNT—*Lives of American Merchants.* Introductory Essay.

The merchant to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name.
u. PRIOR—*An Ode.*

To you, ye gods, belongs the merchant!—o'er
The waves, his sails the wide world's goods explore;
And, all the while, wherever waft the gales,
The wide world's goods sails with him as he sails!
a. SCHILLER—*The Merchant.*

A merchant of great traffic through the world.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
c. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint.
d. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!
e. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

And what is true of a shopkeeper, is true of a shopkeeping nation.
g. TUCKER (Dean of Gloucester)—Tract, 1766.

MILITARY.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
h. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 1.

He slept an iron sleep,—
Slain fighting for his country.
i. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XI. Line 285.

Take thou thy arms and come with me,
For we must quit ourselves like men, and strive,
To aid our cause, although we be but two.
Great is the strength of feeble arms combined,
And we can combat even with the brave.
j. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XIII. Line 289.

For the army is a school in which the miser becomes generous, and the generous prodigal; miserly soldiers are like monsters, but very rarely seen.
k. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Ch. XXXIX.

He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk,
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form and movement.
l. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 638.

Mouths without hands; maintained at vast expense.
In peace a charge, in war a weak defense;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band
And ever but in times of need, at hand.
m. DRYDEN—*Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 400.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,—
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
n. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 155.

And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,—
Bright, radiant, blest.
o. DON JORGE MANRIQUE—*Coplas De Manrique,* Trans. by Longfellow. Last Lines.

How shall we rank thee upon Glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage.
p. MOORE—*To Thos. Hume, Esq., M. D.*

Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances.
q. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 19.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
r. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. St. 31.

Warriors!—and where are warriors found,
If not on martial Britain's ground?
And who when waked with notes of fire,
Love more than they the British lyre?
s. SCOTT—*Lord of the Isles.* Canto IV. St. 20.

A braver soldier never couchéd lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court.
t. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 2.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
u. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 7.

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afear'd?
v. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.
w. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 7.

God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.
x. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar,
And give direction.
y. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
a. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 3.

I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say a better?
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

May that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
c. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Then a soldier;
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.
d. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the books of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
e. *Sonnet XXV.*

'Tis the soldier's life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
f. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordsmen.
g. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

You may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.
h. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.
i. Bayard Taylor—*The Song of the Camp.*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
j. Wolfe—*The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower.
k. Wordsworth—*Character of the Happy Warrior.*

Some for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour saved.
l. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 250.

MUSICIANS.

The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem.
m. Emerson—*Dirge.*

Of all artists, musicians are most exclusive in devotion to their own art, and in the want of sympathy, if not absolute contempt, for other arts.
n. Mrs. Jameson—*Studies. Music and Musicians.*

He is dead, the sweet musician!
* * * * * *
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music.
o. Longfellow—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XV.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced,
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
p. Pollok—*Course of Time.* Bk. IV. Line 674.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by;
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.
q. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.
r. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1. *Song.*

Softly her fingers wander o'er
The yielding planks of the ivory floor.
s. Benjamin F. Taylor—*Songs of Yesterday.*

NAVIGATION.

O pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep.
t. Thomas Haynes Bayly—*The Pilot.*

Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel.
u. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 28.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
v. Byron—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 1.

She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and terror on her tier.
w. Byron—*The Corsair.* Canto III. St. 15.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas:
Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
x. Campbell—*Ode. Ye Mariners of England.*

Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm.
a. CANNING—*The Pilot that Weathered the Storm.*

Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.
b. DRYDEN—*Sixth Satire of Juvenal.* Line 760.

The winds and waves are always on the sides of the ablest navigators.
c. GIBBON—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Ch. LXVIII.

The best pilots have need of mariners, besides sails, anchor and other tackle.
d. BEN JONSON—*Discoveries. Illiteratus Princeps.*

A fleet descry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 638.

Thus far we run before the wind.
f. ARTHUR MURPHY—*The Apprentice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Through the black night and driving rain,
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main;—
Miserere Domine!
g. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*The Storm.*

Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
h. SCOTT—*Lord of the Isles.* Canto IV. St. 10.

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seaman laugh'd to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.
i. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto II. St. 1.

Well, then, our course is chosen; spread the sail,—
Heave oft the lead, and mark the soundings well;
Look to the helm, good master; many a shoal
Marks this stern coast, and rocks where sits the siren,
Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin.
j. SCOTT—*Kenilworth.* Ch. XVII. Motto.

Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.
k. *Henry V.* Act III. Chorus.

She comes majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant Ship: along her watery way,
Homeward she drives before the favoring gales;
Now flirting at their length the streamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.
l. SOUTHEY—*Sonnet XIX.*

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill.
m. TENNYSON—*Break, Break, Break.*

I hear the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night;
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bringest the sailor to his wife,
And travell'd men from foreign lands;
And letters unto trembling hands;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.
n. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. X.

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within;
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
No poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.
o. WHITTIER—*The Ship-Builders.*

PAINTING.

And those that paint them truest praise them most.
p. ADDISON—*The Campaign.* Last line.

From the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with light his blended colours glow.
* * * * * * *
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.
q. ADDISON—*Letter from Italy.* Line 96.

The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring.
r. BYRON—*Monody on the Death of Sheridan.*

Here take my likeness with you whil'st 'tis so;
For when from whence you go,
The next sun's rising will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old.
The man who did this picture draw,
Will swear next day my face he never saw.
s. COWLEY—*Poem from the Mistress.*

Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.
t. DRYDEN—*To Mr. Lee, on his Alexander.* Line 53.

Pictures must not be too picturesque.
u. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Art.*

A flattering painter who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
a. GOLDSMITH—*Retaliation.* Line 63.

Well, something must be done for May,
The time is drawing nigh,
To figure in the Catalogue,
And woo the public eye.
Something I must invent and paint;
But, oh! my wit is not
Like one of those kind substantives
That answer—Who and What?
b. HOOD—*The Painter Puzzled.*

A picture is a poem without words.
c. HORACE.

He that seeks popularity in art closes the door on his own genius: as he must needs paint for other minds, and not for his own.
d. MRS. JAMESON—*Memoirs and Essays. Washington Allston.*

Drawings ought always to be valuable, whether of plants, animals, or scenery, provided only they are accurate; and the more spirited and full of genius they are, the more accurate they are certain to be; for Nature being alive, a lifeless copy of her is necessarily an untrue copy.
e. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Health and Education. The Study of Natural History.*

Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Nuremburg.* St. 13.

He best can paint them who shall feel them most.
g. POPE—*Eloisa and Abelard.* Last line.

Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
h. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 149.

If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty, and human soul that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that move you, then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fullness thereof.
i. RUSKIN—*The Two Paths.*

Painting with all its technicalities, difficulties, and peculiar ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing.
j. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Painting.* Introduction.

The more the Artist charms, the more the thinker knows.
k. SCHILLER—*The Artists.* St. 27.

Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.
l. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Dost thou love pictures?
m. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Induction.

I'll say of it
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.
n. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.
o. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside; pencill'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out.
p. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Timon.—Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem.—He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
r. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There is no such thing as a dumb poet or a handless painter. The essence of an artist is that he should be articulate.
s. SWINBURNE—*Essays and Studies. Matthew Arnold's New Poems.*

Let the faint copier, on old Tiber's shore,
Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore,
Line after line, with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace.
t. THOMAS TICKELL—*To Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

I would I were a painter, for the sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
A fitting guide, with reverential tread,
Into that mountain mystery.
u. WHITTIER—*Mountain Pictures.* No. 2.

PERFUMERY.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
v. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 17.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume.
w. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 283.

A steam
Of rich, distill'd perfumes.
x. MILTON—*Comus.* 556.

Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Arabie the blest.
y. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 162

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
z. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Line 200.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
a. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs.
b. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections?
c. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 6.

Perfume for a lady's chamber.
d. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

So perfumed that
The winds were lovesick.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The perfumed tincture of the roses.
f. *Sonnet LIV.*

Your papers,
Let me have them very well perfumed,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go.
g. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

POST.

The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound:
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known, is plain.
h. DRYDEN—*Religio Laici.* Line 366.

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.
i. EMERSON—*Letters.*

Thy letter, sent to prove me,
Inflicts no sense of wrong;
No longer wilt thou love me,—
Thy letter, though, is long.
j. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 37.

Thy letter was a flash of lightning,
Illuming night with sudden glow;
It served with dazzling force to show
How deep my misery is, how fright'ning.
k. HEINE—*Latest Poems. Appendix to Lazarus.* No. 8.

Letters from absent friends, extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near;
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embodied thought a thousand ways.
Could souls to bodies write, death's pow'r were mean,
For minds could then meet minds with heav'n between.
l. AARON HILL.

I know where ladies live enchained
In luxury's silken fetters,
And flowers as bright as glittering gems
Are used for written letters.
m. MARY HOWITT—*The Broom-Flower.*

An exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honeyed kiss,—
This art of writing billet-doux—
In buds, and odors, and bright hues!
In saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks;
In puns of tulips; and in phrases,
Charming for their truth, of daisies.
n. LEIGH HUNT—*Love-Letters Made of Flowers.*

Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations,
In odorous rhetoric of carnations.
o. LEIGH HUNT—*Love-Letters Made of Flowers.*

A piece of simple goodness—a letter gushing from the heart; a beautiful unstudied vindication of the worth and untiring sweetness of human nature—a record of the invulnerability of man, armed with high purpose, sanctified by truth.
p. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. The Postman's Budget.*

A stray volume of real life in the daily packet of the postman. Eternal love, and instant payment.
q. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. The Postman's Budget.*

Kind messages that pass from land to land,
Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,
One touch of fire and all the rest is mystery!
r. LONGFELLOW—*The Sea-side and Fire-side. Dedication.* Line 16.

Good-bye—my paper's out so nearly
I've only room for—your's sincerely.
s. MOORE—*The Fudge Family in Paris.* Letter VI.

Ingenious Nature's zeal for friendship's laws
A means for distant friends to meet could find,
Lines which the hand with ink on paper draws,
Betokening from afar the anxious mind.
t. PALLADAS—*Jacob's Anth.* Trans. by Dr. Wellesley.

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.
u. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 51.

I no more think I can have too many of your letters, than I could have too many writings to entitle me to the greatest estate in the world; which I think so valuable a friendship as yours is equal to.
v. POPE—*To Lady Montagu.*

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
a. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 35.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
b. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 29.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
c. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 41.

The world agrees,
That he writes well, who writes with ease:
Then he, by sequel logical,
Writes best, who never thinks at all.
d. PRIOR—*Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd.* Line 37.

The pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love.
e. PRIOR—*Henry and Emma.* Line 147.

With all submission, I
* * * * *
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
f. PRIOR—*Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd.* Line 23.

I will touch
My mouth unto the leaves, caressingly;
And so wilt thou. Thus, from these lips of mine
My message will go kissingly to thine,
With more than Fancy's load of luxury,
And prove a true love-letter.
g. SAXE—*Sonnet. (With a Letter.)*

It is by the benefit of Letters, that absent friends are in a manner brought together.
h. SENECA.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give 't him.
j. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both.
k. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Jove, and my stars, be praised!—Here is yet a postscript.
l. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Let me hear from thee by letters.
m. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

My letters
Before did satisfy you.
n. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The letter is too long by half a mile.
o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?
p. *Merry Wives of Windsor..* Act II. Sc. 1.

Go, little letter, apace, apace,
Fly!
Fly to the light in the valley below—
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye.
q. TENNYSON—*The Letter.*

I read
Of that glad year that once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:
And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words.
r. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XCIV.

Thou bringest * * * * *
* * * * letters unto trembling hands.
s. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. X.

Never has any minister who superintended the department of the post opened the letters of any individual, except when it was absolutely necessary that he should know their contents.
t. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Post.*

The post is the grand connecting link of all transactions, of all negotiations. Those who are absent, by its means become present; it is the consolation of life.
u. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Post.*

POTTERY.

Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown,
A flaw is in thy ill-baked vessel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound,
Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought and easy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mould; now bend thy mind to feel
The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.
v. DRYDEN—*Third Satire of Persius.* Line 35.

A potter near his modest cot
Was shaping many an urn and pot;
He took the clay for the earthen things
From beggars' feet and heads of kings.
w. OMAR KHAYYAM—*Bodenstedt,* Trans.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!
The tower of porcelain, strange and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies,
Its nine-fold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft melodious chime;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints all fused in one
Great mass of color, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.
x. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 336.

Figures that almost move and speak.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 236.

Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and glow
With brilliant irridescent dyes,
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,
The cobalt blue of summer skies;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,
In perfect finish emulate,
Faenza, Florence, Persaro.
b. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 165.

Turn, turn my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!
c. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 1.

PREACHING.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men,
Love breathing Thanks and Praise.
d. RICHARD BAXTER—*Love Breathing Thanks and Praise.*

Man resolves in himself he will preach; and he preaches.
e. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year,
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again. Two hundred more.
f. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 1277.

Every one cleaves to the doctrine he has happened upon, as to a rock against which he has been thrown by tempest.
g. CICERO.

A kick that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine.
h. COWPER—*The Yearly Distress.* St. 16.

Alas for the unhappy man that is called to stand in the pulpit, and *not* give the bread of life.
i. EMERSON—*An Address.* July 15, 1838.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
j. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.*

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy Judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speaks something good.
k. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
Strengthened our hearts; or, heard at night,
Made all our slumbers soft and light.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

It is by the Vicar's skirts that the
Devil climbs into the Belfry.
m. LONGFELLOW—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Prelude to Tales of a Wayside Inn.* Line 218.

He of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish and, before them set
The paths of righteousness.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 812.

The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whip'd Cream of Courtly Sense.
p. POPE—*Epilogue to the Satires.* Dialogue I. Line 70.

To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
q. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 149.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.
r. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go.
s. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, slightly handled, in discourse.
t. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teachings.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

May.—See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!
Buck.—And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.
v. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Sermons in stones and good in everything.
w. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
a. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

A little round, fat, oily man of God.
b. THOMSON—*Castle of Indolence.* Canto I. St. 69.

PRINTING.

There are no tools more ingeniously wrought, or more potent than those which belong to the art of the printer.
c. MANN—*The Common School Journal.* February, 1843. *Printing and Papermaking.*

Though an angel should write, still 'tis devils must print.
d. MOORE—*The Fudges in England.*

I'll print it,
And shame the fools.
e. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 61.

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 7.

The jour printer with gray head and gaunt jaws works at his case,
He turns his quid of tobacco, while his eyes blurr with the manuscript.
g. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass. Walt Whitman.* Pt. XV. St. 77.

PUBLISHERS.

I account the use that a man should seek of the publishing of his own writings before his death, to be but an untimely anticipation of that which is proper to follow a man, and not to go along with him.
h. BACON—*An Advertisement Touching a Holy War.*

Yon second-hand bookseller is second to none in the worth of the treasures which he dispenses.
i. LEIGH HUNT—*On the Beneficence of Book-stalls.*

If I publish this poem for you, speaking as a trader, I shall be a considerable loser. Did I publish all I admire, out of sympathy with the author, I should be a ruined man.
j. BULWER-LYTTON—*My Novel.* Bk. VI. Ch. XIV.

If the bookseller happens to desire a privilege for his merchandize, whether he is selling Rabelais or the Fathers of the Church, the magistrate grants the privilege without answering for the contents of the book.
k. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Books.* Sec. 1.

QUARRYING.

And him who breaks the quarry-ledge;
With hammer-blows, plied quick and strong.
l. BRYANT—*The Song of the Sower.* St. 4.

SCULPTURE.

The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould,
The more the marble wastes
The more the statue grows.
m. MICHAEL ANGELO—*Sonnet.* Trans. by Mrs. Henry Roscoe.

In sculpture did ever any body call the Apollo a fancy piece? Or say of the Laocoön how it might be made different? A masterpiece of art has in the mind a fixed place in the chain of being, as much as a plant or a crystal.
n. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Art.*

And the cold marble leapt to life a god.
o. MILMAN—*The Belvedere Apollo.*

Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm.
p. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 146.

The sculptor does not work for the anatomist, but for the common observer of life and nature.
q. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Sculpture.*

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
r. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1346.

SHOEMAKING,

A cobbler, * * * * produced several new grins of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his last.
s. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 173.

When some brisk youth, the tenent of a stall,
Employs a pen less pointed than an awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
How ladies read, and literati laud!
* * * * * * * *
Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
Compose at once a slipper and a song;
So shall the fair your handywork peruse,
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
t. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 751.

The shoemaker makes a good shoe because he makes nothing else.
u. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Greatness*

Let firm, well hammered soles protect thy feet
Though freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet,
Should the big last extend the sole too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
The cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain,
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corns.

a. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. I. Line 33.

He cobbled and hammered from morning till dark,
With the foot gear to mend on his knees,
Stitching patches, or pegging on soles as he sang,
Out of tune, ancient catches and glees.

b. OSCAR H. HARPEL—*The Haunted Cobbler.*

One said he wondered that lether was not dearer than any other thing. Being demanded a reason: because, saith he, it is more stood upon then any other thing in the world.

c. HAZLITT—*Shakespeare Jest Books. Conceits, Clinches, Flashes and Whimzies.* No. 86.

A careless shoe string, in whose tie I see a wild civility.

d. HERRICK—*Delight in Disorder.*

Where the shoe pinches.

e. PLUTARCH—*Life of Æmilius Paulus.*

Flav.—Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2d Cit.—Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: * * * * I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes.

f. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

What trade are you?
Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Mar.—What trade art thou? answer me directly.

2d Cit.—A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

h. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Flav.—Wherefore art not in the shop today? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2d Cit.—Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work.

i. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

When bootes and shoes are torne up to the lefts,
Coblers must thrust their awles up to the hefts.

j. NATHANIEL WARD—*The Simple Cobler of Aggavvam in America.*

Keezar sat on the hillside
Upon his cobbler's form,
With a pan of coals on either hand
To keep his waxed-ends warm.

k. WHITTIER—*Cobbler Keezar's Vision.*

STATESMANSHIP.

A disposition to preserve, and an ability to improve, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman.

l. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

It is strange so great a statesman should
Be so sublime a poet.

m. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act I. Sc. 2.

His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head; all Int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.

n. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 82.

Statesman, yet friend to Truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

o. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. V. Line 67.

When a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!

p. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 251.

And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.

q. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXIII.

TAILORING.

Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast.

r. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Honest Man's Fortune.* Act V. Sc. 3.

May Moorland weavers boast Pindaric skill,
And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!
While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

s. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 781.

Great is the tailor, but not the greatest.

t. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's Works.*

Sister! look ye,
How by a new creation of my tailor's,
I've shook off old mortality.

u. JOHN FORD—*Fancies Chaste and Noble.* Act I. Sc. 3.

One commending a Tayler for his dexteritie in his profession, another standing by ratified his opinion, saying tailors had their businesse at their fingers ends.

a. HAZLITT—*Shakespeare Jest Books. Conceits, Clinches, Flashes and Whimzies.* No. 93.

As if thou e'er wert angry
But with thy tailor! and yet that poor shred
Can bring more to the making up of a man,
Than can be hoped from thee; thou art his creature;
And did he not, each morning, new create thee,
Thou'dst stink, and be forgotten.

b. MASSINGER—*Fatal Dowry.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What a fine man
Hath your tailor made you!

c. MASSINGER—*City Madam.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Yes, if they would thank their maker,
And seek no further; but they have new creators,
God-tailor and god-mercer.

d. MASSINGER—*Very Woman.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpay'd tailor snatch'd away.

e. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. II. Line 117.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy!
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

f. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I'll be at charges for a looking glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body.

g. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Corn.—Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent.—A tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

h. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Thou villain base,
Know'st not me by my clothes?

Gui.—No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather? he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

i. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Thy gown? why, ay;—Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

j. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

TEA DEALERS.

Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid; * * * thou female tongue-running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tippling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moment of my life, let me fall prostrate.

k. CIBBER—*Lady's Last Stake.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Here thou great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

l. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 7.

Tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapors which the head invade,
And keeps the palace of the soul.

m. WALLER—*On Tea.*

TOBACCONISTS.

Am I not—a smoker and a brother?

n. A VETERAN OF SMOKEDOM—*The Smoker's Guide.* Ch. IV.

Look at me—follow me—smell me! The "stunning" cigar I am smoking is one of a sample intended for the Captain General of Cuba, and the King of Spain, and positively cost a shilling! Oh! * * * I have some dearer at home. Yes the expense is frightful, but it! who can smoke the monstrous rubbish of the shops?

o. A VETERAN OF SMOKEDOM—*The Smoker's Guide.* Ch. IV.

To smoke a cigar through a mouthpiece is equivalent to kissing a lady through a respirator.

p. A VETERAN OF SMOKEDOM—*The Smoker's Guide.* Ch. V.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west,
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

q. BYRON—*The Island.* Canto II. St. 19.

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours.

r. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 251.

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowzy strain,
Then pause, and puff and speak, and pause again.

a. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 245.

Tobacco is a lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases,
When our brains it enters,
Our feet do make indentures,
Which we seal with stamping paces.
Tobacco is a traveller,
Come from the Indies hither;
It passed sea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And 'scaped the wind and weather.
Tobacco's a musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close,
Through the organ of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.

b. BARTEN HOLIDAY—*Song in Play of Technogamia.*

Ods me I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking their roguish tobacco. It is good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers.

c. BEN JONSON—*Every Man In His Humour.* Act III. Sc. 3.

For I hate, yet love thee, so,
That whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

d. LAMB—*A Farewell to Tobacco.*

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.

e. LAMB—*A Farewell to Tobacco.*

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.

f. LAMB—*A Farewell to Tobacco.*

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem.

g. LAMB—*A Farewell to Tobacco.*

Thou through such a mist dost show us
That our best friends do not know us.

h. LAMB—*A Farewell to Tobacco.*

He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven.

i. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. I. Ch. VI.

Woman in this scale, the weed in that, Jupiter, hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter try the weed.

j. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. I. Ch. VI.

Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.

k. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto V. Line 80.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

l. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto IV. Line 122.

Divine tobacco.

m. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk III. Canto V. St. 32.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel
And lap me in delight.

n. CHARLES SPRAGUE—*To My Cigar.*

TONSORIAL.

With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of thy barbers take a costly care.

o. DRYDEN—*Fourth Satire of Persius.* Line 89.

Thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
* * * * * *
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

p. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1164.

Hoary whiskers and a forky beard.

q. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 37.

Thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?

r. PRIOR—*An Ode to the Memory of the Honourable Colonel George Villiers.* Line 5.

And his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home.

s. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man.

t. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I must to the barber's; for, methinks, I am marvelous hairy about the face.

u. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls.

v. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Our courteous Antony,
* * * * * * *
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast.
a. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.
b. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard.
c. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.
d. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And, ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him for a fool.
e. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

UMBRELLA-MAKERS.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or, underneath the umbrella's oily shade,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames the umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilling showers the walking maid.
f. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. I. Line 209.

UNDERTAKERS.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear.
g. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 150.

Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir?
h. BLAIR—*The Funeral Procession.*

Alas, poor Tom! how oft, with merry heart,
Have we beheld thee play the sexton's part?
Each comic heart must now be grieved to see
The sexton's dreary part performed on thee.
i. ROBERT FERGUSON—*On the Death of Mr. Thomas Lancashire, Comedian.*

Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No; the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living, vain.
j. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. III. Line 231.

Ham.—Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at gravemaking?
Hor.—Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.
k. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The houses that he makes last till doomsday.
l. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?
m. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

OCEAN.

Ye waves,
That o'er th' interminable ocean wreath
Your crisped smiles.
n. AESCHYLUS—*Prom.* 89.

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.
o. BRYANT—*Thanatopsis.*

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers.
p. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 184.

How the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound.
q. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 70.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider.
r. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 2.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore.
s. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 179.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.
t. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 178.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy shrine
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
a. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 183.

For, graceful creatures, you live by dying,
Save your life when you fling it away,
Flow through all forms, all forms defying,
And in wildest freedom strict rule obey.
b. James F. Clarke—*White-Capped Waves.*

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more.
c. Barry Cornwall—*The Sea.*

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
d. Barry Cornwall—*The Sea.*

The sea is flowing ever,
The land retains it never.
e. Goethe—*Hikmet Nameh. Book of Proverbs.*

The sea appears all golden
Beneath the sunlit sky.
f. Heine—*Book of Songs. New Poems. Seraphina.* No. 15.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd.
g. Mrs. Hemans—*The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.*

Praise the sea, but keep on land.
h. Herbert—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Breezy waves toss up their silvery spray.
i. Hood—*Ode to the Moon.*

Seas rough with black winds and storms.
j. Horace.

Love the sea? I dote upon it—from the beach.
k. Douglas Jerrold—*Specimen of Jerrold's Wit. Love of the Sea.*

When up some woodland dale we catch
The many-twinkling smile of ocean,
Or with pleas'd ear bewilder'd watch
His chime of restless motion;
Still as the surging waves retire
They seem to gasp with strong desire,
Such signs of love old Ocean gives,
We cannot choose but think he lives.
l. Keble—*The Christian Year. Second Sunday after Trinity.*

The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,
Deep it lies at thy very feet.
m. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

To the ocean now I fly,
And these happy climes, that lie
Where day never shuts his eye.
n. Milton—*Comus. Song III.*

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.
o. Montgomery—*The Ocean.* St. 6.

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
p. Pollok—*Course of Time.* Bk. IV. Line 689.

Why does the sea moan evermore?
Shut out from heaven it makes its moan,
It frets against the boundary shore;
All earth's full rivers cannot fill
The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.
q. Christina G. Rossetti—*By the Sea.* St. 1.

The always-wind-obeying deep.
r. *Comedy of Errors.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The Sea's a thief.
s. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

And ocean with the brine on his gray locks.
t. Shelley—*The Witch of Atlas.* St. 10.

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another.
u. Shelley—*Love's Philosophy.*

There the sea I found
Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound.
v. Shelley—*The Revolt of Islam.* Canto I. St. 15.

The unpastured sea hungering for calm.
w. Shelley—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.
x. Southey—*Madoc in Wales.* Pt. V.

Ye who dwell at home, ye do not know the terrors of the main.
y. Southey—*Madoc in Wales.* Pt. IV.

Children are we
Of the restless sea,
Swelling in anger or sparkling in glee;
We follow and race,
In shifting chase,
Over the boundless ocean-space!
Who hath beheld when the race begun?
Who shall behold it run?
z. Bayard Taylor—*The Waves.*

Breathings of the sea.
aa. Tennyson—*Audley Court.*

This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.
bb. Tennyson—*The Lotos Eaters.*

Ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 153.

OPINION.

For most men, (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.
b. BYRON—*Beppo.* St. 27.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?
c. MORTON—*Speed the Plough.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan,
The outward habit by the inward man.
d. *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 2.

We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
e. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.
f. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 25.

OPPORTUNITY.

There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it.
g. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Custom of the Country.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Do not delay:
Do not delay; the golden moments fly!
h. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VII.

Nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.*

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tell him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
j. LOWELL—*A Glance Behind the Curtain.* Line 206.

Danger will wink on Opportunity.
k. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 401.

Zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. III. Line 172.

See thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.
m. SAVAGE—*Character of Foster.*

Strike while the iron is hot.
n. SCOTT—*The Fair Maid of Perth.* Ch. V.

A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
* * * * * * *
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might be set abroach.
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
q. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

There's place, and means, for every man alive.
r. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
s. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
t. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 7.

ORACLE.

Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 10.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.
v. MILTON—*Hymn on Christ's Nativity.* Line 173.

ORATORY.

The Orator persuades and carries all with him, he knows not how; the Rhetorician can prove that he ought to have persuaded and carried all with him.
w. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.
x. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 322.

There is no true orator who is not a hero.
y. EMERSON—*Essays. Of Eloquence.*

The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion.
z. MACAULAY—*Essay on the Athenian Orators.*

The capital of the orator is in the bank of the highest sentimentalities and the purest enthusiasms.
aa. EDW. G. PARKER—*The Golden Age of American Oratory.* Ch. I.

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator.
a. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green.
b. *Venus and Adonis.* St. 25. Line 145.

Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself.
c. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 5.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
* * * * * * * I only speak right on.
d. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music.
e. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

ORDER.

Confusion heard his voice and wild Uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined;
Till at his second bidding, Darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
f. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 710.

Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fixed as Fate.
g. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 189.

Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
h. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 14.

Order is heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.
i. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 49.

Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.
j. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order.
k. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

P.

PAIN.

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet the pleasure after pain.
l. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 58.

No love
Is deep that bringeth not forth pain! pain! pain!
m. MARIE JOSEPHINE—*Rosa Mystica.* P. 281.

There is purpose in pain,
Otherwise it were devilish.
n. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto V. St. 8.

You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
o. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 99.

Pain is no longer pain when it is past.
p. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Old Songs and New. Nature's Lesson.*

The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless, or immaterial, namely, our impatience, and the delusion that it will last forever.
q. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. VI.

Why, all delights are vain; and that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain,
r. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
s. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 793.

PARADISE.

In this fool's paradise, he drank delight.
t. CRABBE—*The Borough Payers.* Letter XII.

Stormy winter, burning summer, rage within those regions never,
But perpetual bloom of roses and unfading spring forever;
Lilies gleam, the crocus glows, and dropping balms their scents deliver.
u. CARDINAL PETER DAMIANI—*The Joys of Heaven.*

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are open paradise.
v. GRAY—*Ode on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitudes.* Line 53.

The birds were twittering above
Their joyous melodies of love;
The sun was red with rays of gold,
The flowers all lovely to behold.
w. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Youthful Sorrows.* Pt. I. *Visions.* No. 2.

A limbo large and broad since call'd
The paradise of fools, to few unknown.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 495.

A wilderness of sweets.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 294.

In heaven the trees
Of life, ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 426.

Must I leave thee Paradise! thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?
d. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 269.

And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.
e. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

To th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.
f. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 418.

PARTING.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well.
g. BYRON—*Fare Thee Well.*

Let's not unman each other—part at once;
All farewells should be sudden, when for ever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.
h. BYRON—*Sardanapalus.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 10.

We two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years.
j. BYRON—*When We Two Parted.*

In every parting there is an image of death.
k. GEORGE ELIOT—*Amos Barton.* Ch. X.

That farewell kiss which resembles greeting, that last glance of love which becomes the sharpest pang of sorrow.
l. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VI. Ch. XLIII.

'Tis grievous parting with good company.
m. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

Excuse me, then; you know my heart
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
n. GAY—*The Hare and Many Friends.* Line 61.

We only part to meet again.
o. GAY—*Black-eyed Susan.* St. 4.

Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken up thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Three Friends of Mine.* Pt. IV.

Two lives that once part, are as ships that divide
When, moment on moment, there rushes between
The one and the other, a sea;—
Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
A gleam on the years that shall be!
q. BULWER-LYTTON—*A Lament.*

If we must part forever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.
r. OTWAY—*Parting.*

At once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
s. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good-night, till it be to-morrow.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
u. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 2.

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
v. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

They say he parted well, and paid his score;
And so, God be with him.
w. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.
x. SHENSTONE—*A Pastoral.* Pt. I.

Must we part?
Well, if—we must—we must—
And in that case
The less is said the better.
y. SHERIDAN—*The Critic; or, A Tragedy Rehearsed.* Act II. Sc. 2.

But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
z. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire II. Line 230.

PASSION.

Take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught which else free will
Would not admit.
aa. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 635.

And you brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
a. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 262.

In Men, we various Ruling Passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.
b. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 207.

The ruling Passion, be it what it will,
The ruling Passion conquers Reason still.
c. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 153.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
d. WALTER POPE—*The Old Man's Wish.*

Passions are likened best to floods and streams,
The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb.
e. Sir WALTER RALEIGH—*The Silent Lover.*

His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On Passion's changeful tide was tost;
Nor Vice nor Virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour;
And O! when Passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to Virtue's share!
f. SCOTT—*Rokeby.* Canto V. St. 23.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
g. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 8.

His flaw'd heart,
* * * * * * * *
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief.
h. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more!
i. WALLER—*On Divine Poems.* Line 7.

PAST, THE

Therefore well does Agathon say, "Of this alone is even God deprived, the power of making that which is past never to have been."
j. ARISTOTLE—*Ethic.* VI. 2.

We cannot overstate our debt to the Past, but the moment has the supreme claim. The Past is for us; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the Present.
k. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,
Regrets and recollections of things past,
With hints and prophecies of things to be,
And inspirations, which, could they be things,
And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
Were our good angels,—these I owe to thee.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Sonnet. The Two Rivers.*

You smile to see me turn and speak
With one whose converse you despise;
You do not see the dreams of old
That with his voice arise:
How can you tell what links have made
Him sacred in my eyes?
O there are Voices of the Past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear me back to Times
Which cannot come again:
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain!
m. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*Voices of the Past.*

What's past is prologue.
n. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The past Hours weak and grey,
With the spoil which their toil
Raked together
From the conquest but One could foil.
o. SHELLEY—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

The eternal landscape of the past.
p. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XLV.

Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile.
q. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 334.

PATIENCE.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments, but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figure.
r. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 117.

I worked with patience which is almost power.
s. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. III. Line 105.

There is however a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.
t. BURKE—*Observations on a Late Publication on the Present State of the Nation.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.
u. CAMPBELL—*Lines Written on Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.*

Patience and shuffle the cards.
v. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. II. Bk. I. Ch. VI.

This flour of wifly patience.
a. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Clerke's Tale.* Pars. V. Line 8797.

Patience is sorrow's salve.
b. CHURCHILL—*Prophecy of Famine.* Line 363.

His patient soul endures what Heav'n ordains,
But neither feels nor fears ideal pains.
c. CRABBE—*The Borough.* Letter XVII.

Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant Despair.
d. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Patience.*

What a goblet! It is set round with diamonds from the mines of Eden; it is carved by angelic hands, and filled at the eternal fount of goodness.
e. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. The Cup of Patience.*

Patience is powerful.
f. LONGFELLOW—*The Saga of King Olaf.* Pt. XXII. *The Nun of Nidaros.*

Rule by patience, Laughing Water!
g. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. X. *Hiawatha's Wooing.*

Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
h. LONGFELLOW—*A Psalm of Life.*

Arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 568.

They also serve who only stand and wait.
j. MILTON—*Sonnet. On His Blindness.*

With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load,
For know what man calls Fortune is from God.
k. ROWE—*The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.* Trans. from the Greek.

A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
l. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
m. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc 1.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.
n. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction * * * * *
I should have found, in some part of my soul,
A drop of patience.
o. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

He that will have a cake out of the wheat
Must needs tarry the grinding.
p. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 1.

How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
q. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
r. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this.
s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.
t. *Pericles.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
u. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 1

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.
v. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
w. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
x. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
y. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 2.

There's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient, till the heaven's look
With an aspect more favourable.
z. *A Winter's Tale.* Act II. Sc. 1.

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself.
aa. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

PATRIOTISM.

Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country.
a. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.
b. S. J. ARNOLD—*Death of Nelson.*

True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.
c. GEORGE BARRINGTON—*New South Wales. Prologue for the Opening of the Play-House at New South Wales,* Jan. 16, 1796.

Washington 's a watchword such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air.
d. BYRON—*Age of Bronze.* St. 5.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.
e. RUFUS CHOATE—*Letter to the Whig Convention.*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
* * * * *
By fairy hands their knell is sung,
By forms unseen their dirge is rung.
f. COLLINS—*Ode Written in* 1746.

The patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
g. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 73.

Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land.
h. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK—*Marco Bozzaris.*

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
i. HOLMES—*Poetry. A Metrical Essay.*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
j. JULIA WARD HOWE—*Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

Our Federal Union! It must be preserved.
k. ANDREW JACKSON—*Toast Given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration in* 1830.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.
l. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1775.

This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.
m. LINCOLN—*Speech at Gettysburg.* Nov. 19, 1863.

Thus too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
n. LONGFELLOW—*The Building of the Ship.*

To Greece we give our shining blades.
o. MOORE—*Evenings in Greece. First Evening.*

A song for our banner? The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station;
"United we stand—divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
p. GEORGE P. MORRIS—*The Flag of Our Union.*

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But execute a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors, nor locks
Can shield you; 'tis the ballot-box.
q. PIERPONT—*A Word from a Petitioner.*

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.
r. PINKNEY—*When Ambassador to the French Republic.* 1796.

The bullet comes—and either
A desolate hearth may see;
And God alone to-night knows where
The vacant place may be!
The dread that stirs the peasant
Thrills nobles' hearts with fear;
Yet above selfish sorrow
Both hold their country dear.
s. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*Lesson of the War.*

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.
t. *Resolutions on the Death of General Washington. Marshall's Life of Washington.*

Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
u. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike,
* * * * * I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptously surfeit out of action.
v. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life.
w. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.
x. DANIEL WEBSTER—*Second Speech on Foot's Resolution.*

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,
I give my hand and heart to this vote.
a. DANIEL WEBSTER—*Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.*

"Shoot, if you must this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
b. WHITTIER—*Barbara Fritchie.*

A Briton, even in love should be
A subject, not a slave!
c. WORDSWORTH—*Ere With Cold Beads of Midnight Dew.*

PEACE.

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For freedom only deals the deadly blow;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in freedom's hallowed shade.
d. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—*Written in an Album.*

I will learn of thee a prayer,
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours—
The God who made, for thee and me,
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.
e. BRYANT—*A Song of Pitcairn's Island.*

Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude and calls it peace!
f. BYRON—*Bride of Abydos.* Canto II. St. 20.

Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,
Which once partaken blunts the sabre's edge,
Makes e'en contending tribes in peace unite,
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight!
g. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto II. Pt. IV.

Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
h. COLLINS—*Eclogue II.* Line 68. *Hassan.*

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade;
Where rumor of oppression and deceit
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more.
i. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 1.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.
Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.
j. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Self-Reliance.*

Breathe soft, ye winds! ye waves, in silence sleep.
k. GAY—*To a Lady.* Ep. I. Line 17.

O for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees, and sparkling with a brook.
l. LEIGH HUNT—*Politics and Poetics.*

We love peace as we abhor pusillanimity; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets.
m. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Peace.*

Buried was the bloody hatchet;
Buried was the dreadful war-club;
Buried were all war-like weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten;
Then was peace among the nations.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XIII.

Very hot and still the air was,
Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XVIII.

A pillar'd shade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.
p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 1106.

Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than War.
q. MILTON—*Sonnet. To the Lord General Cromwell.*

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone.
r. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.* Pt. III. St. 7.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here."
s. MOORE—*Ballad Stanzas.*

For peace do not hope; to be just you must break it.
Still work for the minute and not for the year.
t. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY—*Rules of the Road.*

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's songs be turn'd to holy psalms;
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms.
u. GEO. PEELE—*Sonnet ad fin. Polyhymnia.*

Time's blest wings of peace.
v. PETRARCH—*To Laura in Death. Sonnet XLVIII.*

So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
And steal thyself from life by slow decays.
w. POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XI. Line 164.

People are always expecting to get peace in Heaven: but you know whatever peace they get there will be ready-made. Whatever, of making peace they can be blest for, must be on the earth here.
x. RUSKIN—*Eagle's Nest.*

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
a. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.
c. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Peace,
Dear muse of arts, plenties, and joyful births.
d. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.
e. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Let the bugles sound the Truce of God to the whole world forever.
f. CHARLES SUMNER—*Oration on the True Grandeur of Nations.*

Peace the offspring is of Power.
g. BAYARD TAYLOR—*A Thousand Years.*

Rest on your oars, that not a sound may fall
To interrupt the stillness of our peace:
The fanning west-wind breathes upon our cheeks,
Yet glowing with the sun's departed beams.
h. MARY TIGHE—*Sonnet. Written at Killarney.*

As on the sea of Galilee,
The Christ is whispering "Peace."
i. WHITTIER—*The Tent on the Beach. Kallundborg Church.*

Ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 1058.

PEN, THE

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my gray-goose quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
k. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 7.

The pen became a clarion.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Monte Cassino.* St. 13.

The feather, whence the pen,
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing.
m. WORDSWORTH—*Walton's Book of Lives.*

PERCEPTION.

And finds with keen, discriminating sight,
Black's not so black;—nor white so very white.
n. CANNING—*New Morality.*

To see what is right and not to do it, is want of courage.
o. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

PERFECTION.

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
p. CHRISTOPHER CODRINGTON—*On Garth's Dispensary.*

The very pink of perfection.
q. GOLDSMITH—*She Stoops to Conquer.* Act I. Sc. 1

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
r. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 253.

By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!
s. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 6.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection.
t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humble call'd mistress.
u. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

PERSEVERANCE.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
v. HERRICK—*Seeke and Finde.*

For thine own purpose, thou hast sent
The strife and the discouragement!
w. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

O Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest:
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labours and endures, and waits,
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or, what it cannot find, creates!
x. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 119.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as—fail!
y. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act II. Sc. 2.

So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success.
z. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 21.

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.
aa. MONTGOMERY—*The World Before the Flood.* Canto V.

Push on—keep moving.
bb. THOMAS MORTON—*A Cure for the Heartache.* Act II. Sc. 1.

We shall escape the uphill by never turning back.
a. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Amor Mundi.*

Perseverance
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.
b. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Such a nature,
Sickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon.
c. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than the death of night;
To defy power which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, to falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone life, joy, empire and victory.
d. SHELLEY—*Prometheus.* Act IV.

PERSUASION.

His tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 112.

Persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.
f. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

PHILOSOPHY.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.
g. BACON—*Essays. Atheism.*

Beside, he was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith.
h. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 127.

Before philosophy can teach by Experience, the Philosophy has to be in readiness, the Experience must be gathered and intelligibly recorded.
i. CARLYLE—*Essays. On History.*

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain."
j. EPICTETUS.

Philosophy goes no further than probabilities, and in every assertion keeps a doubt in reserve.
k. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not, harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
l. MILTON—*Mask of Comus.* Line 476.

That stone, * * * * * *
Philosophers in vain so long have sought.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 600.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.
n. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
o. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

The philosopher is the lover of wisdom and truth; to be a sage, is to avoid the senseless and the depraved. The philosopher therefore should live only among philosophers.
p. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Philosopher.* Sec. 5.

What does Philosophy impart to man
But undiscover'd wonders?—Let her soar
Even to her proudest heights—to where she caught
The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
She but extends the scope of wild amaze
And admiration.
q. HENRY KIRKE WHITE—*Time.* Line 307.

PITY.

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love
Pity's the straightest.
r. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Knight of Malta.* Act I. Sc. 1.

He scorned his own, who felt another's woe.
s. CAMPBELL—*Gertrude of Wyoming.* Pt. I. St. 24.

Pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble.
t. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 96.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VII. Ch. 1.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
v. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 161.

Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.
w. GOLDSMITH—*The Hermit.* St. 6.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have brought him to your door.
x. THOS. MOSS—*The Beggar's Petition.*

At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest,)
How creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half the welcomes in the shivering pair.
a. PARNELL—*The Hermit.* Line 97.

. . . . But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience.
b. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Vio.—I pity you.
Oli.—That's a degree of love.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
d. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs.
e. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV Sc. 8.

O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
f. *Titus Andronicus.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
g. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.
h. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Which, of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourself came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
i. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest;
As wandering saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hallows every heart he once has sway'd,
And, when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there.
j. SHERIDAN—*The Duenna.* Act II. Sc. 3. *Trio.*

Pity's akin to love; and every thought
Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.
k. THOS. SOUTHERNE—*Oroonoka.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren.
l. STERNE—*Sentimental Journey.*

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier these,
Far lovlier! Pity swells the tide of Love.
m. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night III. Line 104.

PLAGIARISM.

The plagiarism of orators is the art, or an ingenious and easy mode, which some adroitly employ to change, or disguise, all sorts of speeches of their own composition or of that of other authors, for their pleasure, or their utility; in such a manner that it becomes impossible even for the author himself to recognise his own work, his own genius, and his own style, so skilfully shall the whole be disguised.
n. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Curiosities of Literature. Professors of Plagiarism and Obscurity.*

It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature, that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can entertain it; and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts; but as soon as we have learned what to do with them, they become our own.
o. EMERSON—*Shakespeare.*

When he speaks,
The air, * * * * * is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.
p. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad—serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children,—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.
q. SHERIDAN—*The Critic.* Act I. Sc. 1.

All the makers of dictionaries, all compilers who do nothing else than repeat backwards and forwards the opinions, the errors, the impostures, and the truths already printed, we may term plagiarists; but honest plagiarists, who arrogate not the merit of invention.
r. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Plagiarism.*

Call them if you please bookmakers, not authors, range them rather among second-hand dealers than plagiarists
s. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Plagiarism.*

PLEASURE.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat.
t. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 1.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
u. BURNS—*Tam O'Shanter.* Line 59.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

a. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 178.

Pleasure admitted in undue degree
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.

b. COWPER—*Progress of Error.* Line 267.

The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast and her chief favorites share.

c. COWPER—*Retirement.* Line 83.

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet the pleasure after pain.

d. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 58.

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

e. KEATS—*Fancy.*

Let me lean
On heap'd-up flowers, in regions clear, and far.

f. KEATS—*Sonnet. On Leaving Some Friends at an Early Hour.*

I fly from pleasure because pleasure has ceased to please: I am lonely because I am miserable.

g. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Rasselas.* Ch. III.

Pleasure the servant, Virtue looking on.

h. BEN JONSON—*Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue.*

There is a pleasure that is born of pain.

i. OWEN MEREDITH—*The Wanderer.* Bk. I. Prologue.

It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.

j. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 303.

The joyous Time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round and, in their shower,
Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,—
The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives.

k. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them; for they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

l. HANNAH MORE—*Essays on Various Subjects. On Dissipation.*

Pleased to the last—he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

m. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 83.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise.

n. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 123.

When our old pleasures die
Some new one still is nigh;
Oh fair variety!

o. ROWE—*Ode for the New Year.*

Boys mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure.

p. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 4.

And painfule pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.

q. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto X. St. 60.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

r. TENNYSON—*The Palace of Art.* St. 1.

They who are pleased themselves must always please.

s. THOMSON—*The Castle of Indolence.* Canto I. St. 15.

All human race from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguis'd by art, pursue.

t. THOMAS WARTON—*The Universal Love of Pleasure.*

Sure as night follows day,
Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns.

u. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 863.

POETS.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.

v. ADDISON—*A Letter from Italy.*

A poet not in love is out at sea;
He must have a lay-figure.

w. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Poets are all who love,—who feel great truths,
And tell them.

x. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

God's prophets of the Beautiful,
These poets were.

y. E. B. BROWNING—*Vision of Poets.* St. 98.

O brave poets, keep back nothing;
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth, the fairest Beauty.
a. E. B. Browning—*The Dead Pan.* St. 39.

Many are the poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the best.
b. Byron—*Prophecy of Dante.* Canto IV. Line 1.

There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man.
c. Carlyle—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

He could songes make, and wel endite.
d. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales.* Prologue. Line 95.

Poets, accustom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft' substitute creations of the brain
For real substance, and, themselves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
e. Churchill—*The Farewell.* Line 371.

Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit
Of poets triumphs over it.
f. Cowley—*On the Praise of Poetry.*

Spare the poet for his subject's sake.
g. Cowper—*Charity.* Last line.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.
h. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 285.

They best can judge a poet's worth,
Who oft themselves have known
The pangs of a poetic birth
By labours of their own.
i. Cowper—*To Dr. Darwin.* St. 2.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets but the poets those.
j. Denham—*Cooper's Hill.*

Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper native use.
k. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—Trans. *Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 447.

The poet must be alike polished by an intercourse with the world as with the studies of taste; one to whom labour is negligence, refinement a science, and art a nature.
l. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. Vers De Société.*

But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
m. Dryden—*The Tempest.* Prologue.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next, in majesty, in both, the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.
n. Dryden—*Under Mr. Milton's Picture.*

Verse-makers' talk! fit for a world of rhymes,
Where facts are feigned to tickle idle ears,
Where good and evil play at tournament,
And end in amity,—a world of lies,—
A carnival of words where every year
Stale falsehoods serve fresh men.
o. George Eliot—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

All men are poets at heart.
p. Emerson—*Literary Ethics.*

One more royal trait properly belongs to the poet. I mean his cheerfulness, without which no man can be a poet,—for beauty is his aim. He loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace; he delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds over the universe.
q. Emerson—*Shakespeare.*

Poets should be law-givers; that is, the boldest lyric inspiration should not chide and insult, but should announce and lead, the civil code, and the day's work.
r. Emerson—*Essay. Of Prudence.*

The finest poetry was first experience.
s. Emerson—*Shakespeare.*

The true poem is the poet's mind.
t. Emerson—*Essay. Of History.*

"Give me a theme," a little poet cried,
"And I will do my part,"
"'Tis not a theme you need," the world replied;
"You need a heart."
u. Gilder—*The Poet and His Master.*

Singing and rejoicing,
As aye since time began,
The dying earth's last poet
Shall be the earth's last man.
v. Anastasius Grün—*The Last Poet.*

His virtues formed the magic of his song.
w. Hayley—*Inscription on the Tomb of Cowper.*

In his own verse the poet still we find,
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,
As in their amber sweets the smothered bees,—
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,
Lies self-embalmed amidst mouldering trees.
x. Holmes—*Songs of Many Seasons. Bryant's Seventieth Birthday.* St. 17.

We call those poets who are first to mark
Through earth's dull mist the coming of the dawn,—
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
While others only note that day is gone.
a. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. Shakespeare.* St. IV.

Where go the poet's lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!
b. HOLMES—*The Poet's Lot.*

Was ever poet so trusted before!
c. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1773.

He was not of an age, but for all time,
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
d. BEN JONSON—*Lines to the Memory of Shakespeare.*

Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermiel rim'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas.
e. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 49.

O 'tis a very sin
For one so weak to venture his poor verse
In such a place as this.
f. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. III. Line 965.

All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XX.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,—
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the angel says: "Write!"
h. LONGFELLOW—*L'Envoi. The Poet and His Songs.*

His songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as wounds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Oliver Basselin.* St. 6.

Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Oliver Basselin.* St. 11.

Next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. III.

O ye dead Poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfill?
l. LONGFELLOW—*The Poets.*

To the poetic mind all things are poetical.
m. LONGFELLOW—*Drift-Wood. Twice Told Tales.*

For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immortal, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.
n. BULWER-LYTTON—*Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Poets alone are sure of immortality; they are the truest diviners of nature.
o. BULWER-LYTTON—*Caxtoniana.* Essay XXVII.

The mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd;
And the true poet is a public good.
p. AMBROSE PHILIPS—*Epigrams and Short Poems. To Mr. Addison on Cato.*

Poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand.
q. PLATO.

But touch me, and no Minister so sore,
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
r. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire I. Line 76.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.
s. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 283.

Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.
t. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 165.

Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
* * * * * *
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky.
u. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 219.

He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Mars not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but prose run mad.
v. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 185.

Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
w. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 293.

The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains eight lines a year.
x. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 179.

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.
a. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 13.

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
b. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 93.

Who pens a stanza when he should engross.
c. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 18.

Who says in verse what others say in prose.
d. POPE—*Epistles of Horace.* Bk. II. Line 202.

Call it not vain;—they do not err,
Who say, that, when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies.
e. SCOTT—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto V. St. 1.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Such a deal of wonder is broken out in within this hour, that the ballad makers cannot be able to express it.
g. *Winter's Tale.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
h. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
i. SHELLEY—*Julian and Maddalo.* Line 556.

Show me one wicked man who has written poetry, and I will show you where his poetry is not poetry; or rather I will show you in his poetry no poetry at all.
j. Miss SHEPHARD—*Counterparts.*

Nature never let forth the earth in so rich tapistry, as divers Poets have done, neither with pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet smelling flowers: nor whatsoever els may make the too much loved earth more lovely. Her world is brasen, the Poets only deliver a golden.
k. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*An Apologie for Poetrie.*

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.
l. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. IV. Canto II. St. 32.

I learnt life from the poets.
m. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XVIII. Ch. V.

The constant Muse,
Who sought me when I needed her—ah when
Did I not need her, solitary else?
n. STODDARD—Proem. Line 87.

The Poet in his Art
Must imitate the whole, and say the smallest part.
o. STORY—*The Unexpressed.*

Then rising with Aurora's light,
The muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline.
p. SWIFT—*On Poetry.*

Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.
q. SWIFT—*To Stella.*

There are few delights in any life so high and rare as the subtle and strong delight of sovreign art and poetry; there are none more pure and more sublime. To have read the greatest work of any great poet, to have beheld or heard the greatest works of any great painter or musician, is a possession added to the best things of life.
r. SWINBURNE—*Essays and Studies. Victor Hugo. L'Année Terrible.*

There is no such thing as a dumb poet or a handless painter. The essence of an artist is that he should be articulate.
s. SWINBURNE—*Essays and Studies. Matthew Arnold's New Poems.*

The Poet's leaves are gathered one by one,
In the slow process of the doubtful years.
t. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening.*

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.
* * * * * * * * *
And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The wingéd shafts of truth
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of hope and youth.
u. TENNYSON—*The Poet.* Sts. 1 and 7.

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.
v. WALLER—*Miscellanies LX. Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Translation of Horace De Arte Poetica; and of the use of Poetry.* Line 41.

It was Homer who inspired the poet.
w. WAYLAND—*The Iliad and the Bible.*

Give lettered pomp to teeth of time,
So Bonny Doon but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary.
a. WHITTIER—*Lines on Burns.*

And, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few.
b. WORDSWORTH—*Miscellaneous Sonnets. Scorn not the Sonnet.*

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
c. WORDSWORTH—*Personal Talk.*

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.
d. WORDSWORTH—*A Poet's Epitaph.* St. 10.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain side.
e. WORDSWORTH—*Resolution and Independence.* St. 7.

That mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton.
f. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. I. Line 252.

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.
g. WORDSWORTH—*Suggested by a Picture of Beele Castle.* St. 4.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.
h. WORDSWORTH—*London*, 1802.

POETRY.

It (Poesy) was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind.
i. BACON—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. II.

Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power,—under-makers.
j. BAILEY—*Festus.* Proem. Line 5.

Florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.
k. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 3.

Poetry, above all, we should have known long ago, is one of those mysterious things whose origin and developments never can be what we call explained; often it seems to us like the wind, blowing where it lists, coming and departing with little or no regard to any the most cunning theory that has yet been devised of it.
l. CARLYLE—*Essays. Early German Literature.*

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column:
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.
m. COLERIDGE—*The Ovidian Elegiac Metre.*

Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotion, language.
n. COLERIDGE—*Biographia Literaria.* Ch. XV.

Poetry is older than prose. Of this we have what may be called paleontological proof in the structure of all languages. Our every day speech is fossil poetry. Words which are now dead were once alive. The farther we recede and the lower we descend, the more these wonderful petrifactions of old forms of poetic thought and feeling abound.
o. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Evangel.* Introduction.

Poetry is unfallen speech. Paradise knew no other, for no other would suffice to answer the need of those ecstatic days of innocence.
p. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Evangel.* Introduction.

'Tis very dang'rous tamp'ring with a muse;
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For tho' true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degen'rate lines degrade th' attained race.
q. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 284.

It does not need that a poem should be long. Every word was once a poem.
r. EMERSON—*Essay. Of The Poet.*

It is not metres, but a meter-making argument that makes a poem.
s. EMERSON—*Essay. The Poet.*

Only that is poetry which cleanses and man's me.
t. EMERSON—*Inspiration.*

Rhyme, being a kind of music, shares this advantage with music, that it has a privilege of speaking truth which all Philistia is unable to challenge. Music is the poor man's Parnassus.
u. EMERSON—*Poetry and Imagination. Melody, Rhyme, Form.*

Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things, sir.
v. FIELDING—*Amelia.*

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.
a. GIFFORD—*Contemplation.*

What is a Sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off, murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a Sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstacy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.
b. GILDER—*The Poet and His Master, and Other Poems.*

God to his untaught children sent
Law, order, knowledge, art, from high,
And ev'ry heav'nly favour lent,
The world's hard lot to qualify.
They knew not how they should behave,
For all from Heav'n stark-naked came;
But Poetry their garments gave,
And then not one had cause for shame.
c. GOETHE—*Poetry.*

Poetry is the key to the hieroglyphics of Nature.
d. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

A verse may finde him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
e. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

Poetry begotten of passion is ever debasing; poetry born of real heartfulness ennobles always and uplifts.
f. A. A. HOPKINS—*Waifs and Their Authors.*

Poetry is the breath of beauty, flowing around the spiritual world, as the winds that wake up the flowers do about the material.
g. LEIGH HUNT—*Men, Women, and Books. Of Statesmen Who Have Written Verses.*

The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights.
h. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Life of Waller.*

A drainless shower
Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of power;
'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm.
i. KEATS—*Sleep and Poetry.* Line 237.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
* * * * * * *
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
j. KEATS—*On the Grasshopper and Cricket.*

The Sonnet swelling loudly
Up to its climax, and then dying proudly.
k. KEATS—*To Charles Cowden Clarke.*

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.
l. LOWELL—*An Incident in a Railroad Car.*

I do loves poetry, sir, 'specially the sacred. * * * For there be summut in it * * * which smooths a man's heart like a clothes-brush, wipes away the dust and dirt, and sets all the nap right.
m. BULWER-LYTTON—*Eugene Aram.* Bk. IV. Ch. IV.

You speak
As one who fed on poetry.
n. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The merit of poetry, in its wildest forms, still consists in its truth,—truth conveyed to the understanding, not directly by the words, but circuitously by means of imaginative associations, which serve as its conductors.
o. MACAULAY—*Essay. On the Athenian Orators.*

Poesy, drawing within its circle all that is glorious and inspiring, gave itself but little concern as to where its flowers originally grew.
p. KARL OTTFRIED MÜLLER.

Poetry, like the world, may be said to have four ages, but in a different order: the first age of poetry being the age of iron; the second of gold; the third of silver; and the fourth of brass.
q. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*The Four Ages of Poetry.*

The world is full of poetry;—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness.
r. PERCIVAL—*Poetry.*

Poetry comes nearer the vital truth than history.
s. PLATO.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
t. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Pt. II. Line 156.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed Virgin, steal a tear!
u. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 283.

It is not poetry but prose run mad.
v. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 188.

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd,
(In polish'd verse,) the Manners and the Mind.
w. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 390.

Now times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
a. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 169.

One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines.
b. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. 1. Line 111.

The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
c. POPE—*To Augustus.* Ep. I. Line 267. Bk. II.

What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer or me!
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines.
d. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 418.

I would the gods had made thee poetical.
e. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 3.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
f. *Henry V.* Chorus.

The elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy.
g. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science.
h. SHELLEY—*Letter to Thomas L. Peacock.*

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.
i. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*The Defense of Poesy.*

A poem round and perfect as a star.
j. ALEX. SMITH—*A Life Drama.* Sc. 2.

There are few delights in any life so high and rare as the subtle and strong delight of sovereign art and poetry; there are none more pure and more sublime. To have read the greatest works of any great poet, to have beheld or heard the greatest works of any great painter or musician, is a possession added to the best things of life.
k. SWINBURNE—*Essays and Studies. Victor Hugo. L'Année Terrible.*

One merit of poetry few persons will deny: it says more and in fewer words than prose.
l. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary.*

Poetry is the music of the soul, and above all of great and feeling souls.
m. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary.*

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good.
n. WALTON—*Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. IV.

Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living.
o. DANIEL WEBSTER—*Discourse Delivered at Plymouth, on the 22d of December,* 1820.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.
p. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. VII.

There is in poesy a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to prose,
Her younger sister.
q. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 64.

POLITICS.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust.
r. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 84.

As the laws are above magistrates, so are the magistrates above the people; and it may truly be said, that the magistrate is a speaking law, and the law a silent magistrate.
s. CICERO.

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
t. GOLDSMITH—*Retaliation.* Line 31.

Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in bus'ness to the last.
u. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 228.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
v. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
w. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speak,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still.
x. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

POPULARITY.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less
In company a very pleasant fellow,
Had been a favourite of full many a mess
Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow;
And though his meaning they could scarcely guess,
Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow
The glorious word of popular applause,
Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause.
y. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 82.

Popularity is as a blaze of illumination, or alas, of conflagration kindled round a man; showing what is in him; not putting the smallest item more into him; often abstracting much from him; conflagrating the poor man himself into ashes and *caput mortuum*.
a. CARLYLE—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

To some men popularity is always suspicious. Enjoying none themselves, they are prone to suspect the validity of those attainments which command it.
b. GEO. HENRY LEWES—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. III.

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
And the blind to hear him speak:
Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he passed; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.
c. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
d. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

POVERTY.

Leave the poor
Some time for self-improvement. Let them not
Be forced to grind the bones out of their arms
For bread, but have some space to think and feel
Like moral and immortal creatures.
e. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread;
By winding myrtle round your ruin'd shed?
f. CRABBE—*The Village.* Bk. I.

And plenty makes us poor.
g. DRYDEN—*The Medal.* Line 126.

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.
h. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 413.

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
i. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 13.

The short and simple annals of the poor.
j. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 8.

Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!
k. HOLMES—*Urania.*

With fingers weary and worn.
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich,
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"
l. HOOD—*Song of the Shirt.* St. 2.

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.
m. SAM'L JOHNSON—*London.* Line 175.

Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.
n. THOMAS NOEL—*The Pauper's Drive.*

To the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small Estate.
o. POPE—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 67.

Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
p. POPE—*Satires of Dr. Donne.* Satire II. Line 113.

Yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate.
q. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 265.

Poverty is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it.
r. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. X.

He that wants money, means and content, is without three good friends.
s. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient.
t. *Henry IV.* Act I. Pt. II. Sc. 2.

It is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

No, Madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned.
v. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 3.

No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough.
w. *Timon of Athens.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
x. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Poverty, but not my will, consents.
y. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips.
a. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer.
b. *Henry VI.* Act IV. Pt. II. Sc. 2.

What will this come to?
He commands us to provide and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.
c. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Whose plenty made him pore.
d. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto IV. St. 29.

One gains courage by showing himself poor; in that manner one robs poverty of its sharpest sting.
e. THÜMMEL.

POWER.

He hath no power that hath not power to use.
f. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Visit.*

We love and live in power. It is the spirits' end.
Mind must subdue. To conquer is its life.
g. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water.*

Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will;
'Tis god-like to have power, but not to kill.
h. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Chances.* Act II. Sc. 2. *Song.*

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 2.

Men are never very wise and select in the exercise of a new power.
j. CHANNING—*The Present Age.*

To know the pains of power, we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures, we must go to those who are seeking it: the pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.
k. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be!
l. BARRY CORNWALL—*English Songs and Other Small Poems. The Sea in Calm.*

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear
Can draw you to her with a single hair.
m. DRYDEN—*Persius.* Satire V. Line 246.

Power, in its quality and degree, is the measure of manhood. Scholarship, save by accident, is never the measure of a man's power.
n. J. G. HOLLAND—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Self-Help.*

Patience and Gentleness is Power.
o. LEIGH HUNT—*Sonnet. On a Lock of Milton's Hair.*

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.
p. SEWALL—*Epilogue to Cato.*

The Devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.
q. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton.
r. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Pt. III.

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
s. WORDSWORTH—*Rob Roy's Grave.*

Who murders time, he crushes in the birth a power ethereal.
t. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 110.

PRAISE.

Praise me not too much,
Nor blame me, for thou speakest to the Greeks,
Who know me.
u. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. X. Line 289.

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.
v. COLERIDGE—*Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.*

There are three kinds of praise: that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.
w. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue.
x. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 235.

Long open panegyric drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well address'd.
y. GAY. Ep. I. Line 29.

And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works.
z. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 258.

Gladly then he mixed
Among those friendly Powers, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fallèn yet one
Returned not lost.
aa. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 21.

Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 197.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.
b. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 201.

Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.
c. POPE—*Epistles of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk II. Line 413.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
d. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 520.

Delightful praise!—like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
e. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 24.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him.
f. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

In his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me.
g. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Now, God be prais'd; that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

Our praises are our wages.
i. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.
j. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Speak me fair in death.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

Good men will yield thee praise; then slight the rest;
'Tis best, praise-worthy, to have pleased the best.
m. Capt. JOHN SMITH—*General History.*

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.
n. YOUNG—*The Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 51.

The man is vain who writes for praise;
Praise no man e'er deserved who sought no more
o. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 3.

The sweetest of all sounds is praise.
p. XENOPHON—*Hier.* I. 15.

PRAYER.

Yet then from all my grief, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.
q. ADDISON—*Miscellaneous Poems. Divine Ode, made by a Gentleman on the Conclusion of his Travels.*

Hope, he called, belief
In God,—work, worship * * therefore let us pray!
r. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. III.

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!
s. BURNS—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 6.

Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear.
t. BYRON—*The Prayer of Nature.*

Father of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?
u. BYRON—*The Prayer of Nature.*

To Thee, my God, to thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.
v. BYRON—*The Prayer of Nature.*

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
w. HARTLEY COLERIDGE—*Poems.* (*Posthumous.*) *Prayer.*

Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.
x. HARTLEY COLERIDGE—*Poems.* (*Posthumous.*) *Prayer.*

So have I dreamed!—Oh, may the dream be true!—
That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,
And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.
y. HARTLEY COLERIDGE—*Poems.* (*Posthumous.*) *Prayer.*

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small.
z. COLERIDGE—*The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. VII.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
aa. COLERIDGE—*The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. VII.

The saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all.
a. COLERIDGE—*Christabel.*

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
b. COWPER—*Exhortation to Prayer.*

Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.
c. CHARLES M. DICKINSON—*The Children.*

Grant folly's prayers that hinder folly's wish,
And serve the ends of wisdom.
d. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

No man ever prayed heartily, without learning something.
e. EMERSON—*Nature.* Ch. VIII.

He who prays without confidence, cannot hope that his prayers will be granted.
f. FENELON—*On Prayer.*

A good prayer, though often used, is still fresh and fair in the ears and eyes of Heaven.
g. FULLER—*Good Thoughts in Bad Times. Meditations on all Kinds of Prayers.*

Ejaculations are short prayers darted up to God on emergent occasions.
h. FULLER—*Good Thoughts in Bad Times. Meditations on all Kinds of Prayers. Ejaculations, their use.*

In extemporary prayer, what men most admire God least regardeth.
i. FULLER—*Good Thoughts in Bad Times. Meditations on all Kinds of Prayers. Their Privilege.*

The soldier at the same time may shoot out his prayer to God, and aim his pistol at his enemy, the one better hitting the mark for the other.
j. FULLER—*Good Thoughts on Bad Times. Meditations on all Kinds of Prayers. Their Privilege.*

Fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
k. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 179.

He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea.
l. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights of ev'ry day!
m. HERBERT—*The Temple. Charms and Knots.* St. 4.

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.
n. HERRICK—*Hesperides. The Heart.*

Like one in prayer I stood.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Voices of the Night.* Prelude.

Prayer is Innocence, friend; and willingly flieth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
p. LONGFELLOW—*The Children of the Lord's Supper.* Line 156.

But that from us aught should ascend to heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to believe may seem, yet this will prayer.
q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 143.

Hear his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him.
r. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 31.

If by pray'r
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary Him with my assiduous cries.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 307.

Sighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the spirit of pray'r
Inspir'd, and wing'd for heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 6.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
u. MONTGOMERY—*What is Prayer?*

O sad state
Of human wretchedness; so weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruin'd at our own request.
v. HANNAH MORE—*Moses.*

Lo! all life this truth declares,
Laborare est orare;
And the whole earth rings with prayers.
w. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. Labor Is Prayer.*

Whose very looks are prayers.
x. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. A Sketch.*

In all thou dost, first let thy prayers ascend,
And to the gods thy labours first commend:
From them implore success, and hope a prosperous end.
y. PYTHAGORAS.

The first petition that we are to make to Almighty God is for a good conscience, the next for health of mind, and then of body.
z. SENECA.

All his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads:
a. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 3.

Bow, stubborn knees! and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
b. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Get him to say his prayers, Good Sir Toby, get him to pray.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.
d. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 1.

His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault,—but let that pass.
e. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 4.

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
f. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
g. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

My prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes,
Are all I can return.
h. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Now I am past all comfort here, but prayers.
i. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven and to my king.
j. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O defend me still.
k. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

True prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise.
l. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so we find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
m. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.
n. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words.
o. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Prayers are heard in heaven very much in proportion to our faith. Little faith will get very great mercies, but great faith still greater.
p. Spurgeon—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Believing Prayer.*

Four things which are not in thy treasury,
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition:—
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.
q. Southey—*Occasional Pieces.* XIX. Imitated from the Persian.

To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that men can contract in this life.
r. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. X. Ch. V.

Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer.
s. Tennyson—*St. Simeon Stylites.* Line 7.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
t. Tennyson—*Idyls of the King. The Passing of Arthur.* Line 247.

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with thee?
u. Trench—*Sonnet. On Prayer.*

Serve God before the world; let him not go,
Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne,
The whole unto him; and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Poure oyle upon the stones; weep for thy sin
Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.
v. Vaughan—*Rules and Lessons.*

Prayer moves the Hand which moves the world.
w. John Aikman Wallace—*There is an Eye that Never Sleeps.* Line 19.

Making their lives a prayer.
a. WHITTIER—*On Receiving a Basket of Sea Mosses.*

Prayers ardent open heaven.
b. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 721.

PREJUDICE.

He hears but half who hears one party only.
c. ÆSCHYLUS—*Eum.*, 428.

The great obstacle to progress is prejudice.
d. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Prejudice.*

Prejudice renders a man's virtue his habit, and not a series of unconnected acts. Through just prejudice, his duty becomes a part of his nature.
e. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

When the judgment's weak,
The prejudice is strong.
f. KANE O'HARA—*Midas. A Burletta.* Act I. Sc. 4.

PRESUMPTION.

Who dares
To say that he alone has found the truth?
g. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Part III. *John Endicott.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.
h. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 6.

How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
i. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

PRIDE.

There is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly and covers itself under more disguises, than pride.
j. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 153.

As proud as Lucifer.
k. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town*

Ay, do despise me, I'm the prouder for it; I like to be despised.
l. BRICKERSTAFF—*The Hypocrite.* Act V. Sc. 1.

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.
m. COLERIDGE—*The Devil's Thoughts.*

Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
n. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 161.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
o. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 66.

When people's feelings have got a deadly wound, they can't be cured with favors.
p. GEORGE ELIOT—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XLVIII.

In every department of life—in its business and in its pleasures, in its beliefs and in its theories, in its material developments and in its spiritual connections—we thank God that we are not like our fathers.
q. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. On Progress.*

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by,
r. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 327.

In Pride, in reas'ning Pride our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies;
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
s. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 124.

Unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, the pageant of a day;
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
t. POPE—*Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.* Line 46.

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
u. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 201.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.
v. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Morals and Religion. Conception of God.*

But man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep.
w. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*
x. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3

He that is proud, eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.
y. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.
z. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me.
a. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
b. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
c. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
d. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
e. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 3.

Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon.
f. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea.
g. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

PRISON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom.
h. Byron—*Sonnet. On Chillon.*

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.
i. *Inscription on the Old Prison of Edinburgh.*

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out.
j. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

PROGRESSION.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.
k. Bishop Berkeley—*On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.*

All things journey: sun and moon
Morning, noon, and afternoon,
Night and all her stars;
'Twixt the east and western bars
Round they journey,
Come and go!
We go with them!
l. George Eliot—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III. *Song.*

Westward the star of empire takes its way.
m. *Epigraph to Bancroft's History of United States.*

All growth that is not towards God
Is growing to decay.
n. George MacDonald—*Within and Without.* Pt. I. Sc. 3.

PROMISES.

He promised to meet me two hours since;
and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.
o. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 2.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
p. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.
q. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next.
r. *Henry VI.* Part I. Act I. Sc. 6.

Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going. Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's.
s. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There buds the promise of celestial worth.
t. Young—*The Last Day.* Bk. III.

PROPHECY.

Prophet of evil! never hadst thou yet
A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs
Of coming mischief is thy great delight,
Good dost thou ne'er foretel nor bring to pass.
u. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad* Bk. I. Line 38.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast;
Is that portentous phrase "I told you so."
v. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 50.

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
w. Fitz-Greene Halleck—*Marco Bozzaris.*

In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.
a. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 2.

PROVIDENCE.

And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.
b. ADDISON—*The Campaign.*

If heaven send no supplies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies.
c. WILLIAM BROWNE—*Sonnet Visions.*

Though to the vilest things beneath the moon
For poor Ease' sake I give away my heart,
And for the moment's sympathy let part
My sight and sense of truth, Thy precious boon,
My painful earnings, lost, all lost, as soon,
Almost, as gained; and though aside I start,
Belie Thee daily, hourly,—still Thou art,
Art surely as in heaven the sun at noon.
d. CLOUGH—*Early Poems. Blank Misgivings of a Creature Moving About in Worlds not Realized.* St. 2.

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
e. COWPER—*Light Shining Out of Darkness.*

God made bees, and bees made honey,
God made man, and man made money;
Pride made the devil, and the devil made sin;
So God made a cole-pit to put the devil in.
f. *Transcribed by* JAMES HENRY DIXON, *from the fly-sheet of a Bible, belonging to a pitman who resided near Hutton-Henry, in County of Denham.*

Whatever is is in its causes just.
g. DRYDEN—*Œdipus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There is a remedy for every wrong and a satisfaction for every soul.
h. EMERSON—*Immortality.*

Man proposeth, God disposeth.
i. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by the measure.
j. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.
k. LOWELL—*The Present Crisis.* St. 8.

What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 22.

O sad estate
Of human wretchedness; so weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruined at our own request.
m. HANNAH MORE—*Moses in the Bulrushes.* Pt. I.

All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good;
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.
n. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 289.

That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
o. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 164.

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.
p POPE—*Essay on Man.* Epistle I. Line 271.

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
q. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Epistle I. Line 206.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
r. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 87.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.
s. ROGERS—*On a Tear.*

Consider
The sparrows of the air of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount,—
He guards us too.
t. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Consider.* St. 2.

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give.
u. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to mine age!
v. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.
w. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.
a. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

O God! thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!
b. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 8.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
c. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

We defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all.
d. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
e. MAY RILEY SMITH—*Sometime.*

He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty;
He maketh subjects to their power obey;
He pulleth down, he setteth up on high;
He gives to this, from that he takes away;
For all we have is his; what he will do, he may.
f. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.*

The God of nature alone, can revive the flower the mind has withered.
g. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XIV. Ch. IV.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.
h. STERNE—*Sentimental Journey.*

And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as he hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine.
i. WHITTIER—*Last Walk in Autumn.* St. 26.

PUNISHMENT.

See they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men,
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
j. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act III. Sc. 5.

That is the bitterest of all,—to wear the yoke of our own wrong-doing.
k. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. V. Ch. XXXVI.

Never yet were the feelings and instincts of our nature violated with impunity; never yet was the voice of conscience silenced without retribution.
l. MRS. JAMESON—*Studies. Goethe's Tasso, Iphigenia, and Clavigo.*

The object of punishment is, prevention from evil; it never can be made impulsive to good.
m. MANN—*Lectures and Reports on Education.* Lecture VII.

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 699.

O, Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world.
o. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Some of us will smart for it.
p. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
q. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Q.

QUACKERY.

Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile Attorneys now an useless race.
r POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 274.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal.
s. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

QUALITY.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
a. Burns—*Honest Poverty.*

Come, give us a taste of your quality.
b. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The best of this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
c. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another, which he was never sensible of in himself.
d. Sir Richard Steele—*The Tatler.* No. 227.

QUIET.

What sweet delight a quiet life affords.
e. Drummond—*Sonnet.*

'Tis noon; a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over hill and stream;
And many a broad magnolia flower
Within its shadowy woodland bower
Is gleaming like a lovely star.
f. Prentice—*To an Absent Wife.*

It is a strange soothing feeling that comes over us when from the tumult of a market-place we go forth at once into the serene expanse of the soberly clad creation,—into her silent dark cathedral.
g. Richter—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. III.

I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.
h. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 4.

The noonday quiet holds the hill.
i. Tennyson—*Œnone.* St. 3.

QUOTATION.

A good thought is indeed a great boon for which God is to be first thanked; next he who is the first to utter it, and then, in a lesser, but still in a considerable degree, the friend who is the first to quote it to us.
j. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Thought and its Circulation.*

To quote copiously and well, requires taste, judgment, and erudition, a feeling for the beautiful, an appreciation of the noble, and a sense of the profound.
k. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Quoters and Quoting.*

Some men have written more than others have spoken. Pineda quotes more authors in one work than are necessary in a whole world.
l. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Sec. 24.

Quotations from profane Authors, cold Allusions, false Pathetic, Anthesis's and Hyperboles, are out of doors.
m. De La Bruyere—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

'Twas not an Age ago since most of our Books were nothing but Collections of Latin Quotations, there was not above a line or two of French in a Page.
n. De La Bruyere—*The Character or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd would quote.
o. Butler—*Hudibras.* Line 135.

Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.
p. Byron—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 326.

With just enough of learning to misquote.
q. Byron—*English Bards.* Line 66.

To copy beauties forfeits all pretence
To fame;—to copy faults is want of sense.
r. Churchill—*The Rosciad.* Line 457.

When found make a note of it.
s. Dickens—*Dombey and Son.* Ch. XV.

It is generally supposed that where there is no Quotation, there will be found most originality. * * * * * The greater part of our writers, in consequence, have become so original, that no one cares to imitate them; and those who never quote, in return are seldom quoted.
t. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

Quotation, like much better things, has its abuses. One may quote till one compiles.
u. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practise than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract.
v. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

The Quoters who deserve the title, and it ought to be an honorary one, are those who trust no one but themselves.
w. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

The wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages, may be preserved by quotation.
x. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

Whenever the mind of a writer is saturated with the full inspiration of a great author, a quotation gives completeness to the whole; it seals his feelings with undisputed authority.

a. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

A book which hath been culled from the flowers of all books.

b. George Eliot—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

A great man quotes bravely, and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good.

c. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

All minds quote.

d. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we quote. We quote not only books and proverbs, but arts, sciences, religion, customs, and laws; nay, we quote temples and houses, tables and chairs by imitation.

e. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Genius borrows nobly.

f. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

In literature quotation is good only when the writer whom I follow goes my way, and, being better mounted than I, gives me a cast as we say; but if I like the gay equipage so well as to go out of my road, I had better have gone afoot.

g. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.

h. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Our best thought came from others.

i. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Quotation confesses inferiority.

j. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

We are as much informed of a writer's genius by what he selects as by what he originates.

k. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.

l. Sam'l Johnson—*Boswell's Life of Johnson. Conversation on Tuesday.* May 8, 1781.

Every quotation contributes something to the stability or enlargement of the language.

m. Sam'l Johnson—*Preface to Dictionary.*

I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them together.

n. Montaigne—*Essays.* Bk. III. Ch. XII.

Each man has his hobby; and mine is, not to suffer a quotation to pass without verification. It is fortunate that I am not a despotic monarch, or I would certainly make it felony, without benefit of clergy, to quote a passage without giving a plain reference.

o. L. S., *in Notes and Queries.* Vol. I. P. 230.

A thing is never too often repeated which is never sufficiently learned.

p. Seneca.

The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

They have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps.

r. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. I.

To your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

s. *A Lover's Complaint.* Line 230.

Fine words! I wonder where you stole them.

t. Swift—*Verses. Occasioned by Whitehed's Motto on his Coach.*

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

u. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 89.

R.

RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind,—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

v. Aldrich—*Before the Rain.*

A little rain will fill
The lily's cup which hardly moists the field.

w. Edwin Arnold—*The Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 215.

Such is thy power, O Rain! the heart to bless,
Wiling the soul away from its own wretchedness.

x. Burleigh—*Sonnet. Rain.*

The rain-drops' showery dance and rhythmic beat,
With tinkling of innumerable feet.

y. Abraham Coles—*The Microcosm. Hearing. Powers of Sound, &c.*

She waits for me, my lady Earth,
Smiles and waits and sighs;
I'll say her nay, and hide away,
Then take her by surprise.
a. Mary Mapes Dodge—*How the Rain Comes. April.*

All day the rain
Bathed the dark hyacinths in vain,
The flood may pour from morn till night
Nor wash the pretty Indian white.
b. Hafiz.

The grey-eyed Morn was saddened with a shower,
A silent shower, that trickled down so still
Scarce drooped beneath its weight the tenderest flower,
Scarce could you trace it on the twinkling rill,
Or moss-stone bathed in dew.
c. Keble—*At Hooker's Tomb.*

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
How beautiful is the rain!
d. Longfellow—*Rain in Summer.* St. 1.

The ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.
e. Longfellow—*Travels by the Fireside.* St. 1.

The day is dark and cold and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary.
f. Longfellow—*The Rainy Day.*

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.
g. Longfellow—*Midnight Mass.*

For the rain it raineth every day.
h. *Twelfth Night.* Act V. Sc. 1. *Song.*

O Earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
* * * * * *
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still.
i. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
j. Thomson—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 172.

RAINBOW, THE

God's glowing covenant.
k. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermon.*

And lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun.
l. Beattie—*The Minstrel.* Bk. I. St. 30.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as only from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danced all around.
m. Giles Fletcher—*The Rainbow.*

O, beautiful rainbow;—all woven of light!
There's not in thy tissue, one shadow of night;
Heaven surely is open when thou dost appear,
And, bending above thee, the angels draw near,
And sing,—"The rainbow! the rainbow!
The smile of God is here."
n. Mrs. Hale—*Poems.*

Mild arch of promise! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting.
o. Southey—*Sonnets. The Evening Rainbow.*

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
p. Tennyson—*Idyls of the King. The Coming of Arthur.* Line 361.

Hung on the shower that fronts the golden West,
The rainbow bursts like magic on mine eyes!
In hues of ancient promise there imprest;
Frail in its date, eternal in its guise.
q. Charles (Tennyson) Turner—*Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces. The Rainbow.*

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distinct, and low, I can in thine see Him
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant between all and One.
r. Vaughan—*The Rainbow.*

READING.

Reading is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed.
s. Addison—*The Tatler.* No. 147.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.
t. Bacon—*Essays. Of Studies.*

All rests with those who read. A work or thought
Is what each makes it to himself, and may
Be full of great dark meanings, like the sea,
With shoals of life rushing.
a. BAILEY—*Festus.* Proem. Line 307.

We have not *read* an author till we have seen his object, whatever it may be, as *he* saw it.
b. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's Helena.*

The mind, relaxing into needful sport,
Should turn to writers of an abler sort,
Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.
c. COWPER—*Retirement.* Line 715.

Half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read.
d. DAWSON—*Address on Opening the Birmingham Free Library.* Oct. 26th, 1866.

The man who is fond of books is usually a man of lofty thought and of elevated opinions.
e. DAWSON—*Address on Opening the Birmingham Free Library.* Oct. 26th, 1866.

Some will only read old books, as if there were no valuable truths to be discovered in modern publications: while others will only read new books, as if some valuable truths are not among the old. Some will not read a book, because they are acquainted with the author; by which the reader may be more injured than the author: others not only read the book, but would also read the man; by which the most ingenius author may be injured by the most impertinent reader.
f. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. On Reading.*

The delight of opening a new pursuit, or a new course of reading, imparts the vivacity and novelty of youth even to old age.
g. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXII.

If we encountered a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read.
h. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

I should as soon think of swimming across the Charles river when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue.
i. EMERSON—*Essay. Books.*

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough of literature.
j. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

'Tis the good reader that makes the good book; a good head cannot read amiss; in every book he finds passages which seem confidences or asides hidden from all else, and unmistakably meant for his ear.
k. EMERSON—*Success.*

My early and invincible love of reading, I * * * * would not exchange for the treasures of India.
l. GIBBON—*Memoirs.*

In a polite age almost every person becomes a reader, and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit.
m. GOLDSMITH—*The Citizen of the World.* Letter LXXV.

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend: when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.
n. GOLDSMITH—*The Citizen of the World.* Letter LXXXIII.

With spots of sunny openings, and with works
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.
o. LEIGH HUNT—*The Story of Rimini.*

The foundation of knowledge must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts which a man gets thus are at such a distance from each other that he never attains to a full view.
p. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson. Conversation Between Dr. Johnson and James Boswell.* Sunday, April 16, 1775.

What is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed.
q. SAM'L JOHNSON—*The Idler.* No 74.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men.
r. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

The love of books is a love which requires neither justification, apology, nor defence.
s. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Leave us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
t. LONGFELLOW—*Sonnet on Mrs. Kemble's Reading from Shakespeare.*

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

In science, read by preference, the newest works; in literature, the oldest The classic literature is always modern.
v. BULWER-LYTTON—*Caxtoniana. Hints on Mental Culture.*

What a wonderful,—what an almost magical boon, a writer of great genius confers upon us, when we read him intelligently. As he proceeds from point to point in his argument or narrative, we seem to be taken up by him, and carried from hill-top to hill-top, where, through an atmosphere of light, we survey a glorious region of thought, looking freely, far and wide, above and below, and gazing in admiration upon all the beauty and grandeur of the scene.

a. MANN—*Lectures on Education.* Lecture VI.

His classical reading is great: he can quote
Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and Martial by rote.
He has read Metaphysics * * * Spinoza and Kant;
And Theology too: I have heard him descant
Upon Basil and Jerome. Antiquities, art,
He is fond of. He knows the old masters by heart,
And his taste is refined.

b. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Canto II. Pt. IV.

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

c. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 322.

A Lumber-house of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

d. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. III. Line 193.

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

e. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

We burn daylight;—here, read, read.

f. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

g. SHEFFIELD—*Essay on Poetry.*

Studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

h. THOMSON—*Seasons. Winter.* Line 431.

Learn to read slow; all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.

i. WM. WALKER—*Art of Reading.*

REASON.

Two angels guide
The path of man, both aged and yet young,
As angels are, ripening through endless years.
On one he leans: some call her Memory,
And some, Tradition; and her voice is sweet,
With deep mysterious accords: the other,
Floating above, holds down a lamp which streams
A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yields,
Yet clings with loving check, and shines anew
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked
But for Tradition; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightning Reason's lamp.

j. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

To be rational is so glorious a thing, that two-legged creatures generally content themselves with the title.

k. LOCKE—*Letter to Antony Collins, Esq.*

There are two principall and peculiar gifts in the nature of man, Knowledge and Reason: the one commaundeth, the other obeyeth: these things neither the whirling wheel of Fortune can chaunge, neither the deceitful cavilling of wordlings separate, neither sicknesse abate, neither age abolish.

l. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near.

m. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 85.

Reason raise o'er instinct as you can;
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

n. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 97.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace and Competence.

o. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 79.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul.

p. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire I. Line 128.

But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain.
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

q. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Find out the cause of this effect:
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause.

r. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.
a. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason,
To fust in us unus'd.
c. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more;
'Tis heaven directs, and stratagems inspire,
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
d. SOMERVILLE—*Chase.* Bk. II. Line 207.

While Reason drew the plan the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.
e. THOMSON—*Liberty.* Pt. IV.

And what is reason? Be she thus defined:
Reason is upright stature in the soul.
f. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Line 1526.

Reason's progressive, Instinct is complete;
Swift Instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach. In ages they
No more could know, do, covet or enjoy.
Were men to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch pupil would be learning still.
g. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Pt. II. Line 81.

REBELLION.

Men seldom, or rather never for a length of time and deliberately, rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.
h. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's Works.*

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.
i. *Inscription on a Cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica.*

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number.
j. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion.
k. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 4.

RECKLESSNESS.

I tell thee be not rash; a golden bridge
Is for a flying enemy.
l. BYRON—*The Deformed Transformed.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Who falls from all he knows of bliss
Cares little into what abyss.
m. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 1091.

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
n. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

RECOMPENSE.

Recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness.
o. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule.
p. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 595.

If little labour, little are our gaines:
Man's fortunes are according to his paines.
q. HERRICK—*Hesperides. No Paines, No Gaines.*

Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee.
r. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Forever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us, others fall;
And soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!
s. WHITTIER—*Summer by the Lakeside. Evening.* St. 12.

RECREATION.

If those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away the spring, and youth, the former from the year, the latter from the human life.
t. BALZAC.

It is a poor sport that is not worth a candle.
u. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.
v. LAMB—*Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.*

Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
w. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

REDEMPTION.

And now, without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to Death and Hell
By doom severe.
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 222.

Heav'nly pow'rs where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime; and just th' unjust to save?
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 213.

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy.
b. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore.
c. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto I. St. 2.

REFLECTION.

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.
d. CICERO.

The solitary side of our nature demands leisure for reflection upon subjects on which the dash and whirl of daily business, so long as its clouds rise thick about us, forbid the intellect to fasten itself.
e. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Sea Studies.*

Summe up at night, what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dresse and undresse thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both, since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.
f. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.
g. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Pt. III. Line 180.

But with the morning cool reflections came.
h. SCOTT—*Chronicles of the Cannongate.* Ch. IV.
See *Monastery.* Ch. III.
Rob Roy. Ch. XII.
Antiquary. Ch. XV.

Think on thy sins.
i. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 596.

REFORMATION.

'Tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation.
k. DRYDEN—*Prol. to Sophonisba.* Line 9.

Like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life.
m. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

REGRET.

Thou wilt lament
Hereafter, when the evil shall be done
And shall admit no cure.
n. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 308.

I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!
o. BYRON—*Farewell! if Ever.*

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel.
p. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 823.

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.
q. BYRON—*Monody on the Death of R. B. Sheridan.* Line 117.

O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!
r. LONGFELLOW—*Elizabeth.* St. 4.

For who, alas! has lived,
Nor in the watches of the night recalled
Words he has wished unsaid and deeds undone.
s. ROGERS—*Reflections.*

I could have better spar'd a better man.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead.
u. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Morte D'Arthur.* Line 228.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
v. WHITTIER—*Maud Muller.* Line 105.

RELIGION.

There was never law, or sect, or opinion did so magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth.
w. BACON—*Essay. Of Goodness, and Goodness of Nature.*

Men's works have an age, like themselves; and though they outlive their authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration. This only is a work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the general flames, when all things shall confess their ashes.
x. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Sec. 23.

Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion.

a. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.*

Speak to me low, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.

b. E. B. BROWNING—*Comfort.*

The body of all true religion consists, to be sure, in obedience to the will of the Sovereign of the world, in a confidence in His declarations, and in imitation of His perfections.

c. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

We know, and, what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good, and of all comfort.

d. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

G— knows I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen.

e. BURNS—*Epistle to Rev. John M'Math.* St. 8.

Religion, the pious worship of God.

f. CICERO.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—live for it.

g. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Pity Religion has so seldom
A skilful guide into poetic ground!
The flowers would spring where'er she deign'd to stray,
And every muse attend her in her way.

h. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 688.

Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures, harmlessly pursued.

i. COWPER—*Retirement.* Line 782.

Religion, if in heavenly truths attired,
Needs only to be seen to be admired.

j. COWPER—*Expostulation.* Line 492.

The Cross,
There, and there only, (though the deist rave,
And atheist, if Earth bears so base a slave),
There, and there only, is the power to save.

k. COWPER—*The Progress of Error.* Line 613.

And that the Scriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.

l. DRYDEN—*Religio Laici.* Line 316.

Piety, like wisdom, consists in the discovery of the rules under which we are actually placed, and in faithfully obeying them.

m. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

Sacrifice is the first element of religion, and resolves itself in theological language into the love of God.

n. FROUDE—*Short Stories on Great Subjects. Sea Studies.*

There are at bottom but two possible religions—that which rises in the moral nature of man, and which takes shape in moral commandments, and that which grows out of the observation of the material energies which operate in the external universe.

o. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion.

p. FULLER—*The True Church Antiquary.*

The consciousness of faith, of sins forgiven,
Of wrath appeased, of heavy guilt thrown off,
Sheds on my breast its long forgotten peace,
And shining steadfast as the noonday sun,
Lights me along the path that duty marks.

q. L. J. HALL—*Miriam.*

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

r. RICHARD HOOKER—*Ecclesiastical Polity.* Bk. I.

To be of no church is dangerous.

s. JOHNSON—*Life of Milton.*

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;
It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

t. THOMAS KELLY—*We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died.*

Life and religion are one, or neither is anything: I will not say neither is growing to be anything. Religion is no way of life, no show of life, no observance of any sort. It is neither the food nor medicine of being. It is life essential.

u. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXI.

One drop of baptismal water poured upon the infant's head, from the holy font of wisdom and love, will quench more of the fires of guilt, than an ocean of consecrated waters can afterwards extinguish.

v. MANN—*Lectures and Reports on Education.* Lecture VI.

Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 290.

Near, so very near to God,
Nearer I cannot be;
For in the person of his Son
I am as near as he.
b. CATESBY PAGET—*Hymn.*

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
c. PARNELL—*The Hermit.* Line 5.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
d. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 306.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
e. POPE—*To Murray.* Ep. VI. of *Horace.* Line 26.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.
f. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 99.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
g. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 649.

Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom;—freedom none but virtue;—virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.
h. JOSIAH QUINCY—*Centennial Address, Boston,* Sept. 17, 1830.

Obedience, we may remember, is a part of religion, and therefore an element of peace; but love which includes obedience, is the whole.
i. SEWELL—*Passing Thoughts on Religion. Following Afar Off.*

In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text.
j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Piety, whose soul sincere,
Fears God, and knows no other fear.
k. SMYTH—*Ode for the Installation of the Duke of Gloucester, as Chancellor of Cambridge.*

A religious life is a struggle and not a hymn.
l. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. X. Ch. V.

Mystery such as is given of God, is beyond the power of human penetration, yet not in opposition to it.
m. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. X. Ch. V.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.
n. SWIFT—*Thoughts on Various Subjects, Moral and Diverting.*

None but God can satisfy the longings of an immortal soul; that as the heart was made for Him, so He only can fill it.
o. TRENCH—*On the Prodigal Son.*

See the Gospel Church secure,
And founded on a Rock!
All her promises are sure;
Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after-ages tell,
Fortified by power divine,
The Church can never fail.
p. CHARLES WESLEY—*Scriptural.* Psalm XLVIII.

But who would force the soul, tilts with a straw
Against a champion cased in adamant.
q. WORDSWORTH—*Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.*

And without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as, without piety, for peace.
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 689.

Religion's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and, in her right, the next.
s. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 550.

REMORSE.

Cruel Remorse! where Youth and Pleasure sport,
And thoughtless Folly keeps her court,—
Crouching 'midst rosy bowers thou lurk'st unseen;
Slumbering the festal hours away,
While Youth disports in that enchanting scene;
Till on some fated day
Thou with a tiger-spring dost leap upon thy prey,
And tear his helpless breast, o'erwhelmed with wild dismay.
t. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*Ode to Remorse.*

To be left alone
And face to face with my own crime, had been
Just retribution.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VII. *In the Garden.*

He that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
v. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 383.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villians have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
a. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto III. St. 13.

Abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate.
b. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets,
More needs she the divine than the physician.
c. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

REPARATION.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.
d. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*On the Day of Judgment.* St. 10.

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.
e. GOLDSMITH—*Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. XXIV.

What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow?
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

REPENTANCE.

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
g. HERBERT—*The Temple.* *The Church Porch.*

Who after his transgression doth repent,
Is halfe, or altogether, innocent.
h. HERRICK—*Penitence.* *Hesperides.*

Illusion is brief, but Repentance is long.
i. SCHILLER—*The Lay of the Bell.* St. 4.

And wet his grave with my repentant tears.
j. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
k. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An' I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 3.

While music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest; a quick-returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart.
m. THOMSON—*The Seasons.* *Spring.* Line 994.

REPOSE.

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flames from wasting, by repose.
n. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 87.

The toils of honour dignify repose,
o. HOOLE'S *Metastasia—Achilles in Lycias.* Act III. Scene Last.

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
p. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
q. THOMSON—*The Castle of Indolence.* Canto I. St. 17.

REPROOF.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
r. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 582.

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.
s. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.
u. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

REPUTATION.

A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.
v. GAY—*The Fox Dying.* Pt. I. Line 46.

Reputation is but a synonyme of popularity: dependent on suffrage, to be increased or diminished at the will of the voters.
w. Mrs. JAMESON—*Memoirs and Essays.* *Washington Allston.*

Reputations, like beavers and cloaks, shall last some people twice the time of others.
x. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit.* *Reputations.*

No man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.
y. MONK—*Life of Bentley.*

In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
a. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Pt. III. Line 2.

I have offended reputation:
A most unnoble swerving.
b. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 9.

I see, my reputation at stake:
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.
c *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.
e. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.
f. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself.
g. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
h. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick.
i. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

RESIGNATION.

No earthly friend being near me, interpose
No deathly angel 'twixt my face and Thine,
But stoop Thyself to gather my life's rose,
And smile away my mortal to Divine.
j. E. B. BROWNING—*A Thought for a Lonely Death-Bed.*

Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
k. BRYANT—*Thanatopsis.*

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.
l. BYRON—*To Thomas Moore.*

Dare to look up to God and say, Deal with me in the future as Thou wilt; I am of the same mind as Thou art; I am Thine; I refuse nothing that pleases Thee; lead me where Thou wilt; cloth me in any dress Thou choosest.
m. EPICTETUS—Bk. II. Ch. XVI.

Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.
n. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 110.

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief.
o. *Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 2.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems so hard to stay; and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.
p. TENNYSON—*The May-Queen.* Conclusion. St. 3.

RESOLUTION.

For when two
Join in the same adventure, one perceives
Before the other how they ought to act;
While one alone, however prompt resolves
More tardily and with a weaker will.
q. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. X. Line 257.

Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.
r. BUNYAN—*Pilgrim's Progress.* Pt. I.

A good intention clothes itself with sudden power.
s. EMERSON—*Essay. Fate.*

He only is a well-made man who has a good determination.
t. EMERSON—*Essay. Culture.*

Resolve, and thou art free.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora. In the Garden.*

One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up.
v. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XLII.

Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
w. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great;
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
x. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
a. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc 1.

Eat, speak, and move, under the
Influence of the most received star;
And though the devil lead the measure
Such are to be followed.
b. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

For what I will, I will, and there an end.
c. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 3.

From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
d. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd
Give me my armour.
e. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity.
f. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
g. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 3.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.
h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 3.

And hearts resolved and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.
i. SMOLLETT—*Leven Water.* Last line.

I will die in the ditch.
j. WILLIAM OF ORANGE—*Hume's England.* Ch. LXV.

RESPONSIBILITY.

All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust, and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society.
k. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.* 1790.

It is meat and drink to me to see a clown;
By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for.
l. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Men's minds are as variant as their faces. Where the motives of their actions are pure, the operation of the former is no more to be imputed to them, as a crime, than the appearance of the latter: for both, being the work of nature, are alike unavoidable.
m. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Social Maxims. Benevolence. Difference of Opinion no Crime.*

REST.

Silken rest,
Tie all thy cares up!
n. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Four Plays in One.* Sc. 4. *Triumph of Love.*

Absence of occupation is not rest
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
o. COWPER—*Retirement.* Line 628.

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.
p. JOHN DWIGHT—*True Rest.*

I thirst for thirstiness; I weep for tears;
Well pleased am I to be displeased thus:
The only thing I fear is want of fears;
Suspecting I am not suspicious.
I cannot choose but live, because I die,
And, when I am not dead, how glad am I!
Yet, when I am thus glad for sense of pain,
And careful am, lest I should careless be,
Then do I desire for being glad again,
And fear lest carelessness take care from me.
Amidst these restless thoughts this rest I find,
For those that rest not here, there's rest behind.
q. THOMAS GATAKER—*B. D.* Nat. 4. Sep. 1574.

On every mountain height
Is rest.
r. GOETHE.

Oh, some seek bread—no more—life's mere subsistance,
And some seek wealth and ease—the common quest;
And some seek fame, that hovers in the distance;
But all are seeking rest.
s. LANGBRIDGE—*Seeking Rest.*

Now the hour of rest
Hath come to thee.
t. LONGFELLOW—*Delia.*

Rest is sweet after strife.
u. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto VI. St. 26.

In his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed.
v. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 1.

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.
w. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 6.

Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread.
a. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.
b. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto IX. Line 40.

Rest, that strengthens unto virtuous deeds,
Is one with Prayer.
c. Bayard Taylor—*Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled.* St. 4.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
d. Tennyson—*A Dirge.*

God giveth quietness at last.
e. Whittier—*On the Death of Alice Cary.* St. 1.

RESULTS.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know,
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
f. Addison—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 4.

I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
g. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 10.

The Present is the living sum-total of the whole Past.
h. Carlyle—*Essays. Characteristics.*

What is done is done; has already blended itself with the boundless; ever-living, ever-working Universe, and will also work there for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time.
i. Carlyle—*Essays. Voltaire.*

We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone doth nature live;
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud.
j. Coleridge—*Dejection. An Ode.* IV.

From little spark may burst a mighty flame.
k. Dante—*Paradiso.* Canto I. Line 34.

The remedy is worse than the disease.
l. Dryden—*Sixteenth Satire of Juvenal.* Line 31.

Consequences are unpitying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves.
m. George Eliot—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XVI.

A bad ending follows a bad beginning.
n. Euripides—*Frag. Melanip.* (*Stob*).

Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.
o. David Everett—*Lines Written for a School Declamation.*

So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.
p. Gay—*What D'ye Call't.* Act II. Sc. 9.

From small fires comes oft no small mishap.
q. Herbert—*The Temple. Artillerie.*

Of what mighty endeavours begun
What results insufficient remain,
And of how many victories won
Half the spoils have been taken again!
r. Owen Meredith—*Epilogue.*

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.
s. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Line 1.

The end must justify the means.
t. Prior—*Hans Carvel.*

Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!
u. Scott—*The Bridal of Triermain.* Canto I. St. 21.

Great floods have flown
From simple sources.
v. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

O most lame and impotent conclusion!
w. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder.
x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
y. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.
z. Young—*The Revenge.* Act V. Sc. 2.

RESURRECTION.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall thro' the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.
aa. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. On the Day of Judgment.* St. 3.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo the depths of the stone-cover'd charnels are stirr'd:
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.
bb. Milman—*Hymns for Church Service. Second Sunday in Advent.*

Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 704.

RETRIBUTION.

God's mill grinds slow but sure.
b. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.
c. FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU—*Retribution. From the Sinngedichte.* Trans. by Longfellow.

One sole desire, one passion now remains
To keep life's fever still within his veins,
Vengeance! dire vengeance on the wretch who cast,
O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.
* * * * * * *
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall;
For this alone exists—like lightning fire,
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!
d. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

Eating the bitter bread of banishment.
e. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 1.

If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

REVELATION.

Lochiel! Lochiel! though my eyes I should seal,
Man can not keep secret what God would reveal.
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
g. CAMPBELL—*Lochiel's Warning.*

'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries except her own,
And so illuminates the path of life,
That fools discover it, and stray no more.
h. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. *The Time-Piece.* Line 526.

Nature is a revelation of God;
Art a revelation of man.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. V.

REVENGE.

Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.
j. BYRON—*Don Juan*—Canto I. St. 124.

Revenge is profitable.
k. GIBBON—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Ch. III.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 171.

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 105.

Be ready, gods, with your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd halls.
o. *Sonnet CXVII.*

If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge.
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

If it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge.
r. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.
s. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.
t. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Now infidel, I have thee on the hip.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Priest, beware your beard:
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I drag thee up and down.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!
w. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
x. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour; Is it answer'd?
a. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Souls made of fire and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.
b. YOUNG—*The Revenge.* Act V. Sc. 2.

REVERENCE.

Henceforth the Majesty of God revere;
Fear Him and you have nothing else to fear.
c. FORDYCE—*Answer to a Gentleman who Apologized to the Author for Swearing.*

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare:
God is more there than thou; for thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
d. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

From the tree her step she turn'd;
But first low reverence done, as to the Power
That dwelt within whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant sciential sap, derivèd
From nectar, drink of Gods.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 834.

Rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king.
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

RIVERS.

At last the muse rose * * * and scattered
* * * * as they flew
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers
To Arno's myrtle border.
g. AKENSIDE—*Pleasure of the Imagination.* II.

The first time I beheld thee, beauteous stream,
How pure, how smooth, how broad thy bosom heav'd!
What feelings rush'd upon my heart!—a gleam
As of another life my kindling soul received.
h. MARIA BROOKS—*To the River St. Lawrence.* St. 1.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 71.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude, in Biscay's sleepless bay,
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay,
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.
j. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 14.

The castled crag of Drachenfels,
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine.
k. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 55.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?
l. COLERIDGE—*Cologne.*

Oh, my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty;
And with my angle, upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learned, industriously to try?
m. CHARLES COTTON—*The Retirement.*

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,—
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
n. JOHN DYER—*Grongar Hill.* Line 93.

Beautiful River! goldenly shining
Where with thee cistus and woodbines are twining,
(Birklands around thee, mountains above thee):
Rivilin wildest! do I not love thee?
o. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*Farewell to Rivilin.*

Those graceful groves that shade the plain,
Where Tiber rolls majestic to the main,
And flattens, as he runs, the fair campagne,
p. Sir SAM'L GARTH—*Ovid's Metamorphoses.* Bk. XIV. *Æneas Arrives in Italy.* Line 8.

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew.
a. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 243.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po.
b. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 1.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread;
Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien:—
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
c. Mrs. HEMANS—*Roman Girl's Song.*

Do pilgrims find their way to Indian Ridge,
Or journey onward to the far off bridge,
And bring to younger ears the story back
Of the broad stream the mighty Merrimack?
d. HOLMES—*The School Boy.*

It flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream.
e. LEIGH HUNT—*Sonnet. The Nile.*

Son of the old Moon-mountains African!
Stream of the Pyramid and Crocodile?
We call thee fruitful, and that very while
A desert fills our seeing's inward span.
f. KEATS—*Sonnet. To the Nile.*

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee;"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.
g. CHARLES KINGSLEY—*The Sands o' Dee.*

Beneath me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of Time, it flows amid the ruins of the Past.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

O lovely river of Yoette!
O darling stream! on balanced wings
The wood-birds sang the chansonette
That here a wandering poet sings.
i. LONGFELLOW—*To the River Yoette.*

The Nile, forever new and old,
Among the living and the dead,
Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

The Rhine! the Rhine! a blessing on the Rhine!
k. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. II.

Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower
In chambers purple with the alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests!
l. LONGFELLOW—*To the River Rhone.*

Two ways the rivers
Leap down to different seas, and as they roll
Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
Becomes a benefaction to the towns
They visit, wandering silently among them,
Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.
m. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

Shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
n. MARLOWE—*The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.*

Hail, gentle stream! forever dear
The rudest murmurs to mine ear!
Torn from thy banks, though far I rove,
The slave of poverty and love,
Ne'er shall thy bard, where'er he be,
Without a sigh remember thee!
o. JOHN MAYNE—*To the River Nith.*

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far, were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.
p. MOORE—*Lines Written on Leaving Philadelphia.*

Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
q. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. V. Line 27.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
r. POPE—*Summer.* Line 23.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.
s. FATHER PROUT (Francis Mahony)—*The Bells of Shandon.*

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more,
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore.
t. SCOTT—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto IV. St. 1.

Affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank.
u. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exaulted shores of all.
a. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

. . . . . The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.
b. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

O'er Egypt's land of memory floods are level,
And they are thine, O Nile! and well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil,
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
d. SHELLEY—*Sonnet. To the Nile.* (See Keats' Poems.)

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread.
e. SMOLLETT—*Ode to Leven Water.*

Mysterious Flood,—that through the silent sands
Hast wandered, century on century,
Watering the length of great Egyptian lands,
Which were not, but for thee.
f. BAYARD TAYLOR—*To the Nile.*

Oh sweet is thy current by town and by tower,
The green sunny vale and the dark linden bower;
Thy waves as they dimple smile back on the plain,
And Rhine, ancient river, thou'rt German again!
g. HORACE WALLACE—*Ode on the Rhine's Returning into Germany from France.*

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!
h. WORDSWORTH—*Westminster Bridge.*

ROMANCE.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance!
Auspicious queen of childish joys,
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys.
i. BYRON—*To Romance.*

He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves and trumpet sounds,
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Prelude to Tales of a Wayside Inn.* Line 132.

Romance is the poetry of literature.
k. MADAME NECKER.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
l. SCOTT—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto II. St. 1.

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner.
m. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*The Defense of Poesy.*

ROYALTY.

Many a crown
Covers bald foreheads.
n. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I. Line 754.

The rule
Of many is not well. One must be chief
In war and one the king.
o. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. II. Line 52.

The son of Saturn gave
The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial curls
Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head
Were shaken, and with them the mighty mount
Olympus trembled.
p. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. I. Line 666.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.
q. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Every noble crown is, and on Earth will forever be, a crown of thorns.
r. CARLYLE—*Past and Present.* Bk. III. Ch. VIII.

A man's a man;
But when you see a king, you see the work
Of many thousand men.
s. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

As yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.
t. WILLIAM HABINGTON—*Night.*

God gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,
For on his throne his sceptre do they swey:
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.
a. KING JAMES—*Sonnet addressed to his son, Prince Henry.*

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth.
b. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Life of Milton.*

A prince without letters is a pilot without eyes. All his government is groping.
c. BEN JONSON—*Discoveries. Illiteratus Princeps.*

Princes that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head;
For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations, and regard of laws:
A virtuous court, a world to virtue draws.
d. BEN JONSON—*Cynthia's Revels.* Act V. Sc. 3.

They say princes learn no art truly, but the art of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a prince as soon as his groom.
e. BEN JONSON—*Discoveries. Illiteratus Princeps.*

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Belisarius.* St. 8.

A crown
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 468.

His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 309.

Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazzard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazzard more as he above the rest
High honoured sits.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 450.

A crown! what is it?
It is to bear the miseries of a people!
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care.
j. HANNAH MORE—*Daniel.*

The King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.
k. *In a tract called Pigge's Corantol, or, News from the North.*

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.
l. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. I. Line 684.

The Right Divine of kings to govern wrong.
m. POPE—*Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 188.

Were I a king, I would never make war.
n. *Saying (reported) of the Crown Prince of Russia.*

Monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
o. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto V, St. 9.

A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth the inland brook
Into the main of waters.
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Ay, every inch a king.
q. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.
r. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Frame them
To royalty unlearned; honor untaught;
Civility not seen from other.
s. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid.
t. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
u. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't.
v. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd.
w. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her.
a. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Since I may say, now lie I like a king.
b. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience.
d. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
e. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The gates of Monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may get through
And keep their impious turbans on.
f. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth
Than is the throne of Denmark to my father.
g. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverence, mercy, loveliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them.
h. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
i. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.
j. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown.
l. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand.
m. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Yet looks he like a king; behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty.
n. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.
o. SHELLEY—*Hellas. Mahmud to Hassan.*

A prince, the moment he is crown'd
Inherits every virtue sound,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in The Tower:
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies.
p. SWIFT—*On Poetry.* Line 190.

Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.
q. TENNYSON—*To the Queen.* St. 9.

A partial world will listen to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.
r. YOUNG—*Force of Religion.* Bk. I. Line 6.

RUIN.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'er grown!
s. BYRON—*Siege of Corinth.* St. 18.

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.
t. WM. PITT—*The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.* No. 36.

I do love these ancient ruins.
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.
u. JOHN WEBSTER—*The Dutchess of Malfi.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.
v. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 167.

RUMOR.

The sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent.
w. MILTON—*Sonnet. To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Induction.

S.

SABBATH.

On Sundays, at the matin-chime,
The Alpine peasants, two and three,
Climb up here to pray;
Burghers and dames, at Summer's prime,
Ride out to church from Chamberry,
Dight with mantles gay,
But else it is a lonely time
Round the Church of Brou.
a. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*The Church of Brou.* II. St. 3.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday.
b. HENRY CAREY—*Sally in Our Alley.*

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
c. GRAHAME—*The Sabbath. Song.*

Sundaies observe: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angel's musick; therefore come not late.
d. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

The Sundaies of man's life,
Thredded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gates stand ope;
Blessings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull than hope.
e. HERBERT—*The Temple. Sunday.*

O day of rest! How beautiful, how fair,
How welcome to the weary and the old!
Day of the Lord! and truce to earthly care!
Day of the Lord, as all our days should be!
f. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3.

So rang they, and the Empyrean rung
With Halleleuahs. There was Sabbath kept.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk VII. Line 632.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his own way,
He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say "mew;"
Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play,
An' Phœbus himsel could nay travel that day,
As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.
i. MOORE—*Sunday Ethics.*

See Christians, Jews, one Sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.
j. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Line 99.

The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide.
k. TENNYSON—*St. Agnes.*

SADNESS.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.
l. LONGFELLOW—*The Day is Done.*

Alas! that we must dwell, my heart and I,
So far asunder.
m. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Twilight Night.*

They praise my rustling show, and never see
My heart is breaking for a little love.
n. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*To L. E. L.*

Be sad, good brothers,
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on.
o. *Henry IV.* Act V. Sc. 2.

We look before and after,
And sigh for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
p. SHELLEY—*To a Skylark.*

Can I but relive in sadness?
q. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 54.

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 676.

SATIRE.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame;
He hides behind a magisterial air
His own offences, and strips others' bare.
s. COWPER—*Charity.* Line 670.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend.
a. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 201.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck and tilt at all I meet.
b. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire I. Bk. II. Line 69.

There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
c. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire I. Line 2.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
d. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

SCIENCE.

I value Science—none can prize it more,
It gives ten thousand motives to adore:
Be it religious, as it ought to be,
The heart it humbles, and it bows the knee:
What time it lays the breast of Nature bare,
Discerns God's fingers working everywhere;
In the vast sweep of all embracing laws,
Finds Him the real and the only Cause;
And, in the light of clearest evidence,
Perceives Him acting in the present tense;—
Not as some claim, once acting but now not,
The glorious product of His hands forgot—
Having wound up the grand automaton,
Leaving it, henceforth, to itself to run.
e. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Microcosm. Christian Science.*

Science is certainty, is truth found out.
f. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Evangel.* P. 5.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both.
g. COWPER—*The Task. The Garden.* Line 161.

Steam, that great civilizer.
h. FREEMAN HUNT—*Lives of American Merchants.* Introductory Essay.

Science, is * * like virtue, its own exceeding great reward.
i. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Health and Education. Science.*

To the natural philosopher to whom the whole extent of nature belongs, all the individual branches of science constitute the links of an endless chain, from which not a single link can be detached without destroying the harmony of the whole.
j. SCHOEDLER—*The Book of Nature. Astronomy.*

SEASONS, THE

Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go;
At noon our sudden summer burns.
Ere sunset all is snow.
k. LOWELL—*To———.*

Autumn to winter, winter into spring,
Spring into summer, summer into fall,—
So rolls the changing year, and so we change;
Motion so swift, we know not that we move.
l. D. M. MULOCK—*Immutable.*

The spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries.
m. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

January grey is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye hours
Follow with May's fairest flowers.
n. SHELLEY—*Dirge for the Year.*

SPRING.

For one swallow does not make spring, nor yet one fine day.
o. ARISTOTLE—*Ethic.* I. 6.

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.
p. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*Ode to Spring.*

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child; delightful spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned.
Sweet is thy reign but short—the red dog star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.
q. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*Ode to Spring.*

Still sweet with blossoms is the year's fresh prime;
Her harvests still the ripening Summer yields:
Fruit-laden Autumn follows in his time,
And rainy Winter waters still the fields.
a. BRYANT—*The Order of Nature.*

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daises white
Out o'er the grassy lea.
b. BURNS—*Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots.*

The summer will soon be here, sweet Ruth,
For the birds of brighter bowers
Are singing their way from the balmy South
To the land of opening flowers.
c. JAMES G. CLARKE—*Sweet Ruth.*

The hedges luxuriant
With flowers and balm
Are purple with violets,
And shaded with palm.
d. ELIZA COOK—*Spring.*

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze.
e. COWPER—*Tirocinium.* Line 43.

The winter is over and gone at last,
The days of snow and cold are past,
Over the field the flowers appear,
It is the Spirits' voice we hear.
The singing of birds,
A warbling band,
And the Spirits' voice!
The voice of the truth is heard in our land.
f. BISHOP COXE—*The Singing of Birds.*

Down beside the tall, rank sedges,
Flag flaunt from the pool's green edges,
Fair, sweet roses haunt the hedges—
Laugh, O murmuring Spring!
g. SARAH F. DAVIS—*Summer Song.*

Starred forget-me-nots smile sweetly,
Ring, blue-bells, ring!
Winning eye and heart completely,
Sing, robin, sing!
All among the reeds and rushes,
Where the brook its music hushes,
Bright the calopogon blushes,—
Laugh, O murmuring Spring!
h. SARAH F. DAVIS—*Summer Song.*

Eternal spring, with smiling verdure, here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year:
* * * * * * * *
The tub'rose ever breathes, and violets blow.
i. Sir SAM'L GARTH—*The Dispensary.* Canto IV. Line 300.

Hark! I hear the bird-lets singing,
Music through woods sweetly ringing;
Clinging—you see flowers loom through the grass.
Trace—of early summer-pleasure
Shows the heather in full measure:
Treasure—of rare flowers and roses red.
GOTTFRIED VON NIFEN—*Trans. in The Minnesinger of Germany. The Meadow.*

The meadows roll and swell in billowy waves, bearing like a white-speckled foam upon their crests a sea of daisies, with here and there a floating patch of crimson clover, or a golden haze of buttercups.
k. W. HAMILTON GIBSON—*Pastoral Days. Spring.*

Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.
l. HEBER—*Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

In the wood, the verdure's shooting,
Joy-oppress'd, like some fair maiden;
Yet the sun laughs sweetly downward:
"Welcome, young spring, rapture-laden!"
m. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* Prologue. No. 2.

Sweet fragrance all the herbs exhale,
And sweetly, softly blows the gale;
And all things glisten, all things smile,
And show their loveliness the while.
n. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Youthful Sorrows.* No. 2,

The beauteous eyes of the spring's fair night
With comfort are downward gazing.
o. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 3.

The linden blossom'd, the nightingale sung,
The sun was laughing with radiance bright.
p. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 26.

The nightingale appear'd the first,
And as her melody she sang,
The apple into blossom burst,
To life the grass and violets sprang.
q. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 9.

The snowy lambs are springing
In clover green and soft.
r. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 5.

The spring's already at the gate
With looks my care beguiling;
The country round appeareth straight
A flower-garden smiling.
s. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Catherine.* No. 6.

When the spring returns with the sun's sweet light,
The flowers then bud and blossom apace.
t. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Quite True.*

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountain with light and song:
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.
u. Mrs. HEMANS—*Voice of Spring.*

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have you closes,
And all must die.
a. HERBERT—*The Temple. Vertue.*

The air is rife with wings,
Rustling through wood or dripping over lake.
b. GEORGE HILL—*Sonnet. Spring.*

All flowers of Spring are not May's own;
The crocus cannot often kiss her;
The snow-drop, ere she comes, has flown;—
The earliest violets always miss her.
c. LUCY LARCOM—*The Sister Months.*

April and May one moment meet,—
But farewell sighs their greetings smother;
And breezes tell, and birds repeat
How May and April love each other.
d. LUCY LARCOM—*The Sister Months.*

May-flowers bloom before May comes
To cheer, a little, April's sadness;
The peach-bud glows, the wild bee hums,
And wind-flowers wave in graceful gladness.
e. LUCY LARCOM—*The Sister Months.*

That weary time that comes between
The last snow and the earliest green!
One barren clod the wild fields lie,
And all our comfort is the sky.
f. LUCY LARCOM—*Wild Roses of Cape Ann. Between Winter and Spring.*

And softly came the fair young queen
O'er mountain, dale, and dell;
And where her golden light was seen
An emerald shadow fell.
The good-wife oped the window wide,
The good-man spanned his plough;
'Tis time to run, 'tis time to ride,
For Spring is with us now.
g. LELAND—*Spring.*

Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XXI.

Sweet is the air with the budding haws,
And the valley stretching for miles below
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees,
As if just covered with the lightest snow.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aërial looms
Shot through with golden thread.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Hawthorne.*

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.
k. LONGFELLOW—*It is not Always May.*

Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music;
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Tales of a Wayside Inn. Elizabeth.* Pt. III.

Again has come the Spring-time,
With the crocus's golden bloom,
With the sound of the fresh-turned earth-mould
And the violet's perfume.
m. SAM'L LONGFELLOW—*November-April. Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1858.

The holy spirit of the spring
Is working silently.
n. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Songs of the Spring Days.* Pt. II.

The wood that looked so grisly
With snow and ice lifelessly.
Is now with glorious colors blest.
O, children, haste
T' enjoy its treat,
And where gay flowers grow swing your feet.

On many a green branch swinging,
Little birdlets singing
Warble sweet notes in the air.
Flowers fair
There I found
Green spread the meadow all around.
o. NITHART—*Trans. in The Minnesinger of Germany. Spring-Song.*

Gentle Spring! in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.
p. CHARLES D'ORLÉANS—*Spring.* Trans. by Longfellow.

The soft green grass is growing,
O'er meadow and o'er dale;
The silvery founts are flowing
Upon the verdant vale;
The pale snowdrop is springing,
To greet the glowing sun;
The primrose sweet is flinging
Perfume the fields among;
The trees are in the blossom,
The birds are in their song,
As spring upon the bosom
Of Nature's born along.
q. THOMAS J. OUSELEY—*The Seasons of Life. Spring.*

Youth of the year! celestial spring!
Again descend thy silent showers;
New loves, new pleasures dost thou bring,
And earth again looks gay with flowers.
r. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Trans. from the Italian of Guacini.*

Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
s. POPE—*Spring.* Line 31.

Hark! the hours are softly calling
Bidding Spring arise,
To listen to the rain-drops falling
From the cloudy skies,
To listen to Earth's weary voices,
Louder every day,
Bidding her no longer linger
On her charm d way;
But hasten to her task of beauty
Scarcely yet begun.
a. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*Spring.*

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun
And crocus fires are kindling one by one.
b. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*The First Spring Day.* St. 1.

There is no time like Spring that passes by,
Now newly born, and now
Hastening to die.
c. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Spring.* St. 4.

There is no time like Spring,
When life's alive in everything,
Before new nestlings sing,
Before cleft swallows speed their journey back
Along the trackless track.
d. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Spring.* St. 3.

Spring flies, and with it all the train it leads;
And flowers, in fading, leave us but their seeds.
e. SCHILLER—*Farewell to the Reader.*

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act. V. Sc. I. *Song.*

So forth issew'd the seasons of the yeare:
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a ravelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.
g. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Canto VII. *Legend of Constancie.* St. 28.

Come from the almond bough, you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh—
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here
The robin whistles far and nigh!
h. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*O, Soft Spring Airs.*

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings!
i. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*O, Soft Spring Airs.*

The maple's gems of crimson lie
Upon the thick green grass.
The dogwood sheds its clusters white,
The birch has dropped its tassels slight,
Cowslips are round the rill.
j. ALBERT B. STREET—*An American Forest Spring.*

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
k. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 9.

The boyhood of the year.
l. TENNYSON—*Sir Launcelot and Queene Guinevere.*

The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.
m. TENNYSON—*Sir Launcelot and Queene Guinevere.*

At once, amazed
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows.
n. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 94.

Come gentle Spring! ethereal mildness come!
o. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 1.

Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first.
p. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 529.

To-day the Spring is in the air
And in the blood: sweet sun-gleams come and go
Upon the hills, in lanes the wild-flowers flow,
And tender leaves are bursting everywhere.
About the hedge the small birds peer and dart,
Each bush is full of amorous flutterings
And little rapturous cries.
q. JOHN TODHUNTER—*Laurella and Other Poems. First Spring Day.*

'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
r. WHITTIER—*Mogg Megone.* Pt. III.

The spring is here—the delicate footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours.
s. WILLIS—*Ode to Spring.*

SUMMER.

In lang, lang days o' simmer,
When the clear and cloudless sky
Rufuses ae wee drap o' rain
To Nature, parched and dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath,
Gars verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.
a. Ballantine—*Its Ain Drap o' Dew.*

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays.
b. Burns—*The Birks of Aberfeldy.*

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.
c. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 86.

The richest of perfumes and jewels are mine,
While the dog-roses blow and the dew-spangles shine.
d. Eliza Cook—*Summer is Nigh.*

All green and fair the Summer lies,
Just budded from the bud of Spring,
With tender blue of wistful skies,
And winds which softly sing.
e. Susan Coolidge—*Menace.*

From all the misty morning air, there comes a summer sound,
A murmur as of waters from skies, and trees and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo.
f. R. W. Gilder—*The Poet and his Master. A Midsummer Song.*

Bright summer is crowned with roses,
Deep in the forest arbutus doth hide.
g. Dora Goodale—*Summer is Coming.*

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.
h. Mrs. Hemans—*The Parting of Summer.*

Delightful Summer! then adieu
Till thou shalt visit us anew:
But who without regretful sigh
Can say, adieu, and see thee fly?
i. Hood—*The Departure of Summer.*

—Summer glow
Lieth low
Upon heath, field, wood, and grass.
—Here and there
In the glare,
White, red, gold peeps from the place.
—Full of joy
Laughs the sky,
Laughs what on the earth doth rove.
j. Ulrich von Lichenstein—*Trans. in The Minnesinger of Germany. Love's Bliss.*

O summer day beside the joyous sea!
O summer day so wonderful and white,
So full of gladness and so full of pain!
Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,
To some the landmark of a new domain.
k. Longfellow—*A Summer Day by the Sea.*

The full ripe corn is bending
In waves of golden light;
The new-mown hay is sending
Its sweets upon the night;
The breeze is softly sighing,
To cool the parchèd flowers;
The rain, to see them dying,
Weeps forth its gentle showers;
The merry fish are playing,
Adown yon crystal stream;
And night from day is straying,
As twilight gives its gleam.
l. Thomas J. Ouseley—*The Seasons of Life. Summer.*

It's surely summer, for there's a swallow:
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird race quicken and wheel and thicken.
m. Christina G. Rossetti—*A Bird Song.*

The Summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue,
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the Lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy.
n. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 2.

Thy eternal summer shall not fade.
o. *Sonnet XVIII.*

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with hurried hands her wreaths again.
p. Charlotte Smith—*Elegiac Sonnets and Other Poems.*

Heat, ma'am! it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.
q. Sydney Smith—*Lady Holland's Memoir.* Vol. I. P. 267.

Then came the jolly sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light,
r. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. VII. Canto VII. St. 29.

Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
s. Earl of Surrey—*Sonnet. Description of Spring.*

All-conquering Heat, O, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
a. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 451.

From brightening fields of ether, fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes;
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth,
He comes, attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way.
b. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1.

Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fury blast.
c. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 965.

Through the lightened air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, trembles.
d. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1226.

AUTUMN.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the key-hole, telling how it pass'd
O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
Or grim wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.
e. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM—*Day and Night Songs. Autumnal Sonnet.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
f. BRYANT—*The Death of the Flowers.*

All-cheering plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn.
g. BURNS—*Brigs of Ayr.* Line 217.

The mellow autumn came, and with it came
The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.
The corn is cut, the manor full of game;
The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
In russet jacket;—lynx-like is his aim;
Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.
Ah, nutbrown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers!—'Tis no sport for peasants.
h. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 75.

Go, rose, since you must.
Flowerless and chill the winter draweth nigh;
Closed are the blithe and fragrant lips which made
All summer long perpetual melody.
Cheerless we take our way, but not afraid:
Will there not be more roses—by and by?
i. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*A Farewell.*

There is a fearful spirit busy now:
Already have the elements unfurled
Their banners: the great sea-wave is upcurled;
The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow
About, and blindly on their errands go,
And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
j. BARRY CORNWALL—*A Sicilian Story. Autumn.* IV.

Autumn, among her drooping marigolds,
Weeps all her garnered sheaves, and empty folds,
And dripping orchards,—plundered and forlorn.
The season is a dead one.
k. DAVID GRAY—*The Luggie and Other Poems. In the Shadows.* Sonnet XIX.

The trees in the autumn wind rustle,
The night is humid and cold
l. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 63.

'Tis autumn, the night's dark and gloomy,
With rain and tempest above.
m. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 62.

The summer's throbbing chant is done
And mute the choral antiphon;
The birds have left the shivering pines
To flit among the trellised vines,
Or fan the air with scented plumes
Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,
And thou art here alone,—alone,—
Sing, little bird! the rest have flown.
n. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. An Old-Year Song.*

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.
o. HOOD—*Ode. Autumn.*

The Autumn is old;
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying:
Old Age, begin sighing!
p. HOOD—*Autumn.*

The year's in the wane;
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold Winter gives warning!
a. HOOD—*Autumn.*

The lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of Golden Rod;
And everywhere the Purple Asters nod
And bend and wave and flit.
b. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. Asters and Golden Rod.*

Gone are the birds that were our summer guests,
With the last sheaves returns the laboring wains!
c. LONGFELLOW—*The Harvest Moon.*

It was autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Pegasus in Pound.*

The brown autumn came. Out of doors, it brought to the fields the prodigality of the golden harvest,—to the forest, revelations of light,—and to the sky, the sharp air, the morning mist, the red clouds of evening.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXII.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dripping in warm light the pillared clouds.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Autumn.*

When the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Autumn.*

What visionary tints the year puts on,
When falling leaves falter through motionless air
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone!
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills,
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous hair!
h. LOWELL—*An Indian Summer Reverie.*

Every season hath its pleasures;
Spring may boast her flowery prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.
i. MOORE—*Spring and Autumn.*

Autumn
Into earth's lap does throw
Brown apples gay in a game of play,
As the equinoctials blow.
j. D. M. MULOCK—*October.*

The bee hath ceased its winging
To flowers at early morn;
The birds have ceased their singing,
Sheaf'd is the golden corn;
The harvest now is gather'd,
Protected from the clime;
The leaves are sear'd and wither'd,
That late shone in their prime.
k. THOMAS J. OUSELEY—*The Seasons of Life. Autumn.*

Sorrow and the Scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather;
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together!
l. T. W. PARSONS—*Song of September.*

Grieve, O ye Autumn Winds!
Summer lies low;
The rose's trembling leaves will soon be shed,
For she that loved her so,
Alas! is dead,
And one by one her loving children go.
m. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*Lament for the Summer.*

It is the season where the light of dreams
Around the year in golden glory lies;—
The heavens are full of floating mysteries,
And down the lake the veiled splendor beams!
Like hidden poets lie the hazy streams,
Mantled with mysteries of their own romance,
While scarce a breath disturbs their drowsy trance.
n. READE—*Indian Summer.*

Autumn is a weathercock
Blown every way.
o. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Summer.*

Autumn has come;
Storming now heaveth the deep sea with foam,
Yet would I gratefully lie there,
Willingly die there.
* * * *
Dead shall I be,
When Fridthjof comes again over the sea;
Bear them my love for his weeping,
I shall be sleeping.
p. ESAIAS TEGNÉR—*Fridthjof's Saga. Ingeborg's Lament.*

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on.
q. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 1.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.
r. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*Still Day in Autumn.*

Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.
a. WHITTIER—*Autumn Thoughts.*

WINTER.

The flowers and fruits have long been dead,
And not even the daisy is seen.
b. ELIZA COOK—*The Christmas Holly.*

Every Fern is tucked and set
'Neath coverlet.
Downy and soft and warm.
c. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Time To Go.*

All seeds of herbs
Lie covered close, and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose,)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigour of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts, self-buried ere they die.
d. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 81.

O Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
* * * * *
I crown thee king of intimate delights;
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
e. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 120.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
f. EMERSON—*Snow-Storm.*

The frost looked forth one still clear night.
g. HANNAH F. GOULD—*The Frost.*

Oh poverty is disconsolate!—
Its pains are many, its foes are strong;
The rich man in his jovial cheer.
Wishes 'twas winter through the year;
The poor man 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that winter be not long!
h. MARY HOWITT—*Winter.*

There's silence in the harvest field;
And blackness in the mountain glen,
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill-tops for many a day;
And stillness round the homes of men.
i. MARY HOWITT—*Winter.*

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound
Along the air
Of winds along their battle-ground;
But gently there
The snow is falling,—all around
How fair, how fair!
j. RALPH HOYT—*Snow. A Winter Sketch.*

A lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence.
k. KEATS—*On the Grasshopper and Cricket.*

His breath like silver arrows pierced the air,
The naked earth crouched shuddering at his feet,
His finger on all flowing waters sweet
Forbidding lay—motion nor sound was there:—
Nature was frozen dead,—and still and slow,
A winding sheet fell o'er her body fair,
Flaky and soft, from his wide wings of snow.
l. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE—*Winter.*

Up rose the wild old winter-king,
And shook his beard of snow;
"I hear the first young hare-bell ring,
'Tis time for me to go!
Northward o'er the icy rocks,
Northward o'er the sea,
My daughter comes with sunny locks:
This land's too warm for me!"
m. LELAND—*Spring.*

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Woods in Winter.*

Never quite shall disappear
The glory of the circling year;—
Fade shall it never quite, if flowers
An emblem of existence be;
The golden rod shall flourish free,
And laurestini shall weave bowers
For Winter; while the Christmas rose
Shall blossom, though it be 'mid snows.
o. MOIR—*The Birth of the Flowers.*

—Alas! time still does pass from us!
The amorous
Songs of the birds have vanished.
The cold and frost make all things dead.
Whither has fled
The bloom of flowers and roses red?
—Where are the dewy meadows and the tree-top's shady towers?
Alas! the frost has all destroyed.
p. GOTTFRIED VON NIFEN—*Minnesinger of Germany. Love-Song.*

Now begins to sorrow at the Winter's long and heavy time,
And the birdlets' warblings now have vanished everywhere.
—Altogether perished are the flowers and grass,
And behold how cold and grim snow-coverings o'er the forests climb;
Whilst the meadow and the heath are stretched out waste and bare.
q. NITHART—*Minnesinger of Germany. Farewell to the World.*

The snow is on the mountain,
The frost is on the vale,
The ice hangs o'er the fountain,
The storm rides on the gale;
The earth is bare and naked,
The air is cold—and drear,
The sky with snow-clouds flakèd,
And dense foul fogs appear;
The sun shines not so brightly
Through the dark murky skies,
The nights grow longer—nightly,
And thus the winter dies.

a. THOMAS J. OUSELEY—*The Seasons of Life. Winter.*

Leaves are sear,
And flowers are dead, and fields are drear,
And streams are wild, and skies are bleak,
And white with snow each mountain's peak
When winter rules the year;
And children grieve, as if for aye
Leaves, flowers, and birds were past away:
But buds and blooms again are seen,
And fields are gay, and hills are green,
And streams are bright, and sweet birds sing.

b. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Rhododaphne.*

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews,
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay.

c. POPE—*Winter.* Line 85.

Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The season's difference,—as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery.

d. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

e. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends its spear-like form;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sun-beams smile.

f. SOUTHEY—*Winter.* St. 9.

Lastly came Winter, cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whils't on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limebeck did adown distill:
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

g. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Canto VII. *Legend of Constancie.* St. 31.

Under the snowdrift the blossoms are sleeping,
Dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June,
Down in the hush of their quiet they're keeping
Thrills from the throstle's wild summer-swung tune.

h. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*Under the Snowdrift.*

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year;
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,—
Vapors, and Clouds, and Storms.

i. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 1.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current.

j. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 229.

Gay looked the field's regalia,
Green bloomed oak and acacia,
Birds warbled their sweet opera,
But now the crows cry their ka, ka!
Gone's the world's ambrosia,
It seems a pale, gray nebula;
Men frown at these phenomena.

k. VON DER VOGELWEIDE—*Minnesinger of Germany. Dreariness of Winter.*

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round the southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.

l. WHITTIER—*Snow-Bound.*

Make we here our camp of winter;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
We shall lack alone
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
Childhood's lisping tone.

m. WHITTIER—*Lumbermen.* St. 8.

Stern winter loves a dirge-like sound.

n. WORDSWORTH—*On the Power of Sound.* St. 12.

SECRECY.

A secret at home is like rocks under tide.
a. D. M. Mulock—*Magnus and Morna.* Sc. 2.

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
b. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still.
c. *Hamlet.* Ac I. Sc. 2.

Two may keep counsel, putting one away.
d. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Two may keep counsel when the third's away.
e. *Titus Andronicus.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you?
f. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

SELF-CONTROL.

I will be lord over myself. No one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule, and only he can rule.
g. Goethe—*Lewes' Life of Goethe.* Bk. V.

Whoe'er imagines prudence all his own,
Or deems that he hath powers to speak and judge
Such as none other hath, when they are known,
They are found shallow.
h. Sophocles—*Antig.* 707.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know.
i. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tint.
j. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.
k. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 376.

SELFISHNESS.

Where all are selfish, the sage is no better than the fool, and only rather more dangerous.
l. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

I learned that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man.
m. Pestalozzi.

What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress?
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.
o. Sheridan—*The Duenna.* Act I. Sc. 2.

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love is a principle of action; but among no class of human beings has nature so profusely distributed this principle of life and action as through the whole sensitive family of genius.
p. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XV.

A gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them.
q. Hazlitt—*Table Talk. On the Look of a Gentleman.*

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the Observer's sake.
r. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 2.

I to myself am dearer than a friend.
s. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 6.

O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years! and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself.
t. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Self-love is the instrument of our preservation; it resembles the provision for the perpetuity of mankind:—it is necessary, it is dear to us, it gives us pleasure, and we must conceal it.
u. Voltaire—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Self-Love.*

SENSE.

The region of the senses is the unbelieving part of the human soul.
v. George MacDonald—*Mary Marston.* Ch. XII.

Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven,
And though no science fairly worth the seven.
w. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 43.

What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide.
x. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 226.

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.
y. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1254.

SENSIBILITY.

Susceptible persons are more affected by a change of tone than by unexpected words.

a. George Eliot—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XXVII.

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

b. Moore—*O Think Not My Spirits.*

It seem'd as if each thought, and look,
And motion were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

c. Moore—*Loves of the Angels. First Angel's Story.*

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
Oh let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.

d. Hannah More—*Sensibility.*

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implied dislike;
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful enquiry, whose venomed dart
Scarce wounds the hearing while it stabs the heart;
The guarded phrase, whose meaning kills, yet told,
The list'ner wonders how you thought it cold;
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort and destroy our ease.

e. Hannah More—*Sensibility.*

And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole.

f. Pope—*Temple of Fame.* Line 431.

SHADOWS.

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

g. Burke—*Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll.*

And coming events cast their shadows before.

h. Campbell—*Lochiel's Warning.*

Shadow owes its birth to light.

i. Gay—*The Persian, Sun, and Cloud.* Line 10.

A shadow came and lingered where the sunlight stood before.

j. Anna Katharine Green—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. III. Ch. XXIII.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you
Seem to fly it, it will pursue.

k. Ben Jonson—*To Celia. Song.*

Alas! must it ever be so?
So we stand in our own light wherever we go,
And fight our own shadows forever.

l. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Canto II. St. 5.

Shadows are in reality, when the sun is shining, the most conspicuous thing in a landscape, next to the highest lights.

m. Ruskin—*Painting.*

Checker'd shadow.

n. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Come like shadows, so depart.

o. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

p. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

SHAKESPEARE.

This was Shakespeare's form;
Who walked in every path of human life,
Felt every passion; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire.

r. Akenside—*Inscription for a Monument of Shakespeare.*

If I say that Shakespeare is the greatest of intellects, I have said all concerning him. But there is more in Shakespeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect; there is more virtue in it than he himself is aware of.

s. Carlyle—*Essay. Characteristics of Shakespeare.*

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.

t. Coleridge—*Biographia Literaria.* Ch. XV.

Far from Shakespeare's being the least known, he is the one person, in all modern history, known to us. What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office, or function, or district of man's work, has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?

u. Emerson—*Shakespeare.*

Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare rise.
a. BEN JONSON—*To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-y pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.
b. MILTON—*Epitaph on Shakespeare*

SHAME.

Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart assails.
c. ADDISON'S *Ovid's Metamorphoses. Transformation of Actalon.* Line 73.

I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembered.
d. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 9.

O, shame! Where is thy blush?
e. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The most curious offspring of shame is shyness.
f. SYDNEY SMITH—*Lecture on the Evil Affections.*

SHIPS.

She walks the water like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
g. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 3.

The true ship is the ship builder.
h. EMERSON—*Essay. Of History.*

Ships that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore.
i. THOS. HERVEY—*The Devil's Progress.*

Being in a ship is being in a jail, with a chance of being drowned.
j. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An 1759.

A little model the master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Building of the Ship.* Line 19.

Build me straight, O worthy master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Building of the Ship.* Line 1.

There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!
m. LONGFELLOW—*The Building of the Ship.* Line 66.

The wind plays on those great sonorous harps, the shrouds and masts of ships.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VII.

Ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.
o. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Light of the Harem.*

Let our barks across the pathless flood
Hold different courses.
p. SCOTT—*Kenilworth.* Ch. XVII. Motto.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.
q. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Ships, dim discovered, dropping from the clouds.
THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 946.

SHIPWRECK.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with fearful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave.
s. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 52.

The air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
t. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 98.

But hark! what shriek of death comes in the gale,
And in the distant ray what glimmering sail,
Bends to the storm?—Now sinks the note of fear!
Ah! wretched mariners!—no more shall day
Unclose his cheering eye to light ye on your way!
u. MRS. RADCLIFFE—*Mysteries of Udolpho. Shipwreck.*

SICKNESS.

We all dread a bodily paralysis, and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but none of us is troubled about a paralysis of the soul.
v. EPICTETUS.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre.
a. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things.
b. *Timon of Athens.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile Contagion of the night?
c *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

SIGHS.

Sigh'd and look'd and sigh'd again.
d. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 120.

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
e. GRAY—*Elegy in a Churchyard.* St. 20.

My soul has rest, sweet sigh! alone in thee.
f PETRARCH—*To Laura in Death. Sonnet LIV.*

SILENCE.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them.
g. ADDISON—*The Tatler.* No. 133.

Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion.
h. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Silence.*

There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent.
i. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Silence.*

There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.
j. CAMPBELL—*Battle of the Baltic.*

Silence is more eloquent than words.
k. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture II.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule.
l. CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus.* Bk. III. Ch. IV.

Speech is great; but silence is greater.
m. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics of Shakespeare.*

Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time.
n. CARLYLE—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

They thus passed over the white sands, and between the rocks, silent as their shadows.
o. COLERIDGE—*The Wanderings of Cain.*

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
p. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 144.

Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dombe.
q. SAMUEL DANIEL—*Complaint of Rosamond.* St. 114.

How massively doth awful Nature pile
The living rock, like some cathedral aisle,
Sacred to silence and the solemn sea.
r. THOMAS DOUBLEDAY—*The Literary Souvenir. The Sea Cave.*

A horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
s. DRYDEN—*Astræa Redux.* Line 7.

The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem.
t. EMERSON—*Dirge.* St. 12.

Silence gives consent.
u. FULLER—*Wise Sentences.*

Silence gives consent.
v. GOLDSMITH—*The Good-Natured Man.* Act II.

In green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.
w. HOOD—*Sonnets. Silence.*

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound.
x. HOOD—*Sonnets. Silence.*

Not much talk—a great, sweet silence.
y. HENRY JAMES, JR.—*A Bundle of Letters.* Letter IV.

All was silent as before—
All silent save the dripping rain.
z. LONGFELLOW—*A Rainy Day.*

Hœder, the blind old god,
Whose feet are shod with silence.
aa. LONGFELLOW—*Tegners Drapa.* Verse 6.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses, of the ages that are dead.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Monte Cassino.* St. 11.

Three Silences there are: the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought.
b. LONGFELLOW—*The Three Silences of Molinos.*

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is?
c. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 129.

Nothing is more useful than silence.
d. MENANDER—*Ex Incert. Comœd.* P. 216.

Silence has many advantages.
e. MENANDER—*Ex Incert. Comœd.* P. 220.

There are moments when silence, prolong'd and unbroken,
More expressive may be than all words ever spoken,
It is when the heart has an instinct of what
In the heart of another is passing.
f. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto I. St. 20.

That Silence is one of the great arts of conversation is allowed by Cicero himself, who says, there is not only an art, but even an eloquence in it.
g. HANNAH MORE—*Essays on Various Subjects. Thoughts on Conversation.*

Silence sweeter is than speech.
h. D. M. MULOCK—*Magnus and Morna.* Sc. 3.

Be silent and safe; silence never betrays you.
i. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY—*Rules of the Road.*

Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
j. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XIV. Line 252.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb you know,
May challenge double pity.
k. Sir WALTER RALEIGH—*The Silent Lover.* Verse 6.

Silence more musical than any song.
l. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Sonnet. Rest.*

Be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.
m. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I'll speak to thee in silence.
n. *Cymbeline*—Act V. Sc. 4.

It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.
o. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy if I could say how much.
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Silence that dreadful bell.
s. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The rest is silence.
t. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.
u. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 2.

You shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak.
v. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Silence! Oh well are Death and Sleep and Thou
Three brethren named, the guardians gloomy-winged
Of one abyss, where life and truth and joy
Are swallowed up.
w. SHELLEY—*Fragments. Silence.*

Silence oppresses with too great a weight.
x. SOPHOCLES—*Antig.* 1254.

The deepest rivers make least din,
The silent soule doth most abound in care.
y. EARL OF STERLING—*Aurora.* 1604. *Song.*

Of every noble work the silent part is best,
Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.
z. STORY—*The Unexpressed.*

Silence, beautiful voice!
aa. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. V. St. 3.

Come then, expressive Silence.
bb. THOMSON—*The Seasons. A Hymn.* Line 118.

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
cc. WORDSWORTH—*Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary Splendour and Beauty.*

The silence that is in the starry sky.
dd. WORDSWORTH—*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.*

SIMPLICITY.

Her head was bare;
But for her native ornament of hair,
Which in a simple knot was tied above,
Sweet negligence unheeded bait of love!
a. DRYDEN—*Trans. from Ovid's Metamorphoses. Meleager and Atalanta.* Line 68.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.
b. EMERSON—*Literary Ethics.*

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
c. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 253.

The greatest truths are the simplest:
And so are the greatest men.
d. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace:
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free.
e. BEN JONSON—*The Silent Woman.* Act I. Sc. 1.

From yon blue heaven above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
f. TENNYSON—*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.* St. 7.

SIN.

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
g. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Canto I. Pt. I. Line 215.

Angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.
h. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Line 357.

Sin let loose, speaks punishment at hand.
i. COWPER—*Expostulation.* Line 160.

I could not live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God.
j. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VI. Ch. XIV.

Great sins make great sufferers.
k. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. II. Ch. XVI.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.
l. LONGFELLOW'S *Fredrick Von Logan. Sin.*

Her rash hand in an evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat.
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of wo
That all was lost.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 780.

So many laws argues so many sins.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 283.

The trail of the serpent is over them all.
o. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.* Line 206.

How shall I lose the sin yet keep the sense,
And love the offender yet detest the offence?
p. POPE—*Abelard and Eloise.* Line 191.

See Sin in State majestically drunk;
Proud as a Peeress, prouder as a Punk.
q. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 69.

Sin is a state of mind, not an outward act.
r. SEWELL—*Passing Thoughts on Religion Wilful Sin.*

Commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways.
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.
t. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc 3.

It is a great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 1.

O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
w. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
x. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
y. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth.
z. *King John.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
aa. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
bb. *Richard II.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it; when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free
Art more engag'd.
cc. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Let guilty men remember, their black deeds
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds.
a. JOHN WEBSTER—*The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona.*

SINCERITY.

Loss of sincerity is loss of vital power.
b. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Sincerity.*

There is the love of being sincere without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to an injurious disregard of consequences.
c. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VI.

You know I say
Just what I think, and nothing more nor less,
And, when I pray, my heart is in my prayer.
I cannot say one thing and mean another:
If I can't pray, I will not make believe!
e. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *Giles Corey.* Act II. Sc. 3.

The measure of life is not length but honestie.
f. LYLY—*Eupnues. The Anatomy of Wit. Letters of Euphues.*

Friends, if we be honest with ourselves,
We shall be honest with each other.
g. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXXI.

Sincerity is the way to heaven. To think how to be sincere is the way of man.
h. MENCIUS—*Ideal of the Perfect Man.*

There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity on self-examination.
i. MENCIUS—*Maxims.*

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at; I am not what I am.
j. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
k. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.
l. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!
m. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Oh! how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
n. *Sonnet LIV.*

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice; then must thou speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well.
o. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

SINGERS.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
She feels no biting pang the while she sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.
p. GIFFORD—*Contemplation.*

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be:
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.
q. LONGFELLOW—*The Singers.*

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.
r. LONGFELLOW—*The Singers.*

He the sweetest of all singers.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. VI.

Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing.
t. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XI.

Sweetest the strain when in the song
The singer has been lost.
u. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS—*The Poet and the Poem.*

But would you sing and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again;
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
v. POPE—*Summer.* Line 81.

But one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.
w. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Every night he comes,
With music of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists;
As if his life lay on't.
x. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 7.

His tongue is now a stringless instrument.
y. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant.
a. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.
b. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

The lark, at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate.
c. *Sonnet XXIX.*

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love.
d. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.
e. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXI.

SKY, THE

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.
f. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 4.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"
As some one somewhere sings about the sky.
g. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 110.

That golden sky which was the doubly blessed symbol of advancing day and of approaching rest.
h. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. V. Ch. XXXVIII.

See! he sinks
Without a word; and his ensanguined bier
Is vacant in the west, while far and near
Behold! each coward shadow eastward shrinks,
Thou dost not strive, O sun, nor dost thou cry
Amid thy cloud-built streets.
i. FABER—*The Rosary and Other Poems. On the Ramparts at Angouleme.*

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
j. HOOD—*Sonnets Written in a Volume of Shakspeare.*

The starry cope
Of heaven.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 992.

Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost Divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential.
l. RUSKIN—*The Sky.*

This majestical roof, fretted with golden fire.
m. *Hamlet* Act II. Sc. 2.

Heaven's ebony vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Thro' which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.
n. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Pt. IV.

Of evening tinct
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
o. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 150.

The sky domed above us, with its heavenly frescoes, painted by the thought of the Great Artist.
p. ALLAN THROCKMORTON—*Sketches.*

Green calm below, blue quietness above.
q. WHITTIER—*The Pennsylvania Pilgrim.* St. 113.

SLANDER.

The tongue
Of slander is too prompt with wanton malice
To wound the stranger.
r. ÆSCHYLUS—Suppl. 972.

Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.
s. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 31.

Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
t. COWPER—*Hope.* Line 570.

There are * * * * robberies that leave man or woman forever beggared of peace and joy, yet kept secret by the sufferer.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*Felix Holt.* Introduction.

And though you duck them ne'er so long,
Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue;
'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies still.
v. GAY—*The Mad Dog.*

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
w. GAY—*The Poet and the Rose.*

And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.
x. STEPHEN HARVEY'S *Juvenal.* Satire IX.

If slander be a snake, it is a winged one—it flies as well as creeps.
y. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Slander.*

Cut men's throats with whisperings.
z. BEN JONSON—*Sejanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.
a. BEN JONSON—*Catiline.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Whosoever lends a greedy ear to a slanderous report is either himself of a radically bad disposition, or a mere child in sense.
b. MENANDER—*Ex Incert. Comœd.* P. 220.

'Twas Slander filled her mouth with lying words;
Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin.
c. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. VIII. Line 725.

Enemies carry about slander, not in the form in which it took its rise. The scandal of men is everlasting; even then does it survive when you would suppose it to be dead.
d. RILEY'S *Plautus. The Persa.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Low-breath'd talkers, minion lispers,
Cutting honest throats by whispers.
e. SCOTT—*Fortunes of Nigel.* Ch. V.

It is safer to affront some People than to oblige them; for the better a Man deserves the worse they will speak of him.
f. SENECA.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.
g. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies.
h. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 3.

For slander lives upon succession;
For-ever housed, where it gets possession.
i. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 1.

If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander.
k. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue.
l. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops.
m. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

So, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.
n. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

That thou art blamed, shall not be thy defect;
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
* * * * * * * *
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater.
o. *Sonnet LXX.*

'Tis slander,—whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.
p. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

'Tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.
q. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
r. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down.
s. SWIFT—*Journal of a Modern Lady.* Line 192.

Soft-buzzing slander; silly moths that eat
An honest name.
t. THOMSON—*Liberty.* Pt. IV. Line 609.

SLAVERY.

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
u. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 29.

Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
v. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 40.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.
w. GARRICK—*Prologue to the Gamesters.*

Enslave a man, and you destroy his ambition, his enterprise, his capacity. In the constitution of human nature, the desires of bettering one's condition is the mainspring of effort. The first touch of slavery snaps this spring.

a. MANN—*Slavery. Letters and Speeches. Letter Accepting the Nomination for the Thirteenth Congress.* March, 1848.

O execrable son, so to aspire
Above his brethren to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd; from God not given.
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation: but men over men
He made not lord: such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.

b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 64.

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

c. ROBERT PAINE—*Adams and Liberty.*

Whatever day
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away.

d. POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XVII. Line 392.

Go, see the captive bartered, as a slave!
Crushed till his high, heroic spirits bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly receeds.

e. ROGERS—*Pleasures of Memory.* Pt. II.

Servitude seizes on few, but many seize on her.

f. SENECA.

Base is the slave that pays.

g. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 1.

"You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them."

h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

By the Law of Slavery, man, created in the image of God, is divested of the human character, and declared to be a mere chattel.

i. CHAS. SUMNER—*The Anti Slavery Enterprise. Address at New York.* May 9th, 1855.

Where Slavery is, there Liberty cannot be; and where Liberty is, there Slavery cannot be.

j. CHAS. SUMNER—*Slavery and the Rebellion. Speech before the New York Young Men's Republican Union.*

Slavery is also as ancient as war, and war as human nature.

k. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Slaves.*

That execrable sum of all villanies commonly called a Slave Trade.

l. JOHN WESLEY—*Journal.* Feb. 12, 1792.

It is observed by Homer, * * * that "a man loses half his virtue the day that he becomes a slave;" he might have added with truth, that he is likely to lose more than half when he becomes a slave-master.

m. ARCHBISHOP WHATELY—*Annotations to Bacon's Essays. Of Plantations.*

A Christian! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image?—for his grace,
Which that poor victim of the market-place
Hath in her suffering won?

n. WHITTIER—*Voices of Freedom. The Christian Slave.*

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
Slaves—in a land of light and law!
Slaves—crouching on the very plains
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!

o. WHITTIER—*Voices of Freedom. Stanzas.*

Right onward, O speed it! Wherever the blood
Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to God;
Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining.

p. WHITTIER—*Voices of Freedom. Lines Written on Reading the Message of Gov. Ritner.*

What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
Americans to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold!

q. WHITTIER—*Voices of Freedom. Stanzas.*

SLEEP.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppress'd and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest.

r. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude; he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of Dreams:
His pow'rs the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose; on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.

s. ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. III. Line 385.

Sleep is a death; O make me try
By sleeeping, what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed.

t. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II. Sec. 12.

We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps; and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps.

a. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II. Sec. 11.

We term sleep a death; and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life.

b. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II. Sec. 12.

How he sleepeth! having drunken
Weary childhood's mandragore,
From his pretty eyes have sunken
Pleasures to make room for more—
Sleeping near the withered nosegay which he pulled the day before.

c. E. B. Browning—*A Child Asleep.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

d. E. B. Browning—*The Sleep.*

Sleep on, Baby, on the floor,
Tired of all the playing,
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in!
On your curls' full roundness, stand
Golden lights serenely—
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly.

e. E. B. Browning—*Sleeping and Watching.*

My slumbers,—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can endure not.

f. Byron—*Manfred.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.

g. Byron—*The Dream.* St. 1.

Blessings light on him who first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot; in short, money that buys everything, balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the monarch, and the fool to the wise; there is only one evil in sleep, as I have heard, and it is that it resembles death, since between a dead and a sleeping man there is but little difference.

h. Cervantes—*Don Quixote.*

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
That slid into my soul.

i. Coleridge—*Ancient Mariner.* Pt V. St. 1.

Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!

j. Coleridge—*Dejection. An Ode.* St. 8.

Sleep, the type of death, is also, like that which it typifies, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven.

k. C. C. Colton—*Lacon.*

O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?
Why thy visionary joys remove?

l. Congreve—*Semele.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light.

m. Samuel Daniel—*Sonnet.*

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest.

n. Drummond—*Sonnet.*

Sleep! to the homeless, thou art home;
The friendless find in thee a friend;
And well is he, where'er he roams,
Who meets thee at his journey's end.

o. Ebenezer Elliott—*Sleep.*

O gentle Sleep, whose lenient power thus soothes
Disease and pain, how sweet thy visit to me,
Who wanted thy soft aid! Blessing divine!
That to the wretched giv'st wish'd repose,
Steeping their senses in forgetfulness!

p. Euripides.

O sleep! in pity thou art made
A double boon to such as we;
Beneath closed lids and folds of deepest shade
We think we see.

q. Frothingham—*The Sight of the Blind.*

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep.

r. Mrs. Hemans—*The Sleeper.*

O magic Sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfined
Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
To golden palaces.

s. Keat's *Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 456.

O gentle sleep! my welcoming breath
Shall hail thee midst our mortal strife,
Who art the very thief of life,
The very portraiture of death!

t. Alonzo de Ledesma—*Sleep.*

All sense of hearing and of sight
Enfold in the serene delight
And quietude of sleep!
a. LONGFELLOW—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VII.

At my feet the city slumbered.
b. LONGFELLOW—*The Belfry of Burges.* St. 4.

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!
c. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3. *Serenade.*

I am weary, and am overwrought
With too much toil, with too much care distraught,
And with the iron crown of anguish crowned.
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,
O peaceful Sleep!
d. LONGFELLOW—*Sleep.*

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reigns over all!
e. LONGFELLOW—*Curfew.*

Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.
f. LONGFELLOW—*To a Child.* Line 116.

In deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Siren's harmony,
That sit upon the ninefolded spheres
And sing to those that hold the vital shears;
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of God and Men is wound.
g. MILTON—*Arcades.* Line 61.

Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 583.

The bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring;
With such a concost as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd sleep.
i. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 142.

The timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight inclines
Our eyelids.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 615.

O, we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin';
O we're a' noddin' at our house at hame.
k. LADY NAIRNE—*We're a' Noddin'.*

Sleep, thou repose of all things; Sleep, thou gentlest of the deities; thou peace of the mind, from which care flies; who dost soothe the hearts of men wearied with the toils of the day, and refittest them for labour.
l. OVID—*Meta.* Bk. XI. Line 623.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.
m. PERCY'S *Reliques.* *Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.*

Sleep and death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.
n. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XVI. Line 831.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over the brow and breast;
Her face is toward the west,
The purple land.
o. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Dream-Land.*

And I pray you let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
p. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—Sleep to death.
q. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy thy honey-heavy dew of slumber;
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.
s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

He sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him.
t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 5.

He that sleeps feels not the toothache.
u. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 4.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour fast asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

I let fall the windows of mine eyes.
w. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep.
a. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
b. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.
c. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

On your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
e. *Henry IV.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her;
And be her sense but as a monument.
f. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—
g. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
h. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon.
i. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his penthouse lid.
j. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
k. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sleep that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
l. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

This sleep is sound, indeed this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings.
m. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep,
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.
n. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more.
o. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death.
p. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.
q. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

On their lids * * *
* * * * * *
The baby Sleep is pillowed.
r. Shelley—*Queen Mab.* Pt. I.

Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again.
s. Shelley—*Epipsychidion.* Line 571.

Come, Sleep: O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.
t. Sir Philip Sidney—*Astrophel and Stella.* St. 39.

Sleep, baby sleep.
u. Caroline Southey—*In Vol. Entitled Solitary Hours.*

Thou hast been called, O sleep, the friend of woe,
But 'tis the happy that have called thee so.
v. Southey—*The Curse of Kehama.* Canto XV. St. 11.

Before the dore sat self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard.
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleepe to be compared;
Therefore his house is unto his annext:
Here Sleepe, there Richesse, and Hel-gate them betwext.

a. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Canto VII. St. 35.

She sleeps, her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart,
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps: on either hand up swells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

b. TENNYSON—*The Day-Dream. Sleeping Beauty.*

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace.
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

c. TENNYSON—*To J. S.*———. St. 18.

The mystery of folded sleep.

d. TENNYSON—*A Dream of Fair Women.* St. 66.

When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath.

e. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXVII.

Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, loosing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves?

f. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 71.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far day sullies flowers;
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sin glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

g. HENRY VAUGHAN—*Rules and Lessons.* Verse 2.

Deep rest and sweet, most like indeed to death's own quietness.

h. VIRGIL—*Æneid.* Trans. by Wm. Morris.

Hush my dear lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!

i. WATTS—*Cradle Hymn.*

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain:
"You've waked me too soon—I must slumber again."
A little more sleep, and a little more slumber.

j. WATTS—*Moral Songs. The Sluggard.*

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!

k. WOLCOT—*Epigram on Sleep.*

The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

l. WORDSWORTH—*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.*

Through all the courts
The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Moved not.

m. WORDSWORTH—*Vandracour and Julia.*

Tired limbs and over-busy thoughts,
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

n. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk IV.

Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause.

o. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 23.

Man's rich restorative! his balmy bath,
That supplies, lubricates, and keeps in play,
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tired with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.

p. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 2146.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes.

q. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 1.

SMILES.

That smile, if oft observed and near,
Waned in its mirth, and wither'd to a sneer.

r. BYRON—*Lara.* Canto I. St. 17.

Her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky.

s. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. III. Ch. XXIII.

A face that cannot smile, is never good.

t. MARTIAL—VII. 25.

A smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.

u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 618.

Smiles from reason flow
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk IX. Line 239.

I feel in every smile a chain.
b. PETER PINDAR—*Pindariana.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
c. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 315.

Her smile was prodigal of summery shine,—
Gayly persistent,—like a morn in June
That laughs away the clouds, and up and down
Goes merry making with the ripening grain,
That slowly ripples,—its bent head drooped down,
With golden secret of the sheathéd seed.
d. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Old Songs and New. Unvisited.*

Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile, mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds, that sailors rail at.
e. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
f. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.
h. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm.
i. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 108.

SNOW.

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow.
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.
j. BRYANT—*The Snow-Shower.*

Lo, sifted through the winds that blow,
Down comes the soft and silent snow,
White petals from the flowers that grow
In the cold atmosphere.
These starry blossoms, pure and white,
Soft falling, falling, through the night,
Have draped the woods and mere.
k. GEORGE W. BUNGAY—*The Artists of the Air.*

Through the sharp air a flaky torrent flies,
Mocks the slow sight, and hides the gloomy skies;
The fleecy clouds their chilly bosoms bare,
And shed their substance on the floating air.
l. CRABBE—*Inebriety.*

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
m. EMERSON—*The Snow-Storm.*

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tide, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion.
n. EMERSON—*The Snow-Storm.*

Silently, like thoughts that come and go, the snow flakes fall, each one a gem.
o. W. HAMILTON GIBSON—*Pastoral Days. Winter.*

How beautiful it was, falling so silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead!
p. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXVIII.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft and slow
Descends the snow.
q. LONGFELLOW—*Snow-Flakes.*

The silent falling of the snow is to me one of the most solemn things in nature.
r. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VII.

SOCIETY.

It is hard to say, whether mixture of contemplations with an active life, or retiring wholly to contemplations, do disable and hinder the mind more.
s. BACON—*Of the Interpretation of Nature.* Ch. XXVI.

It is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast.
t. BACON—*Essays. Civil and Moral. Of Friendship.*

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored.
u. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 95.

Society is like a large piece of frozen water; and skating well is the great art of social life.

a. Letetia Elizabeth Landon.

Solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.

b. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 249.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.

c. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 249.

Society is no comfort to one not sociable.

d. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone.

e. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society, and conform to its harmless orders.

f. Thackeray—*The Book of Snobs.* Ch. I.

Society is as ancient as the world.

g. Voltaire—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Policy.*

SOLITUDE.

Little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

h. Bacon—*Essays. Of Friendship.*

Converse with men makes sharp the glittering wit,
But God to man doth speak in solitude.

i. John Stuart Blackie—*Sonnet. Highland Solitude.*

There is no such thing as solitude, nor anything that can be said to be alone, and by itself, but God;—who is his own circle, and can subsist by himself.

j. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II. Sec. 10.

Among them, but not of them.

k. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 113.

He enter'd in his house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home;—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome.

l. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 52.

He makes a solitude, and calls it peace.

m. Byron—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto II. St. 20.

Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race.

n. Byron—*The Dream.* St. 2.

In solitude, when we are least alone.

o. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 90.

I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or forgot.

p. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 112.

This is to be alone; this, is solitude!

q. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 26.

'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive.

r. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 33.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.

s. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 98.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea.

t. Coleridge—*The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. IV.

So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

u. Coleridge—*The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. VII.

How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude;
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.

v. Cowper—*Retirement.* Line 740.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

w. Cowper—*Alexander Selkirk.*

Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!

x. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 1.

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

y. Cowper—*Alexander Selkirk.*

Constant quiet fills my peaceful breast
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.

z. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. Ode Upon Solitude.* Line 21.

Solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the true parent of genius. In all ages solitude has been called for—has been flown to.

a. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. X.

There is a society in the deepest solitude.

b. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. X.

So vain is the belief
That the sequestered path has fewest flowers.

c. THOMAS DOUBLEDAY—*Sonnet. The Poet's Solitude.*

The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

d. DRUMMOND—*Urania, or Spiritual Poems. The Praise of a Solitary Life.*

Thrice happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that Eternal Love.

e. DRUMMOND—*Urania, or Spiritual Poems. The Praise of a Solitary Life.*

There is always a part of our being into which those who are dearer to us far than our own lives are yet unable to enter.

f. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Sea Studies.*

We enter the world alone, we leave it alone.

g. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Sea Studies.*

I was never less alone than when with myself.

h. GIBBON—*Memoir.* Vol. I. P. 117.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

i. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village* Line 97.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.

j. GRAHAME—*The Sabbath. A Summer Sabbath Walk.*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.

k. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 18.

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its rivers crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the fox glove bell.

l. KEATS—*Sonnet. Solitude.*

Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

m. KEATS—*Sonnet. Solitude.*

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.

n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 249.

Nature has presented us with a large faculty of entertaining ourselves alone, and often calls us to it, to teach us that we owe ourselves in part to society, but chiefly and mostly to ourselves.

o. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. II. Ch. XVIII.

Until I truly loved, I was alone.

p. Mrs. NORTON—*The Lady of La Garaye.* Pt. II. Line 282.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well,
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days;
Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise.

q. PARNELL—*The Hermit.*

Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god.

r. PLATO—*Protag.* I. 337.

Never less alone than when alone.

s. ROGERS—*Human Life.* Line 759.

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

t. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto II. Introduction.

Alone each heart must cover up its dead;
Alone, through bitter toil; achieve its rest.

u. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet's Journal. First Evening.*

'Tis not for golden eloquence I pray,
A godlike tongue to move a stony heart—
Methinks it were full well to be apart
In solitary uplands far away,
Betwixt the blossoms of a rosy spray,
Dreaming upon the wonderful sweet face
Of Nature, in a wild and pathless place.

v. FREDERICK TENNYSON—*Sonnet. From a Treasury of English Sonnets.* Edited by David M. Main.

I could live in the woods with thee in sight,
Where never should human foot intrude:
Or with thee find light in the darkest night,
And a social crowd in solitude.

w. TIBULLUS—*Requrès Curarum.*

Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bitter booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.

x. HENRY KIRKE WHITE—*Time.*

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night III. Line 6.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great,
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid.
b. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 247.

This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity,
Few are the faults we flatter when alone;
By night an atheist half believes a God.
c. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 172.

SONG.

That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech?
d. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 58.

Now shall be my song,
It shall be witty and it sha'n't be long.
e. EARL OF CHESTERFIELD—*Impromptu Lines.*

Full oft the longing soul goes out
On wing of song its good to find,
And flying far o'er flood and doubt
Its ark of bondage leaves behind.
f. A. A. HOPKINS—*L'Envoi.*

Listen to that song, and learn it!
Half my kingdom would I give,
As I live,
If by such songs you would earn it!
g. LONGFELLOW—*The Saga of King Olaf.* St. 3.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
h. LONGFELLOW—*The Day is Done.*

The song on its mighty pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven.
i. LONGFELLOW—*The Children of the Lord's Supper.* Line 44.

Song forbids victorious deeds to die.
j. SCHILLER—*The Artists.* St. 11.

The lively Shadow-World of Song.
k. SCHILLER—*The Artists.* St. 23.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come; but one verse.
l. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Songs consecrate to truth and liberty.
m. SHELLEY—*To Wordsworth.*

The gift of song was chiefly lent,
To give consoling music for the joys
We lack, and not for those which we possess.
n. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening.*

To Song, God never said the word
"To dust return, for dust thou art!"
o. BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR—*The Rose and the Robin.*

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings * * * and skim away.
p. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XLVII.

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.
q. WALLER—*To Mr. Creech.*

A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then does not mis-become a monarch.
r. HORACE WALPOLE—*Letter to Sir Horace Mann.* 1770.

SORROW.

Nothing comes to us too soon but sorrow.
s. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Sorrow preys upon
Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world
Than calling it at moments back to this.
The busy have no time for tears.
t. BYRON—*Two Foscari.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Adjust our lives to loss, make friends with pain,
Bind all our shattered hopes and bid them bloom again.
u. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Readjustment.*

Men die, but sorrow never dies;
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain.
v. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*The Cradle Tomb in Westminster Abbey.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the lands where sorrow is unknown.
w. COWPER—*To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.*

Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.
x. GEORGE ELIOT—*Felix Holt.* Introduction.

Sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
y. GRAY—*Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

Sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.
z. GRAY—*The Bard.* St. 4.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
aa. GRAY—*Eton College.* St. 10.

Oh, why should vows so fondly made,
Be broken ere the morrow,
To one who loves as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary!
a. HOGG—*The Ettrick Shepherd. The Broken Heart.*

Hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat.
b. BEN JONSON—*Every Man in his Humour.* Act I. Sc. 3.

How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
c. KEATS—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Line 36.

The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts the best wine; afterwards the constant weight of it brings forth bitterness, —the taste and stain from the lees of the vat.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Drift-Wood. Table Talk.*

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.
e. LYTTLETON—*A Song.*

Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.
f. MOORE—*Anacreontic.*

I see my darling in the marble now—
My wasted leaf—her kind eyes smiling fondly.
And through her eyes I see the love beyond,
The biding light that moves not,—and I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with Love but Sorrow.
g. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY—*The Statues in the Block.*

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
h. POLLOK—*Course of Time* Bk. I. Line 464.

Do not cheat thy Heart, and tell her,
"Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.
i. ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR—*Friend Sorrow.*

A plague of sighing and grief.
j. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow.
k. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Down, thou climbing sorrow.
l. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Each new moon,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resound
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
m. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wracked with a week of teen.
n. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Forgive me, Valentine if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
o. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.
p. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Here I and sorrow sit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
q. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
r. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
s. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.
t. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I will instruct my sorrow to be proud.
u. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Joy being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow.
v. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 4.

O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
w. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor.
x. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff.
y. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours;
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
z. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders.
a. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
b. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feelings else,
Save what beats there.
c. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it doth love.
d. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
e. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 3.

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.
f. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!
g. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
h. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
i. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

Each time we love,
We turn a nearer, and a broader mark
To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.
j. Alexander Smith—*City Poems. A Boy's Dream.*

Prostrate on earth the bleeding warrior lies,
And Isr'el's beauty on the mountain dies.
How are the mighty fallen!
Hush'd be my sorrow, gently fall my tears,
Lest my sad tale should reach the alien's ears:
Bid Fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
In heathen Gath, or Ascalon, our flame,
Lest proud Philistia, lest our haughty foe,
With impious scorn insult our solemn woe.
k. Somerville—*The Lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan.*

To live beneath sorrow one must yield to it.
l. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. XIV. Ch. III.

O sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
Be sometimes lovely, like a bride,
And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good.
m. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LVIII.

Sighs
Which perfect joy, perplexed for utterance
Stole from her sister Sorrow.
n. Tennyson—*The Gardener's Daughter.* Line 266.

Smit with exceeding sorrow unto Death.
o. Tennyson—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 601.

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
p. Tennyson—*Locksley Hall.* St. 38.

Men write and die, of wounds they dare not own,
So the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.
q. Waller—*To the Duchess.* Line 18.

SOUL, THE

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
r. Addison—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

A soul as white as heaven.
s. Beaumont and Fletcher—*The Maid's Tragedy.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health,—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of Heaven.
t. Carlyle—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

Everywhere the human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness; on the confines of two everlasting hostile empires, Necessity and Freewill.
u. Carlyle—*Essays. Goethe's Works.*

No iron chain, or outward force of any kind, could ever compel the soul of man to believe or to disbelieve: it is his own indefeasible light, that judgment of his; he will reign and believe there by the grace of God alone!
v. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture IV.

It is the soul itself which sees and hears, and not those parts which are, as it were, but windows to the soul.
w. Cicero.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre.
x. Hartley Coleridge—*Poems. To Shakspeare.*

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.
y. Crashaw—*In Praise of Lessins's Rule of Health.*

Reason is our soul's left hand, Faith her right.
z. John Donne—*To the Countess of Bedford.* St. 7.

I have a soul, that like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
a. DRYDEN—*Sebastian.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul.
b. EMERSON—*The American Scholar.*

Gravity is the ballast of the soul,
Which keeps the mind steady.
c. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Gravity.*

Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Christus The Golden. Legend.* Pt. IV. *The Cloisters.*

The soul never grows old.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. IV. Ch. IX.

The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man!
f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. 4.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
g. POPE—*Ode. The Dying Christian to His Soul.*

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger
In these false coasts; O, keep aloof; there's danger;
Cast forth thy plummet; see a rock appears;
Thy ships wants sea-room; make it with thy tears.
h. QUARLES—*Emblems. The Soul's Danger.*

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best:
The truth shall be thy warrant,
Go since I need's must die,
And give the world the lie.
i. Sir WALTER RALEIGH—*The Lie.*

And her immortal part with angels lives.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis?
k. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Thy soul's flight,
If it find Heaven, must find it out to-night.
l. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.
m. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor.
n. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 3.

What'er of earth is form'd to earth returns,
* * * * * * * *
The soul of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds when all things fail.
o. SOMERVILLE—*The Chase.* Bk. IV.

For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.
p. SPENSER—*An Hymn in Honour of Beauty.* Line 132.

Nature who has made no two leaves to resemble each other, has endowed our souls with a still greater diversity, and imitation then is a kind of death since it robs each of its individual existence.
q. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. VII. Ch. I.

The soul is a fire that darts its rays through all the senses; it is in this fire that existence consists; all the observations and all the efforts of philosophers ought to turn towards this ME, the centre and moving power of our sentiments and our ideas.
r. MADAME DE STAËL—*Germany.* Pt. III. Ch. II.

What then do you call your soul? What idea have you of it? You cannot of yourselves, without revelation, admit the existence within you of anything but a power unknown to you of feeling and thinking.
s. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Soul.*

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw nearer to their eternal home.
t. WALLER—*Verses upon his Divine Poesy.*

The Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul.
u. WORDSWORTH—*Laodamia.*

SOUND.

A thousand trills and quivering sounds
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance die.
v. ADDISON—*Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.*

To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound.
w. CHURCHILL—*The Apology.* Line 219.

Sonorous metal blowing material sounds
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of chaos and old Night.
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 540.

The murmur that springs
From the growing of grass.
y. POE—*Al Aaraaf.* Pt. II. Line 123.

The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
z. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 365.

SPEECH.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order.

a. BACON—*Essays. Of Discourse.*

Let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak.

b. BACON—*Essays. Civil and Moral.* No. 32.

Endless are the modes of speech and far
Extends from side to side the field of words.

c. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XX. Line 314.

Whoever rises up to speak
'Tis well to hear him through, and not break in
Upon his speech, else is the most expert
Confounded.

d. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XIX. Line 94.

Speak not at all, in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak; care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply and with undivided mind for the truth of your speaking.

e. CARLYLE—*Essays. Biography.*

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think:
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink:
Lips never err, when she does keep the door.

f. DELAUNE—*Epigram.*

O that grave speech would cumber our quick souls
Like bells that waste the moments with their loudness.

g. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken.

h. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Speech is better than silence; silence is better than speech.

i. EMERSON—*Essay on Nominalist and Realist.*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

j. GOLDSMITH—*The Bee.* No. 3.

The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

k. HOLMES—*To My Readers.* St. 11.

Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him; to promote commerce, and not betray it.

l. LLOYD—*State Worthies.*

When Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.

m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 408.

Speech is like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.

n. PLUTARCH—*Life of Themistocles.* 28.

Speech is silvern, Silence is golden;
Speech is human, Silence is divine.

o. *German Proverb.*

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

p. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto II. Introduction.

Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

q. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Hear me, for I will speak.

r. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it, with some better time.

s. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 3.

I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it.

t. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Our fair discourse hath been as sugar
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

u. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself.

v. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

She speaks poignards, and every word stabs.

w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die.

x. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 3.

Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men, whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men, whereby to conceal it.

y. SOUTH—*Sermon.* April 30th, 1676.

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal their mind.

z. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire II. Line 207.

SPIRITS.

As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As the gnats around a vapour,
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose.
a. E. B. Browning—*A Child Asleep.*

If once, the shadow to pursue,
We let the substance out of view.
b. Churchill—*The Ghost.* Bk. III. Line 77.

We sprights have just such natures
We had for all the world, when human creatures;
And, therefore, I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
c. Dryden—*Tyrannick Love.* Epilogue.

Aërial spirits, by great Jove design'd
To be on earth the guardians of mankind:
Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below:
The immortal spies with watchful care preside,
And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide:
They can reward with glory or with gold,
A power they by Divine permission hold.
d. Hesiodus—*Works.* 121.

Many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-night,
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away.
e. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
f. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 350.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
g. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 677.

Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names.
h. Milton—*Comus.* Line 207.

Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both.
i. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 423.

He looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home.
j. Pope—*Windsor Forest.* Line 264.

What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
k. Pope—*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.* Line 1.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep,
Why, so can I; or so can any man
But will they come, when you do call for them?
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
m. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
n. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on 't?
o. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The air around them
Looks radiant as the air around a star.
p. Shelley—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.
q. Harriet Beecher Stowe—*The Other World.*

When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the Grave.
r. Thomas Tickell—*Description of the Phenix.*

I look for ghosts; but none will force
Their way to me: 'Tis falsely said
That even there was intercourse
Between the living and the dead.
s. Wordsworth—*Affliction of Margaret.*

STARS.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
t. Addison—*Ode.*

The hosts of stars, that in the spangled skies
Take their bright stations and to mortals bring
Winter and summer; radiant rulers, when
They set; or rising glitter through the night.
u. Æschylus—*Agam.* I.

Stars,
Which stand as thick as dewdrops on the fields
Of heaven.
a. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Heaven.*

The stars are images of love.
b. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

What are ye orbs?
The words of God? the Scriptures of the skies?
c. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Everywhere.*

A single star
Sparkles new—set in heaven.
d. JOHN H. BRYANT—*Sonnet.*

The sad and solemn night
Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.
e. BRYANT—*Hymn to the North Star.*

The starry heaven, though it occurs so very frequently to our view, never fails to excite an idea of grandeur. This cannot be owing to anything in the stars themselves, separately considered. The number is certainly the cause. The apparent disorder augments the grandeur; for the appearance of care is highly contrary to our ideas of magnificence. Besides, the stars lie in such apparent confusion as makes it impossible, on ordinary occasions, to reckon them. This gives them the advantage of a sort of infinity.
f. BURKE—*On the Sublime and the Beautiful. Magnificence.*

Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing.
g. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 17.

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.
h. CAMPBELL—*The Soldier's Dream.*

The stars will guide us back.
i. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

The world is great:
The stars are golden fruit upon a tree
All out of reach.
j. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

A glittering star is falling
From its shining home in the air.
k. HEINE—*Book of Songs Lyrical Interlude.* No. 64.

Stars with golden feet are wand'ring
Yonder, and they gently weep
That they cannot earth awaken,
Who in night's arms is asleep.
l. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 37.

The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare without number.
m. HERRICK—*The Night Piece.*

Just above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Chrysaor.* St. 1.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. III.

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence,
To the solemn litany.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.
q. LONGFELLOW—*The Light of Stars.*

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
r. LONGFELLOW—*Charles Sumner.* St. 8.

And made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heav'n,
T' illuminate the Earth, and rule the night.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 348.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better those belong not to the dawn.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 166.

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 364.

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east.
v. MILTON—*Song on May Morning.*

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
w. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 168.

The planets in their station list'ning stood.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 563.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold.
b. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 93.

Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud
And disinherit Chaos.
c. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 334.

Stars are the Daisies that begem
The blue fields of the sky,
Beheld by all, and everywhere,
Bright prototypes on high.
d. MOIR—*The Daisy.*

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
e. ROBERT MONTGOMERY—*The Starry Heaven.*

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
f. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 282.

Starry crowns of Heaven
Let in azure night!
Linger yet a little
Ere you hide your light:—
Nay; let starlight fade away,
Heralding the day!
g. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*Give Place.*

A sky full of silent suns.
h. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. II.

Now the day is spent,
And stars are kindling in the firmament
To us how silent!—though like ours, perchance
Busy and full of life and circumstance.
i. ROGERS—*Human Life.*

Thus some who have the stars survey'd
Are ignorantly led
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom Fool to bed.
j. ROWE—*Song on a Fine Woman Who Had a Dull Husband.*

Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Our jovial Star reign'd at his birth.
l. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 4.

These blessed candles of the night.
m. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The stars above govern our condition.
o. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The unfolding star calls up the shepherd.
p. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.
q. *Sonnet XXI.*

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.
r. *King Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

Witness yon ever-burning lights above!
s. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Each separate star
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars
Break up the Night, and make it beautiful.
t. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Lars.* Bk. III. Line 693.

Many a night I saw the Pleiades, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.
u. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 5.

But who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
v. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 528.

Heaven looks down on earth with all her eyes.
w. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Line 1103.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine;
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might.
x. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 728.

Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs
* * * * * * *
Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
And set the bosom of old night on fire.
y. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 1260.

STOICISM.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
z. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 1.

A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.
aa. CAMPBELL—*Gertrude.* Pt. I. St. 23.

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't.
bb. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 2.

STORM.

Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.
a. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 92.

Hark! hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.
b. BYRON—*Heaven and Earth.* Pt. I. Sc. 3.

The sky
Is overcast, and musters muttering thunder,
In clouds that seem approaching fast, and show
In forked flashes a commanding tempest.
c. BYRON—*Sardanapalus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I am Storm—the King!
My troops are the wind, and the hail, and the rain;
My foes are the woods and the feathery grain.
The mail-clad oak
That gnarls his front to my charge and stroke.
d. FRANCIS M. FINCH—*The Storm King.*

Roads are wet where'er one wendeth,
And with rain the thistle bendeth,
And the brook cries like a child!
Not a rainbow shines to cheer us;
Ah! the sun comes never near us,
And the heavens look dark and wild.
e. MARY HOWITT—*The Wet Summer.* From the German.

A storm-cloud lurid with lightning,
And a cry of lamentation,
Repeated and again repeated,
Deep and loud
As the reverberation
Of cloud answering unto cloud,
Swells and rolls away in the distance,
As if the sheeted
Lightning retreated,
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resistance.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

The storm is past, but it hath left behind it
Ruin and desolation.
g. LONGFELLOW—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VIII.

The thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 174.

Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud:
Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on every wave appears.
i. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XV. Line 624.

The winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighted shores.
j. PRIOR—*The Lady's Looking-Glass.*

Lightning, that show the vast and foamy deep,
The rending thunders as they onward roll,
The loud, loud winds, that o'er the billows sweep—
Shake the firm nerve, appal the bravest soul!
k. Mrs. RADCLIFFE—*Mysteries of Udolpho. The Mariner.*

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm.
l. *King Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples.
m. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Blow, wind: swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exaulted with the threat'ning clouds
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
o. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.
p. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm:
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.
q. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Winter.*

At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds; till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze,
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

a. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1133.

STRENGTH.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

b. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

c. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

d. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Atlas, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as the pedler does his pack;
But as the pedler overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest awhile.

e. SWIFT—*Atlas; or, the Minister of State.*

In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

f. WHITTIER—*The Moral Warfare.*

STUDENTS.

Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book.

g. BLOOMFIELD—*Farmer's Boy. Spring.* Line 31.

The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar.

h. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows.

i. DRYDEN—*Sixth Satire of Juvenal.* Line 583.

His own estimate must be measure enough, his own praise reward enough for him.

j. EMERSON—*Literary Ethics.*

The resources of the scholar are proportioned to his confidence in the attributes of the Intellect.

k. EMERSON—*Literary Ethics*

The studious class are their own victims; they are thin and pale, their feet are cold, their heads are hot, the night is without sleep, the day a fear of interruption,—pallor, squalor, hunger, and egotism. If you come near them and see what conceits they entertain—they are abstractionists, and spend their days and nights in dreaming some dream; in expecting the homage of society to some precious scheme built on a truth, but destitute of proportion in its presentment, of justness in its application, and of all energy of will in the schemer to embody and vitalize it.

l. EMERSON—*Montaigne.*

There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student.

m. GOLDSMITH—*The Citizen of the World.* Letter LXXXIII.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

n. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. Bill and Joe.* St. 7.

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

o. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 157.

To talk in publick, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire, and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar.

p. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Rasselas.* Ch. VIII.

Night after night,
He sat, and bleared his eyes with books.

q. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds.

r. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VIII.

Thou art a schola.

s. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Thy pathway lies among the stars.

t. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act 1. Sc. 3.

Where should the scholar live? In solitude, or in society? in the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat, or in the dark gray town? * * * * * * * O, they do greatly err who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees.

a. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VIII.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

b. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

c. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life from living knowledge hid.

d. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. IV. Canto II. St. 48.

Up! up! my friend and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

e. WORDSWORTH—*The Tables Turned.*

STUDY.

When night hath set her silver lamp on high,
Then is the time for study.

f. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

There are more men ennobled by study, than by nature.

g. CICERO.

I would study, I would know, I would admire forever. These works of thought have been the entertainments of the human spirit in all ages.

h. EMERSON—*An Address Delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge,* July 15, 1838.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

i. GAY—*The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

The love of study, a passion which derives fresh vigor from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure.

j. GIBBON—*Memoirs.* Wm. D. Howell's Edition. P. 229.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so changes of study a dull brain.

k. LONGFELLOW—*Drift-Wood. Table-Talk.*

The love of study is in us the only eternal passion. All the others quit us in proportion as this miserable machine which holds them approaches its ruin.

l. BARON DE MONTESQUIEU.

If you devote your time to study you will avoid all the irksomeness of life; nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society unsupportable to others.

m. SENECA.

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:
What is your study?

n. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from other's books.

p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The more we study, we the more discover our ignorance.

q. SHELLEY—*Scenes from the Magico Prodigioso of Calderon.* Sc. 1.

One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable is to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts.

r. SYDNEY SMITH—*Second Lecture on the Conduct of the Understanding.*

STUPIDITY.

With various readings stored his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull.

s. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 591.

There is no harm in being stupid, so long as a man does not think himself clever; no good in being clever, if a man thinks himself so, for that is a short way to the worst stupidity.

t. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Mary Marston.* Ch. V.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

u. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 612.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.

v. SYDNEY SMITH—*Lady Holland's Memoir.* Vol. I. P. 15.

STYLE.

A chaste and lucid style is indicative of the same personal traits in the author.

w. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

Style is the dress of thoughts.
a. Earl of Chesterfield—*Letter.* Nov. 24, 1749.

It is style alone by which posterity will judge of a great work, for an author can have nothing truly his own but his style; * * * * * * an author's diction cannot be taken from him.
b. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. Style.*

Style! style! why, all writers will tell you that it is the very thing which can least of all be changed. A man's style is nearly as much a part of him as his physiognomy, his figure, the throbbing of his pulse,—in short, as any part of his being which is at least subjected to the action of the will.
c. Fénélon.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step below the sublime makes the ridiculous; and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.
d. Thomas Paine—*Age of Reason.* Pt. II. (Also attributed to Napoleon I. and Fontenelle.)

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd.
e. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 318.

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
f. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 380.

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' learn'd, and make the learned smile.
g. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Pt. II. Line 126.

A great writer possesses, so to speak, an individual and unchangeable style, which does not permit him easily to preserve the anonymous.
h. Voltaire.

SUBMISSION.

Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.
i. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. V. Last lines.

To-morrow! the mysterious unknown guest,
Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
And I make answer: "I am satisfied;
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already said what shall betide."
j. Longfellow—*To-Morrow.*

To will what God doth will, that is the only science
That gives us any rest.
k. Malherbe—*Consolation.* Trans. by Longfellow. St. 7.

That's best
Which God sends. 'Twas His will: it is mine.
l. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 29.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh! let thy grace supply,
The good unask'd, in mercy grant;
The ill, though ask'd, deny.
m. Merrick—*Hymn.*

Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength.
n. Milton—*Comus.* Line 329.

Man yields to death; and man's sublimest works
Must yield at length to Time.
o. Thomas Love Peacock—*Time.*

Alas! what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
p. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Thus ready for the way of life or death.
I wait the sharpest blow.
q. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 1.

SUCCESS.

There are none so low but they have their triumphs. Small successes suffice for small souls.
r. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Success.*

When we shall have succeeded, then will be our time to rejoice, and freely laugh.
s. Buckley's *Sophocles. Electra.*

Eureka! I have found it.
t. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 76.

They never fail who die
In a great cause.
u. Byron—*Marino Faliero.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I came up stairs into the world; for I was born in a cellar.
v. Congreve—*Love for Love.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Hast thou not learn'd what thou art often told,
A truth still sacred, and believed of old,
That no success attends on spears and swords
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's?
w. Cowper—*Expostulation.* Line 350.

Peace counts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught remain."
x. Sam'l Johnson—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 201.

When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?
a. KEBLE—*Lines for St. John's Day.*

Get Place and Wealth; if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.
b. POPE—*Epistles of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk. I. Line 103.

The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won.
c. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. II. Line 60.

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
d. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 2.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
e. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 1.

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
f. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There may come a day
Which crowns Desire with gift, and Art with truth,
And Love with bliss, and Life with wiser youth!
h. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Picture of St. John.* Bk. IV. St. 86.

SUFFERING.

Suffering becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.
i. ARISTOTLE.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths.
j. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood.*

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Light of the Stars.*

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!
l. LONGFELLOW—*Footsteps of Angels.* St. 5.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
m. SHELLEY—*Julian and Maddalo.*

There are deeds
Which have no form, sufferings which have no tongue.
n. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Suffering is the surest means of making us truthful to ourselves.
o. SISMONDI.

SUICIDE.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
p. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

To die in order to avoid the pains of poverty, love, or anything that is disagreeable, is not the part of a brave man, but of a coward; for it is cowardice to shun the trials and crosses of life, not undergoing death because it is honourable, but to avoid evil.
q. ARISTOTLE—*Ethic.* III. 2.

Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under
Fortune's false lottery, desperately run
To death, for dread of death; that soul's most stout,
That, bearing all mischance, dares last it out.
r. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Honest Man's Fortune.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Our time is fixed, and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission.
s. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 417.

If there be an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
t. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 398.

The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven.
u. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Fool! I mean not
That poor-souled piece of heroism, self-slaughter;
Oh no! the miserablest day we live
There's many a better thing to do than die!
v. DARLEY—*Ethelstan.*

The sea is still and deep,
All things within its bosom sleep!
A single step, and all is o'er;
A plunge, a bubble, and no more.
w. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death—the brave lives on.
x. MARTIAL—Bk. XI. Ep. 56.

He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,
And, at the best, shows but a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced:
Nor will I. He's not valient that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity.
y. MASSINGER—*The Maid of Honour.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand.
a. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.
b. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

He that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.
d. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.
e. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

SUN, THE

See the sun!
God's crest upon His azure shield the Heavens.
f. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *A Mountain.*

The sun, centre and sire of light,
The keystone of the world-built arch of heaven.
g. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Heaven.*

How beauteous art thou; O thou morning sun!
The old man, feebly tottering forth, admires
As much thy beauty, no life's dream is done,
As when he moved exulting in his fires.
h. Maria Brooks—*Zophiel. Morning.* St. 1.

Glared down in the woods, where the breathless boughs
Hung heavy and faint in a languid drowse,
And the ferns were curling with thirst and heat;
Glared down on the fields where the sleepy cows
Stood munching the grasses dry and sweet.
i. Susan Coolidge—*A Thunder Storm.*

The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun
Is Nature's eye.
j. Dryden—*The Story of Acis, Polyphemus, and Galatea from the Thirteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.* Line 165.

High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day.
k. Falconer—*The Shipwreck.* Canto I. Pt. III. Line 3.

Now the sun once more is glancing,
And the oak trees roar with joy;
The avengers are advancing,
Shame and sorrow to destroy.
l. Heine—*Miscellaneous Poems. Germany.* 1815.

The sun stands, at midnight, blood-red on the mountains of the North.
m. Longfellow—*Drift-Wood. Frithiof's Saga.* XIII.

Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone.
n. Macpherson—*The Poems of Ossian. Carthon. Ossian's Address to the Sun.*

And the gilded car of day,
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream.
o. Milton—*Comus.* Line 95.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads.
p. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 34.

The great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far.
q. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 576.

Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul.
r. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 171.

Sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!
s. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire-Worshippers.*

O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world!
t. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 13.

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.
u. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way.
v. *Sonnet VII.*

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.
w. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

That orbed continent, the fire
That severs day from night.
x. *Twelfth Night.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist:
Turning, with splendour in his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
a. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east
b. *King Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.
c. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

In the warm shadow of her loveliness
He kissed her with his beams.
d. SHELLEY—*The Witch of Atlas.* St. 2.

The sun is all about the world we see,
The breath and strength of every spring.
e. A. C. SWINBURNE—*Inferiæ.* St. 2.

The sun reflecting upon the wind of strand and shores, is unpolluted in his beams.
f. JEREMY TAYLOR—*Holy Living.* Ch. I. Sec. 3.

Lo! as he comes, in Heaven's array,
And scattering wide the blaze of day,
Lifts high his scourge of fire,—
Fierce demons that in darkness dwell,
Foes of our race, and dogs of Hell,
Dread its avenging ire.
g. THOMAS TAYLOR—*Ode to the Rising Sun.*

See! led by Morn, with dewy feet,
Apollo mounts his golden seat,
Replete with sevenfold fire;
While, dazzled by his conquering light,
Heaven's glittering host and awful night.
Submissively retire.
h. THOMAS TAYLOR—*Ode to the Rising Sun.*

Fairest of the lights above!
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move
To form the circles of our years.
i. ISAAC WATTS—*Sun, Moon, and Stars, Praise Ye the Lord.*

SUN-RISE.

Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sunshine gushes down.
j. BRYANT—*The Cloud on the Way.* Line 17.

The east is blossoming! Yea, a rose,
Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,
Sweet as the presence of woman is,
Rises and reaches and widens and grows
Right out of the sea, as a blossoming tree;
Richer and richer; so higher and higher,
Deeper and deeper it takes its hue;
Brighter and brighter it reaches through
The space of heaven and the place of stars,
Till all as rich as a rose can be,
And my rose leaves fall into billows of fire.
k. JOAQUIN MILLER—*Sunrise in Venice.*

The whole east was flecked
With flashing streaks and shafts of amethyst,
While a light crimson mist
Went up before the mounting luminary,
And all the strips of cloud began to vary
Their hues, and all the zenith seemed to ope
As if to show a cope beyond the cope!
l. EPES SARGENT—*Sunrise at Sea.*

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole.
m. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills.
n. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day
Rejoicing in the east.
o. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 81.

The rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.
p. WALLER—*To the King.* Line 1.

SUN-SET.

The death-bed of a day, how beautiful!
q. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Library and Balcony.*

The shadows spread apace; while unkind Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Through the Hesperian gardens of the West,
And shuts the gates of Day.
r. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

The West is crimson with retiring day;
And the North gleams with its own native light.
s. JOHN H. BRYANT—*Sonnet.*

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth is bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.
t. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 183.

Go forth at eventide,
The eventide of summer, when the trees
Yield their frail honors to the passing breeze,
And woodland paths with autumn tints are dyed;
When the mild sun his paling lustre shrouds
In gorgeous draperies of golden clouds;
Then wander forth, mid beauty and decay,
To meditate alone—alone to watch and pray.

a. EMMA C. EMBURY—*Autumn Evening.*

The sacred Lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray.

b. FALCONER—*The Shipwreck.* Canto II. Line 276.

Oft did I wonder why the setting sun
Should look upon us with a blushing face:
Is't not for shame of what he hath seen done,
Whilst in our hemisphere he ran his race?

c. HEATH—*First Century. On the Setting Sun.*

Purple, violet, gold and white,
Royal clouds are they;
Catching the spear like rays in the west—
Lining therewith each downy nest,
At the close of Summer day.

Forming and breaking in the sky,
I fancy all shapes are there;
Temple, mountain, monument, spire;
Ships rigged out with sails of fire,
And blown by the evening air.

d. J. K. HOYT—*A Summer Sunset.*

The gloaming comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purple sanguine bright.

* * * * * *

Our western horizon circulars,
From time the sun be set,
Is all with rubies as it were,
Or roses red o'erfret.

e. ALEXANDER HUME—*The Story of a Summer Day.*

After a day of cloud and wind and rain
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,
And, touching all the darksome woods with light,
Smiles on the fields until they laugh and sing,
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring
Drops down into the night.

f. LONGFELLOW—*The Hanging of the Crane.* Pt. VII.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet, descending from Sinai.

g. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. Sec. 4.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

h. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. II. Sec. 2.

The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun up-gathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!

i. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 605.

Now in his Palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch fann'd to rest,
'Mid the cool airs of Evening lay;
While round his couch's golden rim
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept—
Struggling each other's light to dim,
And catch his last smile ere he slept.

k. MOORE—*The Summer Fête.* St. 19.

In the vale beneath the hill
The evening's growing purple strengthens.

l. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Old Songs and New. Afternoon.*

The sky,
Purpled and paled with dreamy mist,
Shaken from breezy wafts that lie
Calmed in their isles of amethyst.

m. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Cartoons. Agnes.*

Long on the wave reflected lustres play.

n. ROGERS—*Pleasures of Memory.*

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.

o. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

p. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 3.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

q. WATTS—*Moral Songs. A Summer Evening.*

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
* * * * * * *
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in its motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
a. JOHN WILSON—*The Evening Cloud.*

SUPERSTITION.

Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross?
b. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 44.

Superstition is a senseless fear of God.
c. CICERO.

The superstition in which we were brought up never loses its power over us even after we understand it.
d. LEFFING.

Superstition is related to this life, religion to the next; superstition is allied to fatality, religion to virtue; it is by the vivacity of earthly desires that we become superstitious; it is, on the contrary, by the sacrifice of these desires that we become religious.
e. MADAME DE STAËL—*Abel Stevens' Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXIV.

SUSPICION.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take th' alarm,
Your bus'ness is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear.
f. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 575.

Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.
g. PLUTARCH—*Life of Cæsar.* Ch. X.

All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.
h. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 558.

All is not well;
I doubt some foul play.
i. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
j. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 6.

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to night.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius.
l. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

SYMBOLS.

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working out salvation
By mere mechanic operation.
m. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 1495.

All things are symbols: the external shows
Of Nature have their image in the mind,
As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves.
n. LONGFELLOW—*The Harvest Moon.*

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: He brushes his hat o' mornings; What should that bode?
o. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour, sometime like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are the black vesper's pageants.
p. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 12.

SYMPATHY.

Strengthen me by sympathizing with my strength, not my weakness.
q. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk. Sympathy.*

Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck.
r. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 73.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling symbol, where there is no love.
s. BACON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

The best Society and Conversation is that, in which the Heart has a greater share than the head.
t. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.
u. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 72.

Of a truth, men are mystically united; a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one.
a. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's Works.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.
b. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 1.

The impulse to confession almost always requires the presence of a fresh ear and a fresh heart; and in our moments of spiritual need, the man to whom we have no tie but our common nature, seems nearer to us than mother, brother, or friend. Our daily familiar life is but a hiding of ourselves from each other behind a screen of trivial words and deeds, and those who sit with us at the same hearth are often the farthest off from the deep human soul within us, full of unspoken evil and unacted good.
c. GEORGE ELIOT—*Janet's Repentance.* Ch. XVI.

The human heart
Finds nowhere shelter but in human kind.
d. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

The secrets of life are not shown except to sympathy and likeness.
e. EMERSON—*Montaigne.*

The man who melts
With social sympathy, though not allied,
Is than a thousand kinsman of more worth.
f. EURIPIDES—*O Rest.* 805.

A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.
g. GARRICK—*Prologue on Leaving the Stage,* June 10, 1776.

He watch'd and wept, and pray'd and felt for all.
h. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 166.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
i. GRAY—*Elegy. The Epitaph.*

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.
j. GRAY—*Education and Government.*

The craving for sympathy is the common boundary-line between joy and sorrow.
k. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

O! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow.
l. MRS. HEMANS—*Kindred Hearts.*

We pine for kindred natures
To mingle with our own.
m. MRS. HEMANS—*Psyche Borne by Zephyrs to the Island of Pleasure.*

A man may be buoyed up by the affiation of his wild desires to brave any imaginable peril; but he cannot calmly see one he loves braving the same peril; simply because he cannot feel within him that which prompts another. He sees the danger, and feels not the power that is to overcome it.
n. GEORGE HENRY LEWES—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. II.

World-wide apart, and yet akin,
As showing that the human heart
Beats on forever as of old.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Elizabeth.* Interlude.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.
p. LOWELL—*An Incident in a Railroad Car.* St. 19 and 20.

I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet.
q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 357.

Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's bless'd.
r. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 323.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.
s. POPE—*Eloise to Abelard.* Line 57.

There is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness.
t. POPE—*Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue II. Line 65.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For other's good, and melt at other's woe.
u. POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XVIII. Line 279.

Somewhere or other there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard,
The heart that not yet—never yet—ah me!
Made answer to my word.
v. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Somewhere or Other.*

If thou art something, bring thy soul and interchange with mine.
w. SCHILLER—*Votive Tablets. Value and Worth.*

A sympathy in choice.
x. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act 1. Sc. 1.

A tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.
y. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

As the human countenance smiles on those that smile, so does it sympathize with those that weep.

a. SMART'S *Horace. Art of Poetry.* Line 127.

Sympathy is especially a Christian's duty.

b. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Sympathy.*

It seems to me that we become more dear one to the other, in together admiring works of art, which speak to the soul by their true grandeur.

c. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. IV. Ch. III.

Our best impressions of grand or beautiful sights are always enhanced by their communication to sympathetic and appreciative minds.

d. ABEL STEVENS—*Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXII.

T.

TALK.

For rhetoric he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

e. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 81.

Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.

f. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 7.

But far more numerous was the herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.

g. DRYDEN—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Line 533.

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much, must talk in vain.

h. GAY—*Introduction to the Fables.* Pt. I. Line 57.

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

i. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 223.

Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!

j. NATHANIEL LEE—*Alexander the Great.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Airy tongues that syllable men's names.

k. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 208.

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

l. *Romeo and Jutiet.* Act II. Sc. 4.

A man in all the world's new fashion planted.
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.

m. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

If I chance to talk a little while, forgive me,
I had it from my father.

n. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 4.

I profess not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his best.

o. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 2.

Let me have audience for a word or two.

p. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing.

q. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 4.

My load shall never rest.
I'll watch him, tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift.

r. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

s. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Pray thee, let it serve for table talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

u. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

v. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 329.

The red wine first must rise
In their cheeks: then we shall have them
Talk to us in silence.

w. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 4.

What a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

x. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1.

She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite.

y. SWIFT—*The Journal of a Modern Lady.*

TEARS.

Tears, feeling's bright embodied form, are not
More pure than dewdrops, Nature's tears.
a. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood. Midnight.*

Tears of joy, like summer rain-drops, are pierced by sunbeams.
b. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermons.*

And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved, sleep."
c. E. B. Browning—*The Sleep.* St. 9.

Thank God for grace,
Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,
And touch but tombs,—look up! Those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.
d. E. B. Browning—*Tears.*

No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear.
e. Byron—*The Tear.* St. 12.

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.
f. Byron—*The Corsair.* Canto II. St. 15.

Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
While Ocean shrouds and sepulchers our dead.
g. Byron—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 1.

She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd at tears,
For women shed and use them at their liking;
But there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking.
h. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 118.

There is a tear for all that die
A mourner o'er the humblest grave.
i. Byron—*On the Death of Sir Peter Parker.*

The test of affection's a Tear.
j. Byron—*The Tear.* St. 1.

What gem hath dropp'd, and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for other's pain,
That starts at once—bright pure—from Pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine!
k. Byron—*The Corsair.* Canto II. St. 15.

For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.
l. Campbell—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 180.

Since man was born to trouble here below,
Tears were provided for predestined woe;
And tears have fallen in perpetual shower
From man's apostasy until this hour.
m. Abraham Coles—*The Microcosm. Tears. Sleep, &c.*

Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.
n. Gray's *Progress of Poesy.* III. 1. Line 12.

The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
o. Gray—*Eton College.* St. 5.

Hide not thy tears; weep boldly and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way:
'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt
In soft adoption of another's sorrow.
p. Aaron Hill—*Alzira.*

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders my needle and thread.
q. Hood—*Song of the Shirt.*

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.
r. Keats—*To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent.*

Tears such as angels weep.
s. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 620.

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, where it lies
On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.
t. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

Behold who ever wept, and in his tears
Was happier far than others in their smiles.
u. Petrarch—*The Triumph of Eternity.* Line 95. (*Charlemont.*)

Sweet tears! the awful language, eloquent
Of infinite affection; far too big
For words.
v. Pollok—*Course of Time.* Bk. V. Line 633.

O blesséd be the tear that sadly rolled
For me, my mother! down thy sacred cheek;
That with a silent fervour did bespeak
A fonder tale than language ever told.
w. Roscoe—*Poems for Youth*

A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek;
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
a. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 22.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
b. Scott—*Rokeby.* Canto IV. St. 11.

And he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them but relents not.
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Leonato.—Did he break into tears?
Messenger.—In great measure.
Leonato.—A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed.
d. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Eye-offending brine.
e. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 1.

He has strangled
His language in his tears.
f. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 4.

I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of my honest truth to play the woman.
h. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
i. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
j. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
k. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly.
l. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheek!
m. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fu ness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.
n. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.
o. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it.
p. *Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 2.

One, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.
q. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good.
r. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

See, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

That instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation.
t. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase
u. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times double gain of happiness.
v. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
w. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd.
x. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.
y. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Those eyes of thine, from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops.
z. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep,
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water.
aa. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.
a. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
b. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
c. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

What I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the waters of mine eyes.
d. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 4.

What's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
e. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Ac. I. Sc. 3.

Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears: if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.
f. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair.
g. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto IV. Line 22.

The big round tears run down his dappled face,
He groans in anguish.
h. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 451.

The silver key of the fountain of tears.
i. VIRGIL.

Tears are the silent language of grief.
j. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Tears.*

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.
k. WORDSWORTH—*The Fountain.*

Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?
Or studied the philosophy of tears?—
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.
l. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 516.

TEMPER.

Certain winds will make men's temper bad.
m. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple.
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance is a tree which has for a root very little contentment, and for fruit, calm and peace.
o. BUDDHA.

The cups,
That cheer but not inebriate.
p. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 36.

He will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.
q. JOHN FLETCHER—*Rollo, Duke of Normandy.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Drink not the third glasse, which thou canst not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list: and poure the shame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.
r. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

If all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' all giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd.
s. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 720.

O madness to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health.
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.
t. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 556.

Well observe
The rule of Not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 531.

Coffee which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.
v. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 117.

Ask God for temperance, that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.
w. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 5.

TEMPTATION.

The devil tempts us not—'tis we tempt him,
Beckoning his skill with opportunity.
a. George Eliot—*Felix Holt.* Ch. XLVII.

Temptations hurt not, though they have accesse:
Satan o'ercomes none but by willingnesse,
b. Herrick—*Hesperides. Temptations.*

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
c. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 351.

Bell, book and candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
d. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
e. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done,
f. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.
h. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
i. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.
j. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
k. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.
l. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Ah me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
m. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto VIII. St. 1.

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.
n. Spurgeon—*Gleamings Among The Sheaves. Idleness.*

Could'st thou boast, O child of weakness!
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were their strong temptations planted
In thy path of life?
o. Whittier—*What the Voice Said.*

Temptation hath a music for all ears.
p. Willis—*Extract. From a Poem Delivered at the Departure of the Senior Class of the Yale College in* 1827.

THANKFULNESS.

Some hae meat that canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.
q. Burns—*Grace Before Meat.*

To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.
r. George MacDonald—*Mary Marston.* Ch. V.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live.
t. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.
u. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 8.

THIEVES.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter:
Stolen kisses much completer;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels:
Stolen, stolen be your apples.
v. Thomas Randolph—*Song of Fairies.*

A cut-purse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket.
w. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

A plague upon 't when thieves cannot be true one to another.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm.
y. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

There's boundless theft in limited professions.
z. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief:
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.
aa. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft.
a. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves.
b. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

THOUGHT.

Men's thoughts are much according to their inclination.
c. BACON—*Essay. Of Custom.*

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
Men are and ought to be accountable,
If not to Thee, to those they influence;
Grant this, we pray Thee, and that all who read,
Or utter noble thoughts, may make them theirs,
And thank God for them, to the betterment
Of their succeeding life.
d. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

Great thoughts, like great deeds, need
No trumpet.
e. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.
f. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Thought.*

The power of Thought,—the magic of the Mind.
g. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 8.

What Exile from himself can flee?
To zones though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.
h. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 1.

Whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 115.

In every epoch of the world, the great event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a Thinker in the world!
j. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture I.

Thought is parent of the Deed.
k. CARLYLE—*Essays. Death of Goethe.*

Thought once awakened does not again slumber.
l. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture I.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.
m. CHURCHILL—*Epistle to Wm. Hogarth.*

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
n. CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think:
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink:
Lips never err, when she does keep the door.
o. HENRY DELAUNE—*Epigram.*

Thy Real drinks music from Ideal Thought,
And Earth but avenues the gate to Heaven!
p. JAMES DODDS—*Sonnet. Craigcrook.*

Growing thought
Makes growing revelation.
q. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

Thoughts are so great—arn't they sir?
They seem to lie upon us like a deep flood.
r. GEORGE ELIOT—*Adam Bede.* Ch. VIII.

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world, alters the world.
s. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Politics.*

Go, speed the stars of Thought
On to their shining goals;—
The sower scatters broad his seed,
The wheat thou strew'st be souls.
t. EMERSON—*Introduction to Essay. Of Intellect.*

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.
u. EMERSON—*Representative Men. Shakespeare.*

Thought takes man out of servitude into freedom.
v. EMERSON—*Fate.*

Among mortals second thoughts are wisest.
w. EURIPIDES—*Hippolytus.* 438.

Men possessed with an idea cannot be reasoned with.
x. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. The Colonies Once More.*

Those that think must govern those that toil.
y. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 372.

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.
z. GRAY—*Progress of Poesy.* III. 2. Line 4.

Their own second and sober thoughts.
a. MATTHEW HENRY—*Exposition.* Job VI. 29.

My thoughts and I were of another world.
b. BEN JONSON—*Every Man Out of His Humour.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The thoughts that come often unsought, and, as it were, drop into the mind, are commonly the most valuable of any we have, and therefore should be secured, because they seldom return again.
c. LOCKE—*Letter to Mr. Sam'l Bold.*

To think often, and never to retain it so much as one moment, is a very useless sort of thinking, and the soul, in such a state of thinking, does very little, if at all, excel that of a looking-glass, which constantly receives variety of images, or ideas, but retains none.
d. LOCKE—*Human Understanding.* Bk. II. Ch. I.

A thought often makes us hotter than a fire.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Drift-Wood. Table-Talk.*

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought!
f. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

My own thoughts
Are my companions.
g. LONGFELLOW—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. III.

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.
h. LONGFELLOW—*The Spanish Student.* Act II. Sc. 3.

The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.
i. LONGFELLOW—*The Heroes of Emwood.* St. 9.

Thoughts in attitudes imperious.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Prometheus.* St. 9.

Thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Prelude to Tales of a Wayside Inn.* Line 233.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.
l. LOWELL—*An Incident in a Railroad Car.*

Thought is valuable in proportion as it is generative.
m. BULWER-LYTTON—*Caxtoniana.* Essay XIV.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book or a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts—the eternal thought speaking in your thought.
n. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XLII.

The power of concentration is one of the most valuable of intellectual attainments.
o. MANN—*Lectures and Reports on Education. Report on the Subject of Schoolhouses.*

Thought alone is eternal.
p. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 16.

Wreaths of every hue,
Fresh-pluckt from bowers of never-fading thought
In Memory's dewiest meadow-deeps.
q. OWEN MEREDITH—*Licinius.* Pt. VI. St. 5.

Grand thoughts that never can be wearied out,
Showing the unreality of Time.
r. MILNES (Lord Houghton)—*Sonnet. To Charles Lamb.*

Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 37.

O! the joy
Of young ideas painted on the mind,
In the warm, glowing colors fancy spreads
On objects not yet known, when all is new,
And all is lovely!
t. HANNAH MORE—*David and Goliah.* Pt. II.

Thinking is only a dream of feeling; a dead feeling; a pale-gray, feeble life.
u. NOVALIS—*Die Lehrlinge zu Sais.*

Thought can wing its way
Swifter than lightning-flashes or the beam
That hastens on the pinions of the morn.
v. PERCIVAL—*Sonnet.*

Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he cease to write and learn to think.
w. PRIOR—*To a Person who Wrote Ill, and Spoke Worse against Me.*

Still are the thoughts to memory dear.
x. SCOTT—*Rokeby.* Canto I. St. 33.

It is not always the depth or the novelty of a thought which constitutes its value to ourselves, but the fitness of its application to our circumstances.
y. SEWELL—*Passing Thoughts on Religion. The Chivalry of Religion.*

A maiden hath no tongue but thought.
z. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
aa. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.
bb. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 5.

Now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
a. *Henry V.* Act V. Chorus.

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out
b. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.
c. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard.
d. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Come near me! I do weave
A chain I cannot break—I am possest
With thoughts too swift and strong for one lone human breast.
e. SHELLEY—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto IX St. 33.

Strange thoughts beget strange deeds.
f. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now.
g. SHELLEY—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act II. Sc. 3.

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.
h. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*The Arcadia.* Bk. I.

If I could think how these my thoughts to leave,
Or thinking still, my thoughts might have good end:
If rebel sense would reason's law receive;
Or reason foil'd would not in vain contend:
Then might I think what thoughts were best to think:
Then might I wisely swim, or gladly sink.
i. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*Sonnet.*

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.
j. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*The Arcadia.* Bk. I.

Thoughts must come naturally, like wild flowers; they cannot be forced in a hot-bed—even although aided by the leaf mould of your past.
k. ALEX. SMITH—*Dreamthorp.* *Men of Letters.*

I have flown on the winds through the vaulted sky,
In a path unseen by the vulture's eye;
I have been where the lion's whelps ne'er trod,
Where Nature is mute in the sight of God.
I have girdled the earth in my airy flight,
I have wandered alone 'mid yon spheres of light.
l. HENRY SMITH—*Thought.*

Oh the fetterless mind! how it wandereth free
Through the wildering maze of Eternity!
m. HENRY SMITH—*Thought.*

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything is naught.
n. HORACE and JAMES SMITH—*Rejected Addresses.* *Cui Bono?*

Let our thoughts meet in heaven?
o. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XX. Ch. III.

Minds of a lofty kind wander unceasingly around the abyss of thoughts that are without an end.
p. MADAME DE STAËL—*Germany.* Pt. III. Ch. I.

Thought can never be compared with action, but when it awakens in us the image of truth.
q. MADAME DE STAËL—*Germany.* Pt. I. Ch. VIII.

No great thought, no great object, satisfies the mind at first view—nor at the last.
r. ABEL STEVENS—*Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXVIII.

Thought leapt out to wed with Thought,
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.
s. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXIII.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.
t. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 69.

Great thoughts come from the heart.
u. VAUVENARGUES.

Our actions, depending upon ourselves, may be controlled, while the powers of thinking, originating in higher causes, cannot always be moulded to our wishes.
v. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Social Maxims.* *Friendship.*

Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.
w. WORDSWORTH—*Sonnet.* *On King's College Chapel, Cambridge.*

Our thoughts are heard in heaven.
x. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 95.

Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil like bales unopen'd to the sun.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 466.

THUNDER.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?
b. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 96.

The thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house.
c. KEATS—*Hyperion.* Line 30.

Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?
d. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
e. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 3.

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning.
f. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

TIDES.

All night the thirsty beach has listening lain
With patience dumb,
Counting the slow, sad moments of her pain;
Now morn has come,
And with the morn the punctual tide again.
g. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Flood-Tide.*

How easily He turns the tides!
Just now the yellow beach was dry,
Just now the gaunt rocks all were bare,
The sun beat hot, and thirstily,
Each sea-weed waved its long brown hair,
And bent and languished as in pain.
h. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Ebb and Flow.*

The punctual tide draws up the bay,
With ripple of wave and hiss of spray.
i. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*On the Shore.*

Love has a tide!
j. HELEN HUNT—*Verses.* *Tides.*

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,—
And never home came she.
k. CHARLES KINGSLEY—*The Sands o' Dee.* St. 2.

I saw the long line of the vacant shore,
The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
l. LONGFELLOW—*The Tides.*

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
* * * * * * *
The little waves, with their soft white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.
m. LONGFELLOW—*Ultima Thule.* *The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls.*

The Ocean, at the bidding of the Moon,
For ever changes with his restless tide;
Flung shoreward now, to be regathered soon
With kingly pauses of reluctant pride,
And semblance of return.
n. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces.* *The Ocean.*

Tyde flowing is feared for many a thing,
Great danger to such as be sick it doth bring;
Sea ebb by long ebbing some respite doth give,
And sendeth good comfort to such as shall live.
o. TUSSER—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie.* Ch. XIV. Verse 4.

TIME.

O! Old Father Time grows tender and mellow,
As, roving the round earth, the sturdy old fellow,
Year in and year out, keeps going and coming,
In winter's wild wrack, and in summer's green blooming.
p. LEWIS J. BATES—*This Jolly Round World.*

Think not thy time short in this world, since the world itself is not long. The created world is but a small parenthesis in eternity, and a short interposition, for a time, between such a state of duration as was before, it may be after it.
q. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—(Bohn's edition.) Vol. III. P. 143.

Time which strengthens Friendship, weakens Love.
r. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches, Tam maun ride.
a. BURNS—*Tam O'Shanter.*

Take time enough; all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.
b. BYRON—*Advice to Preach Slow.*

O Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of
thee a gift.
c. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV.
St. 130.

Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon Time! who forever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to
grieve.
d. BYRON—*Siege of Corinth.* St. 18.

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs; mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike.
e. BYRON—*Manfred.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest
now.
f. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV.
St. 182.

When Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
g. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III.
St. 22.

Years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigour from the
limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near
the brim.
h. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III.
St. 8.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.
i. CAMPBELL—*A Thought Suggested by the
New Year.* St. 1.

That great mystery of TIME, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are*, and then *are not:* this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb—for we have no word to speak about it.
j. CARLYLE—*Heroes, and Hero Worship.*
Lecture I.

For tho' we slepe or wake, or rome or ryde,
Ay fleth the tyme, it wil no man abyde.
k. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The
Clerkes Tale.* Line 61.

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination: never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
l. EARL OF CHESTERFIELD—*Letters to his
Son.* Dec. 26, 1749.

No! no arresting the vast wheel of time,
That round and round still turns with onward
might,
Stern, dragging thousands to the dreaded
night
Of an unknown hereafter.
m. CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE—*Sonnet.
The Course of Time.*

I hear the muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slope of Time;
They bear a train of smiles and tears,
Of burning hopes and dreams sublime.
n. JAMES G. CLARKE—*November.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.
o. ABRAHAM COWLEY—*Davideis.* Vol. I.
Bk. I.

Time, as he passes us has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound.
p. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 211.

Swift speedy Time, feathered with flying
hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
q. SAMUEL DANIEL—*Delia.*

He who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.
r. DANTE.

Time, to the nation as to the individual, is nothing absolute; its duration depends on the rate of thought and feeling.
s. DRAPER—*History of the Intellectual
Development of Europe.* Ch. I.

Fate seemed to wind him up for four-score
years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more:
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.
t. DRYDEN—*Œdipus.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Time is great, and greater no man's trust
Than his who keeps the fortress for his king,
Wearing great honors as some delicate robe
Brocaded o'er with flames 'twere sin to tarnish.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.*
Bk. I.

The days are made on a loom whereof the warp and woof are past and future time.
v. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Work
and Days.*

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly, until he knows that every day is Doomsday.
w. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Work
and Days.*

Time will discover everything to posterity: it is a babbler, and speaks even when no question is put.
a. EURIPIDES—*Frag. Æol. (Stob.)*

Yesterday I loved,
To-day I suffer,
To-morrow I die;
But I shall gladly
To-day and to-morrow
Think on yesterday.
b. *From the German.*

Rich with the spoils of time.
c. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 13.

Time ne'er forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbred not.
d. WILLIAM HABINGTON—*To My Noblest Friend, I. C., Esquire.*

I made a posie, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.
e. HERBERT—*The Temple. Life.*

Old Time, in whose bank we deposit our notes,
Is a miser who always wants guineas for groats;
He keeps all his customers still in arrears
By lending them minutes and charging them years.
f. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. Our Banker.*

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.
g. HOOD—*Miss Kilmansegg. Her Moral.*

How short our happy days appear!
How long the sorrowful!
h. JEAN INGELOW—*The Mariner's Care.* St. 38.

To the true teacher, time's hour-glass should still run gold dust.
i. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Time.*

An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful Day benevolence endears,
Whose Night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favourite as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
j. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 293.

Panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
k. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Prologue on Opening the Drury Lane Theatre.*

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.
l. SIR WM. JONES—*Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.*

Like wind flies Time 'tween birth and death;
Therefore, as long as thou hast breath,
Of care for two days hold thee free:
The day that was and is to be.
m. OMAR KHAYYAM—*Bodenstedt,* Translator.

A handful of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass.*

Art is long and Time is fleeting.
o. LONGFELLOW—*A Psalm of Life.*

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 240.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.
q. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
r. LONGFELLOW—*The Golden Legend.*

What is Time? The shadow on the dial,—the striking of the clock,—the running of the sand,—day and night,—summer and winter,—months, years, centuries;—these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of Time, not Time itself. Time is the Life of the Soul.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. VI.

But each day brings less summer cheer;
Crimps more our ineffectual spring,
And something earlier every year
Our singing birds take wing.
t. LOWELL—*To ———.*

Time is money.
u. BULWER-LYTTON—*Money.* Act III. Sc. 6.

However we pass Time, he passes still,
Passing away whatever the pastime,
And, whether we use him well or ill,
Some day he gives us the slip for the last time.
v. OWEN MEREDITH—*The Dead Pope.*

Time, that returns not, errs not. Be content,
Knowing thus much: nor toil against the event
Whereto Time tends.
w. OWEN MEREDITH—*Licinius.* Pt. IV. St. 2.

When time is flown, how it fled
It is better neither to ask nor tell,
Leave the dead moments to bury their dead.
a. OWEN MEREDITH—*The Wanderer.* Bk. IV. *Two out of the Crowd.* St. 17.

Time eftsoon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.
b. JOAQUIN MILLER—*Fallen Leaves. Down into the Dust.* St. 5.

Day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 898.

The never ending flight
Of future days.
d. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 221.

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold.
e. MILTON—*Hymn on the Nativity.* Line 135.

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
f. EDWARD MOORE—*The Happy Marriage.*

This day was yesterday to-morrow nam'd:
To-morrow shall be yesterday proclaimed:
To-morrow not yet come, not far away,
What shall to-morrow then be call'd? To-day.
g. OWEN—*To-Day and To-Morrow.* Bk. III. Line 50.

These are the times that try men's souls.
h. THOMAS PAINE—*The American Crisis.* No. 1.

Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage;
i. PARNELL—*An Elegy to an Old Beauty.* Line 35.

The present is our own; but, while we speak,
We cease from its possession, and resign
The stage we tread on, to another race,
As vain, and gay, and mortal as ourselves.
j. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Time.*

Time is lord of thee:
Thy wealth, thy glory, and thy name are his.
k. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Time.*

Time, the foe of man's dominion,
Wheels around in ceaseless flight,
Scattering from his hoary pinion
Shades of everlasting night.
Still, beneath his frown appalling,
Man and all his works decay:
Still, before him, swiftly-falling,
Kings and kingdoms pass away.
l. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*The Genius of the Thames.* St. 42.

Whence is the stream of Time? What source supplies
It's everlasting flow? What gifted hand
Shall raise the veil by dark Oblivion spread,
And trace it to its spring? What searching eye
Shall pierce the mists that veil its onward course,
And read the future destiny of man?
m. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Time.*

Seize time by the forelock.
n. PITTACUS, *of Mytilene.*

Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
o. POPE—*Winter.* Line 88.

Years follow'ng years, steal something ev'ry day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
p. POPE—*Imitations of Horace.* Bk. II. Ep. II. Line 72.

Expect, but fear not Death: Death cannot kill,
Till Time (that first must seal his patent) will.
Wouldst thou live long? keep Time in high esteem;
Whom gone, if thou canst not recall, redeem.
q. QUARLES—*Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man.* Epigram VI.

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us, but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
r. SIR WALTER RALEIGH—*Verses Written the Night Before His Death.*

Come, gone,—gone forever,—
Gone as an unreturning river,—
Gone as to death the merriest liver,—
Gone as the year at the dying fall,—
To-morrow, to-day, yesterday, never,—
Gone once for all.
s. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*The Prince's Progress.* St. 62.

The long hours come and go.
t. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*The Prince's Progress.* St. 1.

Forever haltless hurries Time, the Durable to gain.
Be true, and thou shalt fetter Time with everlasting chain.
u. SCHILLER—*The Immutable.*

Threefold the stride of Time, from first to last!
Loitering slow, the Future creepeth—
Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth—
And motionless forever stands the Past.
v. SCHILLER—*Sentence of Confucius. Time.*

Time flies on restless pinions—constant never.
Be constant—and thou chainest time for ever.
a. SCHILLER—*Epigram.*

Time rolls his ceaseless course.
b. SCOTT—*The Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 1.

And, looking on it, with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock;
Thus we may see, quoth he, how the world wags.
c. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
d. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Come, what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
e. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime;
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thy antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.
f. *Sonnet XIX.*

'Gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion.
g. *Measure for Measure.* Act V. Sc. 1.

How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?
h. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Let's take the instant, by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time,
Steals, ere we can effect them.
i. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

O, call back yesterday, bid time return.
j. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
k. *Sonnet LXV.*

See the minutes how they run
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
l. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II Sc. 5.

So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
n. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

The ides of March are come.
Sooth.—Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
o. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There's a time for all things.
p. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The same I am, ere ancient order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present.
q. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Chorus.

The time is out of joint.
r. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
s. *Twelfth Night.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow.
t. *Sonnet LX.*

Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.
u. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes;
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As they are done.
v. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles.
a. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
b. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.
c. *Rape of Lucrece.* Line 939.

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who covers faults at last with shame derides.
d. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Time's the king of men;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
e. *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.
f. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

Time travels in divers paces with divers people.
g. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try.
h. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

We should hold day with the Antipodes,
It you would walk in absence of the sun.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

We trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
j. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 2.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razéd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.
k. *Sonnet LXIV.*

Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb an flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitab shore,
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable sea?
l. Shelley—*Time.*

The flood of time is rolling on,
We stand upon its brink, whilst they are gone
To glide in peace down death's mysterious stream.
Have ye done well?
m. Shelley—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto XII. St. 27.

For the next win he spurs amain,
In haste alights, and scuds away,—
But time and tide for no man stay.
n. Wm. Somerville—*The Sweet-Scented Miser.* Line 98.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.
o. Southwell—*St. Peter's Complaint.*

Too late I stayed,—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours,
How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!
p. Spencer—*Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.*

I see that time divided is never long, and that regularity abridges all things.
q. Madame de Staël—*Abel Steven's Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXVIII.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last.
r. Swift—*On Time.*

A wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realms of Tears,
With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime
As it blends with the ocean of Years.
s. Benjamin F. Taylor—*The Long Ago.*

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend:
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
t. Henry Taylor—*Philip Van Artevelde.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Come Time, and teach me, many years,
I do not suffer in dream;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears.
a. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XIII.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
b. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CV.

Yes, gentle Time, thy gradual, healing hand,
Hath stolen from Sorrow's grasp the envenomed dart;
Submitting to thy skill, my passive heart
Feels that no grief can thy soft power withstand.
c. MARY TIGHE—*Psyche, with Other Poems. To Time.*

Time tries the troth in everything.
d. TUSSER—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie. The Author's Epistle.* Ch. I.

Time destroys all things, even the powers of the mind.
e. VIRGIL—*Bucolics.* Ep. IX. 51.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made,
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
f. WALLER—*On Divine Poems.* Line 13.

Wind the mighty secrets of the past,
And turn the key of time!
g. HENRY KIRKE WHITE—*Time.* Line 249.

Nought treads so silent as the foot of time;
Hence we mistake our Autumn for our prime.
h. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 497.

Procrastination is the thief of time—
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
i. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 390.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 55.

Time elaborately thrown away.
k. YOUNG—*The Last Day.* Bk. I.

Time in advance, behind him hides his wings.
And seems to creep decrepit with his age;
Behold him when pass'd by: what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the wind.
l. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 139.

Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adorn'd.
m. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 107.

Time wasted is existence, used is life.
n. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 149.

We push time from us, and we wish him back;
Life we think long and short; death seek and shun.
o. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 274.

We see time's furrows on another's brow,
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
p. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 627.

While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb;
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
q. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 717.

Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 48.

TOASTS.

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth:
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.
s. *Hamlet.* Act V., Sc. 2.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean;
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
t. SHERIDAN—*School for Scandal.* Act III. Sc. 3.

TO-DAY.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within himself can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
u. DRYDEN—*Imitation of Horace.* Bk. I. Ode XXIX. Line 65.

To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of an uniform experience, that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days. Let us not be so deceived. Let us unmask the king as he passes.
v. EMERSON—*Lecture on the Times.* December, 2, 1841.

TO-MORROW.

Dreaming of a to-morrow, which to-morrow
Will be as distant then as 'tis to-day.
a. Tome Burguillos—*To-Morrow, and To-Morrow. John Bowring,* Translator.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise;
Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
With her enlivening and unlook'd for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays,
As favours unexpected doubly please.
b. Congreve—*Letter to Cobham.*

To-morrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;
Pass, therefore, not to-day in vain,
For it will never come again.
c. Omar Khayyam—*Bodenstedt,* Translator.

To-morrow will be another day.
d. Longfellow—*Kéramos.* Line 351.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what country does this morrow lie
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say:
To-day itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.
e. Martial—*Panorama of Wit.*

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.
f. Milton—*Lycidas.* Line 193.

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.
g. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Light of the Harem.*

To-morrow is—ah, whose?
h. D. M. Mulock—*Between Two Worlds.*

There is no morrow:. Though before our face
The shadow named so stretches, we alway
Fail to o'ertake it, hasten as we may.
i. Margaret J. Preston—*One Day.*

To-morrow! What delight is in to-morrow!
What laughter and what music, breathing joy,
Float from the woods and pastures, wavering down
Dropping like echoes through the long to-day,
Where childhood waits with weary expectation.
j. T. B. Read—*The New Pastoral.* Bk. VI.

To-morrow comes, and we are where?
Then let us live to-day!
k. Schiller—*The Victory Feast.* St. 13.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
l. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps
Set in our path to light us to the edge
Through rough and smooth.
m. Shelley—*Hellas. Mahmud to Attendant.*

Where art thou beloved To-morrow?
When young and old, and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled—To-day!
n. Shelley—*To-Morrow.*

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossoms of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half sister to Delay.
o. Tennyson—*Love Thou the Land.*

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"To-morrow."
p. Lope de Vega—*To-Morrow. Longfellow,* Translator.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn!
Where is to-morrow?
q. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 374.

To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shows its weakness.
r. Young—*Old Man's Relapse.* Line 6.

Some say "to-morrow" never comes,
A saying oft thought right;
But if "to-morrow" never came,
No end were of to-night.
The fact is this, time flies so fast,
That e'er we've time to say
"To-morrow's come," presto! behold!
"To-morrow" proves "To-day."
s. *Author Unknown. From Notes and Queries.* 4th Series. Vol. XII.

TONGUES.

I should think your tongue had broken its chain!
t. Longfellow—*Christus. . The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

We may see the cunning and curious work of Nature, which hath barred and hedged nothing in so strongly as the tongue, with two rowes of teeth, and therewith two lips, besid[e]s she hath placed it farre from the heart, that it shoulde not utter that which the heart had conceived, this also shoulde cause us to be silent, seeinge those that use much talke, though they speake truely are never beleeved.

a. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

Tongues that syllable men's names.

b. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 208.

My tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp.

c. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

d. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

On the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong,
For h is advantage still did wake and sleep;
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will.

e. *Lover's Complaint.* Line 122.

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall evil sayings show.

f. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

To many men well fitting doors are not se on their tongues.

g. THEOGNIS—*Maxims.* Line 322.

Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?

h. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 281.

TRAVELLING.

The travelled mind is the catholic mind educated from exclusiveness and egotism.

i. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk. Travelling.*

Travelling is no fool's errand to him who carries his eyes and itinerary along with him.

j. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk. Travelling.*

Travel makes all men country men, makes people noblemen and kings, every man tasting of liberty and dominion.

k. ALCOTT—*Concord Days. April. Self-Privacy.*

Go far, too far you cannot, still the farther
The more experience finds you: And go sparing;
One meal a week will serve you, and one suit,
Through all your travels; for you'll find it certain,
The poorer and the baser you appear,
The more you look through still.

l. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Woman's Prize.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

One who journeying
Along a way he knows not, having crossed
A place of drear extent, before him sees
A river rushing swiftly toward the deep,
And all its tossing current white with foam,
And stops, and turns, and measures back his way.

m. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. V. Line 749.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good night!

n. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 13. *Song.*

He travels safest in the dark who travels lightest.

o. CORTEZ—*Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.* Bk. V. Ch. III.

In travelling
I shape myself betimes to idleness
And take fools' pleasure.

q. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof.

p. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Travelling.*

Am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs; and half-way up,
Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.

r. ROGERS—*Italy. Pæstum.*

Farewell, Monsieur traveller. Look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country.

s. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

t. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I spoke of most disastr'us chances;
* * * * * * *
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance. In my traveller's history,
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
(Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,) such was my process;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat.

u. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Travell'd gallants
That fill the court with quarrels, talk and tailors.
a. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 3.

When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.
b. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 4.

We are two travellers, Roger and I;
Roger's my dog.
c. J. T. Trowbridge—*The Vagabonds.*

TREASON.

O that a soldier so glorious, ever victorious in fight,
Passed from a daylight of honor into the terrible night;
Fell as the mighty archangel, ere the earth glowed in space, fell—
Fell from the patriot's heaven down to the loyalist's hell!
d. Thos. Dunn English—*Arnold at Stillwater.*

Rebellion must be managed with many swords; treason to his prince's person may be with one knife.
e. Fuller—*Holy and Profane States. The Traitor.*

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
Why if it prosper, none dare call it treason.
f. Sir John Harrington—*Epigrams.* Bk IV. Ep. V.

The man, who pauses on the paths of treason,
Halts on a quicksand, the first step engulphs him.
g. Aaron Hill—*Henry V.*

For while the treason I detest,
The traitor still I love.
h. Hoole—*Metastatio. Romulus and Hersilia.* Act I. Sc. 5.

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God?
i. Lowell—*On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington.*

Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With vizor'd falsehood and base forgery?
j. Milton—*Comus.* Line 697.

Oh, colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
k. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.*

Et tu Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.
l. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake,
The private wound is deepest.
m. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
n. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 2.

Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare gnawn, and canker-bit.
o. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day.
p. *Henry IV.* Part I. Act V. Sc. 5.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of death.
q. *Henry IV.* Part II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
r. *Richard II.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head.
s. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.
t. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.
u. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
v. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
w. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 3.

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cried—all hail! whereas he meant—all harm.
x. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 7.

Treason, and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them.
y. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and locked up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
z. *Henry IV.* Part I. Act V. Sc. 2.

TREES AND PLANTS.

Part I.—Unclassified Arbora.

Without doubt, better trees there might be than even the most noble and beautiful now. I suppose God has, in His thoughts, much better ones than he has ever planted on this globe. They are reserved for the glorious land. Beneath them may we walk!

a. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Star Papers. London National Gallery.*

The place is all awave with trees,
Limes, myrtles, purple-beaded;
Acacias having drunk the lees
Of the night-dew faint headed;
And wan, grey olive-woods, which seem
The fittest foliage for a dream.

b. E. B. BROWNING—*An Island.*

Stranger if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart.

c. BRYANT—*Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.*

The shad-bush white with flowers,
Brightened the glens; the new leaved butternut
And quivering poplar to the roving breeze
Gave a balsamic fragrance.

d. BRYANT—*The Old Man's Counsel.*

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

e. BRYANT—*A Forest Hymn.*

No tree in all the grove but has its charms
Though each its hue peculiar.

f. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. I. Line 307.

The myrtle tree, the orange wild,
The cypress' flexile bough,
The holly with its polished leaves,
Are all before me now.

g. CAROLINE GILMAN—*The Plantation.*

The garden trees are busy with the shower
That fell ere sunset: now methinks they talk,
Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour,
One to another down the grassy walk.
Hark the laburnum; from his opening flower
This cherry-creeper greets in whisper light,
While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,
Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore.

h. HALLAM—*Remains, in Verse and Prose.*

Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—
The many, many leaves all twinkling? Three
On the mossed elm; three on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree!
Where is the Dryad's immortality?

i. HOOD—*Ode. Autumn.*

It was the noise
Of ancient trees falling while all was still
Before the storm, in the long interval
Between the gathering clouds and that light breeze
Which Germans call the Wind's bride.

j. LELAND—*The Fall of the Trees.*

This is the forest primeval.

k. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I.

Oh! proudly then the forest kings
Their banners lift o'er vale and mount;
And cool and fresh the wild grass springs,
By lonely path, by sylvan fount;
There, o'er the fair leaf-laden rill
The laurel sheds her cluster'd bloom,
And throned upon the rock-wreathed hill
The rowan waves his scarlet plume.

l. EDITH MAY—*A Forest Scene.*

Amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold.

m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 218.

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 139.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

o. GEORGE P. MORRIS—*Woodman, Spare That Tree.*

The sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest.
a. JOHN PHILIPS—*Cider.* Bk. II. Line 437.

Grove nods at grove.
b. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 117.

The highest and most lofty trees have the most reason to dread the thunder.
c. ROLLIN—*Ancient History.* Bk. VI. Ch. II.

A barren, detested vale, you see, it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
d. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
e. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it.
f. *Timon of Athens.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy,
But winter and rough weather.
g. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Will these moss'd trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out?
h. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean-woods may be.
i. SHELLEY—*The Recollection.*

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall.
The Laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch, for shafts; the Sallow for the mill;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round;
The carver Holme; the Maple seldom inward sound.
j. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto I. St. 8.

The woods appear
With crimson blotches deeply dashed and crossed,—
Sign of the fatal pestilence of Frost.
k. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Soldier and the Pard.* St. 38.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.
l. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.*

O Love, what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine;
In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize, and wine.
m. TENNYSON—*The Daisy.*

The birch-tree swang her fragrant hair,
The bramble cast her berry,
The gin within the juniper
Began to make him merry,
The poplars, in long order due,
With cypress promenaded,
The shock-head willows two and two
By rivers gallopaded.
n. TENNYSON—*Amphion.* St. 5.

The woods are hush'd, their music is no more,
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away;
New leaf, new life, the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love, to suit the newer day;
New loves are sweet as those that went before:
Free love—free field—we love but while we may.
o. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Last Tournament.* Line 282.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend.
p. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 663.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
Imbrown; crowded umbrage, dusk and dun
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark.
q. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 948.

Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair; and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn.

a. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 636.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.

b. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 469.

Fair Tree! for thy delightful shade
'Tis just that some return be made;
Sure some return is due from me
To thy cool shadows, and to thee.
When thou to birds dost shelter give
Thou music dost from them receive;
If travellers beneath thee stay
Till storms have worn themselves away,
That time in praising thee they spend,
And thy protecting power commend;
The shepherd here, from scorching freed,
Tunes to thy dancing leaves his reed,
Whilst his loved nymph in thanks bestows
Her flowery chaplets on thy boughs.

c. LADY WINCHILSEA—*The Tree.*

Part II.—Classified Arbora.

ACACIA.

Acacia.

A great acacia with its slender trunk
And overpoise of multitudinous leaves,
(In which a hundred fields might spill their dew
And intense verdure, yet find room enough)
Stood reconciling all the place with green.

d. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VI.

The lawn,
Which, after sweeping broadly round the house,
Went trickling through the shrubberies in a stream
Of tender turf, and wore and lost itself
Among the acacias, over which you saw
The irregular line of elms by the deep lane
Which stopped the grounds and dammed the overflow
Of arbutus and laurel.

e. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I.

Pluck the acacia's golden balls,
And mark where the red pomegranate falls.

f. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Under the Palm-Trees.*

Light-leaved acacias, by the door,
Stood up in balmy air,
Clusters of blossomed moonlight bore,
And breathed a perfume rare.

g. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Song of the Spring Nights.* Pt. I.

Rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flow'ring in a wilderness.

h. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.*

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lee;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me.
The lilies and roses were all awake
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

i. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXII.

ALMOND.

Amygdalus Communis.

Almond blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring days soon will reach us.

j. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Almond Blossoms.*

Blossom of the almond trees,
April's gift to April's bees.

k. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Almond Blossoms.*

With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

l. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Almond Blossoms.*

White as the blossoms which the almond tree,
Above its bald and leafless branches bears.

m. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*The Royal Preacher.* St. 5.

Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one,
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

n. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto VII. St. 32.

APPLE.

Pyrus Malus.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowering springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through the open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.
a. BRYANT—*The Planting of the Apple Tree.*

The blossoms and leaves in plenty
From the apple tree fall each day;
The merry breezes approach them,
And with them merrily play.
b. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 64.

Fragrant blossoms fringe the apple boughs.
c. AMELIA B. WELBY—*Hopeless Love.*

ASH.

Fraxinus.

The ash her purple drops forgivingly
And sadly, breaking not the general hush;
The maple swamps glow like a sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flash;
All round the wood's edge creeps the skirting blaze,
Of bushes low as when on cloudy days
Ere the rain falls, the cautious farmer burns his brush.
d. LOWELL—*An Indian-Summer Reverie.* St. 11.

ASPEN.

Populus Tremuloides.

At that awful hour of the Passion, when the Saviour of the world felt deserted in His agony, when—

'The sympathising sun his light withdrew,
And wonder'd how the stars their dying Lord could view'—

when earth, shaken with horror, rung the passing bell for Deity, and universal nature groaned; then from the loftiest tree to the lowliest flower all felt a sudden thrill, and trembling, bowed their heads, all save the proud and obdurate aspen, which said, 'Why should we weep and tremble? we trees, and plants, and flowers are pure and never sinned!' Ere it ceased to speak, an involuntary trembling seized its every leaf, and the word went forth that it should never rest, but tremble on until the day of judgment.
e. *Legend. From Notes and Queries.* First Series. Vol. VI. No. 161.

Beneath a shivering canopy reclined,
Of aspen leaves that wave without a wind,
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir,
f. JOHN LEYDEN—*Noontide.*

And the wind, full of wantonness, wooes like a lover
The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over.
g. MOORE—*Light of the Harem.*

BARBERRY.

Berberis.

The barberry bush—the poor man's bush!
Its yellow blossoms hang.
h. CAROLINE GILMAN—*Return to Massachusetts.*

BRIER.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament:
It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheard's daughters to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres;
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde.
i. SPENSER—*Shepheard's Callender. Februarie.*

BROOM.

Spartium Scoparius.

Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean,
j. BURNS—*Caledonia.*

The broom;
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
Her blossoms.
k. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 170.

The broom
Contends in beauty with the hawthorn bloom
And budding rose!
l. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*Come and Gone.*

The broom's betroth'd to the bee.
m. HOOD—*Flowers.*

O the broom, the yellow broom!
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.
* * * * *
Take all the rest; but give me this
And the bird that nestles in it,
I love it for it loves the broom,
The green and yellow linnet.
n. MARY HOWITT—*The Broom-Flower.*

'Twas that delightful season, when the broom,
Full flowered and visible in every steep,
Along the copses runs in veins of gold.
o. WORDSWORTH—*To Joanna.*

CEDAR.

Juniperus.

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed cedar shadows
Drowse on the crisp, gray moss.
a. LOWELL—*An Indian-Summer Reverie.*

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 2.

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wond'rous length, and streight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
'Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not anie one.
c. SPENSER—*Visions of the World's Vanitie.* St. 7.

CHERRY.

Cerasus.

In the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-colored May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day.
d. SHELLEY—*The Question.*

CHESTNUT.

Castanea.

The chestnuts, lavish of their long-hid gold,
To the faint Summer, beggared now and old,
Pour back the sunshine hoarded 'neath her favoring eye.
e. LOWELL—*An Indian-Summer Reverie.*

When I see the chestnut letting
All her lovely blossoms falter down, I think "Alas the day!"
f. JEAN INGELOW—*The Warbling of Blackbirds.*

CITRON.

Citrus Medica.

Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 20.

ELCAYA.

Trichiliaemetica.

The sweet Elcaya and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy.
h. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

ELDER.

Sambucus.

O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids!
And listen to my lay.
i. COLERIDGE—*Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie.*

ELM.

Ulmus.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm,
Close sate I by a goodly river's side,
Where gliding streams the rock did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasure dignified.
I, once that loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.
j. ANNE BRADSTREET—*Contemplation.* St. 1.

Great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aërial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Hawthorne.*

In crystal vapor everywhere
Blue eyes of heaven laughed between,
And, far in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.
l. TENNYSON—*Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.*

FIR.

Abies.

A lonely fir tree is standing
On a northern barren height;
It sleeps, and the ice and snow-drift
Cast round it a garment of white.
m. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 35.

Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the Sun.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 1076.

HAWTHORN.

Cratægus Oxyacanthus.

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its lock o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day.
o. BURNS—*O Luve Will Venture In.*

The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning.
p. BURNS—*The Chevalier's Lament.*

Yet all beneath the unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.
q. BURNS—*The Vision.* Duan II.

The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd gray stone
Hath laid her weary head.
a. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*To the Bramble Flower.*

Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
b. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*The Wonders of the Lane.* Line 3.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
c. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 13.

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
d. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 67.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom.
e. POPE—*Spring.* Line 41.

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales.
g. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 89.

HEMLOCK.

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
h. LONGFELLOW—*The Hemlock Tree.*

HICKORY.

Carya.

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.
i. THO'S DUNN ENGLISH—*Ben Bolt.*

HOLLY.

Ilex.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs,
Were twisted gracefu round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish muse,
By that same token;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon be broken.
j. BURNS—*The Vision.* Duan I. St. 9.

Those hollies of themselves a shape
As of an arbor took.
k. COLERIDGE—*The Three Graves.* Pt. IV. St. 24.

Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf;
The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods;
All green was vanished save of pine and yew,
That still displayed their melancholy hue;
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.
l. CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.*

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But, when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?
m. SOUTHEY—*The Holly-Tree.*

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.
n. SOUTHEY—*The Holly-Tree.* St. 1.

LILAC.

Syringa Vulgaris.

The lilac spreads odorous essence.
o. JEAN INGELOW—*Laurance.* Pt. III.

I am thinking of the lilac-trees,
That shook their purple plumes,
And when the sash was open,
Shed fragrance through the room.
p. Mrs. STEPHENS—*The Old Apple-Tree.*

The purple clusters load the lilac-bushes.
q. AMELIA B. WELBY—*Hopeless Love.*

LINDEN.

Tilia.

The linden in the fervors of July
Hums with a louder concert.
r. BRYANT—*Among the Trees.*

If thou lookest on the lime-leaf,
Thou a heart's form will discover;
Therefore are the lindens ever
Chosen seats of each fond lover.
s. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 31.

LOTUS.

Zizyphus Lotus.

Where drooping lotos-flowers, distilling balm,
Dream by the drowsy streamlets Sleep hath crowned,
And Care forgets to sigh, and Patience conquers Pain.
t. PAUL H. HAYNE—*Sonnet.*

The lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
a. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

They wove the lotus band to deck
And fan with pensile wreath each neck;
And every guest to shade his head
Three little fragrant chaplets spread;
And one was of th' Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief;
While from a golden vase profound
To all on flowery beds around,
A Hebe of celestial shape,
Poured the rich droppings of the grape.
b. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon.* Ode LXIX.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass the shining sands below;
A flowering lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove.
c. POPE—*Sappho to Phaon.* Line 177.

The lotos bowed above the tide and dreamed.
d. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Rhodope's Sandal.*

MAGNOLIA.

Magnolia.

Fragrant o'er all the western groves
The tall magnolia towers unshaded.
e. MARIA BROOKS—*Written on Seeing Pharamond.*

A languid magnolia showers
From its shivering leaflets, the dew;
'Tis lonely and bare of its flowers,
That decked once its branches with blue.
f. THEUDOBACH—*The Transplanted Magnolia.*

MAHOGANY.

Swietenia Mahogani.

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany-Tree.
g. THACKERAY—*The Mahogany-Tree.*

MAPLE.

Acer Saccharinum.

That was a day of delight and wonder,
While lying the shade of the maple trees under—
He felt the soft breeze at its frolicksome play;
He smelled the sweet odor of newly mown hay,
Of wilding blossoms in meadow and wood,
And flowers in the garden that orderly stood;
He drank of the milk foaming fresh from the cow,
He ate the ripe apple just pulled from the bough;
And lifted his hand to where hung in his reach,
All laden with honey, the ruddy-cheeked peach;
Beside him the blackberries juicy and fresh;
Before him the melon with odorous flesh;
There he had all for his use or his vision,
All that the wishes of mortal could seize—
There where he lay in a country Elysian,
Happily, dreamily,
Under the trees.
h. THO'S DUNN ENGLISH—*Under the Trees.*

MULBERRY.

Morus.

O the mulberry-tree is of trees the queen!
Bare long after the rest are green;
But as time steals onwards, while none perceives
Slowly she clothes herself with leaves—
Hides her fruit under them, hard to find.

* * * * * * *

But by and by, when the flowers grow few
And the fruits are dwindling and small to view—
Out she comes in her matron grace
With the purple myriads of her race;
Full of plenty from root to crown,
Showering plenty her feet adown.
While far over head hang gorgeously
Large luscious berries of sanguine dye,
For the best grows highest, always highest,
Upon the mulberry-tree.
i. D. M. MULOCK—*The Mulberry-Tree.*

OAK.

Quercus.

Young Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.
j. BYRON—*To an Oak at Newstead.*

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the Sun goes down,
And the fire in the West fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storm through his branches shout.
k. H. F. CHORLEY—*The Brave Old Oak.*

The oak, when living, monarch of the wood;
The English oak, which, dead, commands the flood.
l. CHURCHILL—*Gotham.* I. 303.

Old noted oak! I saw thee in a mood
Of vague indifference; and yet with me
Thy memory, like thy fate, hath lingering stood
For years, thou hermit, in the lonely sea
Of grass that waves around thee!
a. CLARE—*The Rural Muse. Burthorp Oak.*

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees:
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state; and in three more decays.
b. DRYDEN—*Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. III. Line 1058.

On the old oak's stems in splendour
Glorious blossoms fast unfold;
Foreign blossoms fall, and tender
Breezes greet us as of old.
c. HEINE—*Miscellaneous Poems. Germany.* 1815.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
d. KEATS—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Line 73.

The proud tree low bendeth its vigorous form,
Whose freshness and strength have braved many a storm;
And the sturdy oak shakes that ne'er trembled before
Though the years of its glory outnumber three-score.
e. Mrs. KINNEY—*The Woodman.*

The tall Oak, towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies,
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inured to stand and suffer wrong.
f. MONTGOMERY—*The Oak.*

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,
Broad Oak of Sumner-chace
Whose topmost branches can discern
The roofs of Sumner-place!
g. TENNYSON—*The Talking Oak.*

There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaves they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wond'rous hight;
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine:
But now the gray mosse marred his rine;
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honour decayed, his braunches sere.
h. SPENSER—*Shepheard's Calender. Februarie.*

OLIVE.

Olea Europœa.

The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 244.

ORANGE.

Citrus Aurantium.

The orange tree has fruit and flowers;
The grendilla, in its bloom,
Hangs o'er its high, luxuriant bowers,
Like fringes from a Tyrian loom.
j. MARIA BROOKS—*Farewell to Cuba.*

The fragrant orange flowers,
Fall to earth in silver showers.
k. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Agnes.*

Yes, sing the song of the orange tree,
With its leaves of velvet green;
With its luscious fruit of sunset hue,
The fairest that ever were seen;
The grape may have its bacchanal verse,
To praise the fig we are free;
But homage I pay to the queen of all,
The glorious orange tree.
l. J. K. HOYT—*The Orange Tree.*

The orange with the lime tree vies
In shedding rich perfume.
m. MARIA JAMES—*Ode for the Fourth of July.*

Beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together free,
Like age at play with infancy.
n. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

Every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes
When love-thoughts in her bosom rise.
o. MOORE—*I Stole Along the Flowery Bank.*

If I were yonder orange tree
And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee
To scent the most imploring air.
p. MOORE—*If I Were Yonder Wave, My Dear.*

PALM.

Phœnix Dactylifera.

The palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rain falls.
q. LONGFELLOW—*Annie of Tharaw. Trans. from the German of Simon Dach.*

Next to thee, O fair gazelle,
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to ye both I love the Palm,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both I love the Tree
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
With love, and silence, and mystery!
r. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Arab to the Palm.*

There, in the wondering airs of the Tropics
Shivers the Aspen, still dreaming of cold:
There stretches the Oak, from the loftiest ledges,
His arms to the far-away lands of his brothers,
And the Pine-tree looks down on his rival the Palm.
a. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Kilimandjaro.* Pt. III.

First the high Palme trees, with braunches faire,
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shoote up their heads into the skyes.
b. SPENSER—*Virgil's Gnat.* Line 191.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine,—
House and raiment and food and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm;
"Thanks to Allah, who gives the palm!"
c. WHITTIER—*The Palm-Tree.*

PEAR.

Pyrus Communis.

I ask in vain
Who planted on the slope this lofty group
Of ancient pear trees that with spring-time burst
Into such breadth of bloom.
d. BRYANT—*Among the Trees.*

The great white pear-tree dropped with dew from leaves
And blossom, under heavens of happy blue.
e. JEAN INGELOW—*Songs with Preludes. Wedlock.*

PINE.

Pinus.

Shaggy shade
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
Nods to the storm.
f. BYRON—*The Prophecy of Dante.* Canto II. Line 63.

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines.
g. COLERIDGE—*Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

O solemn pines, now dark and still,
When last I stood beneath your shade,
Strange minstrels on their airy harps
Among your trembling branches played.
h. JULIA C. R. DORR—*The Pine-Trees.*

The pines grow gray
A little, in the biting wind.
i. HELEN HUNT—*March.*

Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines:
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.
j. LONGFELLOW—*My Cathedral.*

The pine is the mother of legends.
k. LOWELL—*An Indian-Summer Reverie.*

Archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine.
l. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 133.

Here also grew the rougher rinded Pine,
The great Argoan ship's brave ornament.
m. SPENSER—*Virgil's Gnat.* Line 210.

Ancient Pines,
Ye bear no record of the years of man,
Spring is your sole historian.
n. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Pine Forest of Monterey.*

Stately Pines,
But few more years around the promontory
Your chant will meet the thunders of the sea.
o. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Pine Forest of Monterey.*

POPLAR.

Populus Fastigiata.

Trees, that like the poplar, lift upward all their boughs, give no shade and no shelter, whatever their height. Trees the most lovingly shelter and shade us, when, like the willow, the higher soar their summits, the lower droop their boughs.
p. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It.* Bk. XI. Ch. X.

SLOE.

Prunus Spinosa.

In the hedge the frosted berries glow,
The scarlet holly and the purple sloe.
q. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*A Day of the Indian Summer.*

SYCAMORE.

Acer Pseudo-Platanus.

Yon night moths that hover, where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms.
a. Jean Ingelow—*Songs of Seven. Seven Times Three.*

THORN.

Cratægus.

Beneath the wild white thorn that scents the evening gale.
b. Burns—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
c. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 10.

TULIP-TREE.

Liriodendron Tulipifera.

A summer lodge amid the wild is mine—
'Tis shadowed by the tulip tree, 'tis mantled by the vine.
d. Bryant—*A Strange Lady.*

The tulip tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming birds
And silken-winged insects of the sky.
e. Bryant—*The Fountain.* St. 3.

WILLOW.

Salix.

A subtle red
Of life is kindling every twig and stalk
Of lowly meadow growths; the willows weep,
Their stems in furry white.
f. Helen Hunt—*March.*

The willow hangs with sheltering grace
And benediction o'er their sod,
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul
They rest in God.
g. Crammond Kennedy—*Greenwood Cemetery.*

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago.
h. George P. Morris—*Near the Lake.*

Know ye the willow-tree,
Whose gray leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
To yon pale river?

Lady, at even-tide
Wander not near it,
They say its branches hide
A sad, lost spirit!
i. Thackeray—*The Willow-Tree.*

YEW.

Taxus.

Careless, unsocial plant that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
j. Blair—*The Grave.* Line 22.

There no yew nor cypress spread their glooms
But roses blossom'd by each rustic tomb.
k. Campbell—*Theodric.* Line 22.

Slips of yew,
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse.
l. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary Tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed.
m. Wordsworth—*Yew-Trees.*

This lonely Yew-tree stands
Far from all human dwelling.
n. Wordsworth—*Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree.*

TRIALS.

Prav. pray, thou who also weepest,
And the drops will slacken so;
Weep, weep:—and the watch thou keepest,
With a quicker count will go.
Think:—the shadow on the dial
For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of the sun.
o. E. B. Browning—*Fourfold Aspect.*

The child of trial, to mortality
And all its changeful influences given;
On the green earth decreed to move and die,
And yet by such a fate prepared for heaven.
p. Sir H. Davy—*Written after Recovery from a Dangerous Illness.*

Crosses are of no use to us, but inasmuch as we yield ourselves up to them, and forget ourselves.
q. Fenelon—*On the Death of a Pious Friend.*

The greater our dread of crosses, the more necessary they are for us.
a. FENELON—*On the Right Use of Crosses.*

We know not of what we are capable till the trial comes;—till it comes, perhaps, in a form which makes the strong man quail, and turns the gentler woman into a heroine.
b. Mrs. JAMESON—*Studies, Stories, and Memoirs. Halloran the Peddler.*

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger.
c. LONGFELLOW—*The Sifting of Peter.*

Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.
d. MASSEY—*The Kingliest Kings.*

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.
e. ROGERS—*Jacqueline.* St. 3.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy.
f. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

For gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.
g. SIRACH—II. 5.

As sure as ever God puts His children in the furnace, He will be in the furnace with them.
h. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Privileges of Trial.*

Believer, Christ Jesus presents thee with thy crosses; and they are no mean gifts.
i. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. The Christian's Daily Cross.*

Great faith must have great trials. * * * We must expect great troubles before we shall attain to much faith.
j. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Increase of Faith.*

The Lord gets his best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction.
k. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Sorrow's Discipline.*

There are no crown wearers in heaven who were not cross-bearers here below.
l. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Cross Bearers.*

Trials teach us what we are; they dig up the soil, and let us see what we are made of; they just turn up some of the ill weeds on to the surface.
m. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. The Use of Trial.*

Amid my list of blessings infinite
Stands this the foremost "That my heart has bled."
n. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 497.

TRIFLES.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.
o. AKENSIDE—*The Virtuoso.* St. 10.

These little things are great to little man.
p. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 42.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
* * * * * * *
O let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
q. HANNAH MORE—*Sensibility.*

At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense.
r. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 386.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
s. *A Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Come gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
t *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Trifles, light as air.
u. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year.
v. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire VI. Line 205

TRUST.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel.
w. BACON—*Essay. Of Counsel.*

I too
Will cast the spear and leave the rest to Jove
x. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XVII. Line 622.

I trusted you
As holy men trust God. You could do naught
That was not pure and loving,—though the deed
Might pierce me unto death.
y. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Youth, health, and hope may fade, but there is left
A soul that trusts in Heaven, though thus of all bereft.
z. EMMA CATHERINE EMBURY—*Sonnet. Confidence in Heaven*

Put your trust in God; but, mind to keep your powder dry.
aa. EDWARD HAYES—*Ballads of Ireland.*

If he were
To be made honest by an act of parliament,
I should not alter in my faith of him.
bb. BEN JONSON—*The Devil Is An Ass.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart which, if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.
a. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE—*Faith.*

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!
b. LONGFELLOW—*Hymn.*

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.
c. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. IV.

"Eyes to the blind"
Thou art, O God! Earth I no longer see,
Yet trustfully my spirit looks to thee.
d. ALICE BRADLEY NEAL—*Blind.* Pt. II.

You may trust him in the dark.
e. *Roman Proverb Cited by Cicero.*

I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee.
f. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

My life upon her faith.
g. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

My man's as true as steel.
h. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 4.

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!
i. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

TRUTH.

The deepest truths are best read between the lines, and, for the most part, refuse to be written.
j. ALCOTT—*Concord Days. June. Goethe.*

Truth is sensitive and jealous of the least encroachment upon its sacredness.
k. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk. Implication.*

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.
l. BACON—*Essays. Of Truth.*

How sweet the words of truth, breathed from the lips of love?
m. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. II. St. 52.

Speak truly, shame the devil.
n. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Wit Without Money.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Truth, like the sun, submits to be obscured, but, like the sun, only for a time
o. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Truth.*

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
p. BRYANT—*The Battle Field.*

Now being lifted into high society,
And having pick'd up several odds and ends
Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,
He deem'd, being in a lone isle, among friends,
That without any danger of a riot, he
Might for long lying make himself amends;
And singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with truth.
q. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 83.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.
r. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto III. St. 22.

'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction.
s. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 101.

A man protesting against error is on the way towards uniting himself with all men that believe in truth.
t. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture IV.

Truth is the hiest thing that man may kepe.
u. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Frankeleine's Tale.* Line 11789.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
v. CHURCHILL—*Epistle to Hogarth.* Line 291.

O Truth is easy, and the light shines clear
In hearts kept open, honest and sincere!
w. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Evangel.* P. 183.

The power to bind and loose to Truth is given:
The mouth that speaks it, is the mouth of Heaven.
The power, which in a sense belongs to none,
Thus understood belongs to every one.
* * * * * * *
It owes its high prerogatives to none.
It shines *for* all, as shines the blessed sun;
It shines *in* all, who do not shut it out
By dungeon doors of unbelief and doubt.
To shine, it does not ask, O far from it,
For hierarchal privilege and permit.
Rabbi and priest may be chained down to lies,
And babes and sucklings winged to mount the skies.
x. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Evangel.* P. 181.

Truth in the end shall shine divinely clear,
But sad the darkness till those times appear.
y. CRABBE—*The Borough.* Letter IV.

But truths on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.
a. Cowper—*Tirocinium.* Line 77.

But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
b. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 270.

He is the free-man whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides.
c. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 133.

Truth is unwelcome, however divine.
d. Cowper—*The Flatting Mill.* St. 6.

Go forth and preach, impostures, to the world,
But give them truth to build upon.
e. Dante—*Vision of Paradise.* Canto XXIX. Line 116.

Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.
f. Dryden—*The Hind and the Panther.* Pt. I. Line 33.

Truth has rough flavours if we bite it through.
g. George Eliot—*Armgart.* Sc. 2.

The nobler the truth or sentiment, the less imports the question of authorship.
h. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Truth is the summit of being; justice is the application of it to affairs.
i. Emerson—*Essay. Of Character.*

Truth only smells sweet forever, and illusions, however innocent, are deadly as the canker worm.
j. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
k. Gay—*The Painter who Pleased Nobody and Everybody.*

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
l. Goldsmith—*The Deserted Village.* Line 179.

One truth discovered is immortal, and entitles its author to be so: for, like a new substance in nature, it cannot be destroyed.
m. Hazlitt—*The Spirit of the Age. Jeremy Bentham.*

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.
n. Herbert—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at a touch; it will be round and full at evening.
o. Holmes—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. V.

The best way to come to truth being to examine things as really they are, and not to conclude they are, as we fancy of ourselves, or have been taught by others to imagine.
p. Locke—*Human Understanding.* Bk. II. Ch. XII.

To love truth for truth's sake, is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues.
q. Locke—*Letter to Anthony Collins, Esq.*

I have already
The bitter taste of death upon my lips;
I feel the pressure of the heavy weight
That will crush out my life within this hour;
But if a word could save me, and that word
Were not the Truth; nay, if it did but swerve
A hair's-breadth from the Truth, I would not say it!
r. Longfellow—*Christus.* Pt. III. *Giles Corey.* Act V. Sc. 2.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torches fire—
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus truth silences the liar.
s. Longfellow—*Poetic Aphorisms. Truth.*

Got but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.
t. Lowell—*A Glance Behind the Curtain.* Line 173.

Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill.
u. Lowell—*On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington.*

Truth forever on the scaffold. Wrong forever on the throne.
v. Lowell—*The Present Crisis.*

Arm thyself for the truth.
w. Bulwer-Lytton—*The Lady of Lyons.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Truth makes on the ocean of nature no one track of light—every eye looking on finds its own.
x. Bulwer-Lytton—*Caxtoniana.* Essay XIV.

There is no veil like light—no adamantine armor against hurt like the truth.
y. George MacDonald—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXXI.

Truth, when not sought after, sometimes comes to light.
z. Menander—*Ex Verberatâ.* P. 160.

Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toil'd and striven;
And many have striven, and many have fail'd,
And many died, slain by the truth they assail'd.
a. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 1.

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones
Forget not.
b. Milton—*Sonnet. Massacre in Piedmont.*

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
c. Milton—*Comus.* Line 13.

Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on.
d. Milton—*Areopagitica.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.
e. Milton—*The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth.
f. Pindar.

Truth is the source of every good to gods and men. He who expects to be blessed and fortunate in this world should be a partaker of it from the earliest moment of his life, that he may live as long as possible a person of truth for such a man is trustworthy.
g. Plato—*Seg.* V. 3.

A face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts severe upon a rising Lie.
h. Pope—*Epistle to James Craggs.*

Farewell then Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All.
i. Pope—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 17.

Plain truth, * * * needs no flow'rs of speech.
j. Pope—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. VI. Line 3.

Since truthfulness, as a conscious virtue and sacrifice, is the blossom, nay, the pollen, of the whole moral growth, it can only grow with its growth, and open when it has reached its height.
k. Jean Paul Richter—*Levana. Sixth Fragment.* Ch. II.

But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
l. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have a cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.
m. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 3.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
n. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.
o. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
p. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Tell truth, and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither.
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth: and shame the devil.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.
r. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

They breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
s. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
t. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
u. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
v. *Measure for Measure.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Truth makes all things plain.
w. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

What, can the devil speak true?
x. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Truth is always straightforward.
y. Sophocles—*Antig.* 1195.

Search for the truth is the noblest occupation of man; its publication a duty.
z. Madame de Staël—*Germany.* Pt. IV. Ch. II.

Truth, and, by consequence, liberty, will always be the chief power of honest men.
aa. Madame de Staël—*Coppet et Weimar. Letter to Gen. Moreau.*

Truth is the work of God, falsehoods are the work of man.
a. MADAME DE STAËL—*Germany.* Pt. IV. Ch. II.

Tell truth, and shame the devil.
b. SWIFT—*Mary, the Cookmaid's Letter.*

Friendly free discussion calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
c. THOMSON—*Liberty.* Pt. II. Line 230.

Truths that wake,
To perish never.
d. WORDSWORTH—*Ode. Imitations of Immortality.* St. 9.

Truth is sunk in the deep.
e. YONGE'S *Cicero. Academical Quest.* Div. XII.

Truth never was indebted to a lie.
f. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 587.

TWILIGHT.

The sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing in porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
As if the very Day paused and grew Eve.
g. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. II. Line 466.

Fair Venus shines
Even in the eve of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shapes a trembling flood
Of softened radiance from her dewey locks.
h. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

See where the falling day
In silence steals away
Behind the western hills withdrawn:
Her fires are quenched, her beauty fled,
While blushes all her face o'erspread,
As conscious she had ill fulfilled
The promise of the dawn.
i. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*To-morrow.*

Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.
j. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 29.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
k. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 49.

How lovely are the portals of the night,
When stars come out to watch the daylight die.
l. THOMAS COLE—*Twilight.*

Now the last red ray is gone;
Now the twilight shadows hie.
m. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Angelus.*

Along the west the golden bars
Still to a deeper glory grew;
Above our heads the faint few stars
Looked out from the unfathomed blue;
And the fair city's clamorous jars
Seemed melted in the evening hue.
n. W. B. GLAZIER—*Cape-Cottage at Sunset.*

In the twilight of morning to climb to the top of the mountain,—
Thee to salute, kindly star, earliest herald of day,—
And to await, with impatience, the gaze of the ruler of heaven.—
Youthful delight, oh how oft lur'st thou me out in the night!
o. GOETHE—*Venetian Epigrams.*

Sweet shadows of twilight! how calm their repose,
While the dew drops fall soft in the breast of the rose!
How blest to the toiler his hour of release
When the vesper is heard with its whisper of peace!
p. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. Our Banker.* St. 12.

The lengthening shadows wait
The first pale stars of twilight.
q. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. Even-Song.* St. 6.

Serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest and twilight prevailed.
r. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. 1.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Caressed the mountain-tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands
Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Monte Cassino.* St. 10.

The sun is set; and in his latest beams
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,
The falling mantle of the Prophet seems.
t. LONGFELLOW—*A Summer Day by the Sea.*

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Twilight.*

From that high mount of God whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had changed
To grateful twilight.
v. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 643.

Twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 598.

O the sweet, sweet twilight, just before the time of rest,
When the black clouds are driven away, and the stormy winds suppressed.
b. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. Twilight in the North.*

O the weird northern twilight, which is neither night or day,
When the amber wake of the long-set sun still marks his western way.
c. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. Twilight in the North.*

Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweet light,
Fair fleeting sister of the mournful night.
d. MRS. NORTON—*The Winter's Walk.*

O Twilight! Spirit that does render birth
To dim enchantments, melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like atmosphere of dreams.
e. MRS. NORTON—*Picture of Twilight.*

Th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun has lengthen'd ev'ry shade.
f. POPE—*Autumn.* Line 98.

Gloom upon the mountain lies,—
Dusk in the gorges darkens low.
g. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Old Songs and New. Nineteen.*

Night was drawing and closing her curtain up above the world, and down beneath it.
h. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. II.

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
i. ROGERS—*Pleasures of Memory.*

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.
j. *Sonnet XXXIII.*

The glow-worm shows the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
k. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
m. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn.
n. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day;
Night followed, clad with stars.
o. SHELLEY—*Alastor.*

Now the soft hour
Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others.
p. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1378.

TYRANNY.

A king ruleth as he ought, a tyrant as he lists, a king to the profit of all, a tyrant only to please a few.
q. ARISTOTLE.

The tyrant now
Trusts not to men: nightly within his chamber
The watch-dog guards his couch, the only friend
He now dare trust.
r. JOANNA BAILLIE—*Ethwald.*

What strikes the crown
Of tyrants down
And answers with its flash their frown?
The sword.
s. M. J. BARRY—*The Nation Newspaper.*

Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest.
t. BLAIR—*The Grave.*

Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper.
u. BROOKE—*Gustavus Vasa.*

Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle.
v. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

The old human fiends,
With one foot in the grave, with dim eyes, strange
To tears save drops of dotage, with long white
And scanty hairs, and shaking hands, and heads
As palsied as their hearts are hard, they council,
Cabal, and put men's lives out, as if life
Were no more than the feelings long extinguish'd
In their accursed bosoms.
a. BYRON—*The Two Foscari.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
The negligence—the apathy—the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.
b. BYRON—*Sardanapalus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Tyranny is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
None rebels except subjects? The prince who
Neglects or violates his trust is more
A brigand than the robber-chief.
c. BYRON—*The Two Foscari.* Act II. Sc. 1.

What
Are a few drops of human blood?—'tis false,
The blood of tyrants is not human; they
Like to incarnate Molochs, feed on ours,
Until 'tis time to give them to the tombs
Which they have made so populous.—Oh world!
Oh men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime?
d. BYRON—*Marino Faliero.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

He who strikes terror into others is himself in continual fear.
e. CLAUDIANUS.

Of all the evils that infest a state,
A tyrant is the greatest: there the laws
Hold not one common tenor; his sole will
Commands the laws, and lords it over them.
f. EURIPIDES—*Supp.* 429.

Necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 393.

O mighty father of the gods! when once dire lust, dyed with raging poison, has fired their minds, vouchsafe to punish cruel tyrants in no other way than this, that they see virtue and pine away at having forsaken her.
h. PERSIUS.

Power exercised with violence has seldom been of long duration, but temper and moderation generally produce permanence in all things.
i. SENECA.

The most imperious masters over their own servants are at the same time the most abject slaves to the servants of other masters.
j. SENECA.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!
k. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

For what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
l. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

He hath no friends but what are friends for fear;
Which in his dearest need, will fly from him.
m. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 2.

How can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
n. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act III. Sc. 3.

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name.
o. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years
p. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
q. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
r. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do.
s. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

This tyrant whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest.
a. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

A company of tyrants is inaccessible to all seductions.
b. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionery. Tyranny.*

A despot has always some good moments.
c. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Tyranny.*

The sovereign is called a tyrant who knows no law but his caprice.
d. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Tyranny.*

U.

UNBELIEF.

Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning, he cannot quite bury under the Finite.
e. CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus.* Bk. II. Ch. IX.

The fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself.
f. CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus.* Bk. II. Ch. VII.

There is no strength in unbelief. Even the unbelief of what is false is no source of might. It is the truth shining from behind that gives the strength to disbelieve.
g. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XLII.

Unbelief is blind.
h. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 519.

Better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.
i. SCOTT—*The Monastery.* Ch. XII.

More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
j. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

UNITY.

By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.
k. JOHN DICKINSON—*The Liberty Song.*

Our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.
l. GEORGE ELIOT—*Brother and Sister.* Pt. I. St. 1.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky:
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!
m. HOLMES—*Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline.*

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.
n. MARIA LOVELL—*Translation of Ingomar the Barbarian.* Act II.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.
o. MACAULAY—*Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius.* St. 32.

The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the flag of our Union for ever!
p. GEORGE P. MORRIS—*The Flag of our Union.*

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
q. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

UNKINDNESS.

As "unkindness has no remedy at law," let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.
r. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness,—that is, suffering in the bosom of others.
s. BENTHAM.

Hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow.
t. GRAY—*Eton College.* St. 8.

Unkindness may do much;
And his unknindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.
u. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
v. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

She hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here.
b. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

V.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

On paper curiously shaped
Scribblers to-day of every sort,
In verses Valentines y'clep'd,
To Venus chime their annual court.
I too will swell the motley throng,
And greet the all auspicious day,
Whose privilege permits my song,
My love thus secret to convey.
c. HENRY C. BOHN—*MS.; Dictionary of Poetical Quotations. Valentines.*

Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
Birds choose their mates, and couple to this day;
But by their flight I never can devine
When I shall couple with my valentine.
d. HERRICK—*Amatory Odes.* 188.

No popular respect will I omit
To do the honour on this happy day,
When every loyal lover tasks his wit
His simple truth in studious rhymes to pay,
And to his mistress dear his hopes convey.
Rather than know it I would still outrun
All calendars with Love's, whose date alway
Thy bright eyes govern better than the sun,
For with thy favour was my life begun:
And still I reckon on from smiles to smiles,
And not by Summers, for I thrive on none
But those thy cheerful countenance compiles.
Oh! if it be to choose and call thee mine
Love, thou art every day my Valentine!
e. HOOD—*Sonnet. For the 14th of February.*

Oh! cruel heart! ere these posthumous papers
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath;
Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost; but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.
f. HOOD—*A Valentine.*

Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric. Like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar.
g. LAMB.

Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
And awaken'd the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The twopenny post's in despair;
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom and spray,
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's day.
h. PRÆD—*14th of February.*

Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
i. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
j. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

The fourteenth of February is a day sacred to St. Valentine! It was a very odd notion, alluded to by Shakespeare, that on this day birds begin to couple; hence, perhaps, arose the custom of sending on this day letters containing professions of love and affection.
k. NOAH WEBSTER.

Now all Nature seem'd in love
And birds had drawn their Valentines.
l. WOLTON.

VALOR.

Deep vengeance is the daughter of deep silence.
m. ALFIERI.

O friends, be men, and let your hearts be strong,
And let no warrior in the heat of fight
Do what may bring him shame in other's eyes;
For more of those who shrink from shame are safe
Than fall in battle, while with those who flee
Is neither glory nor reprieve from death.
n. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. V. Line 667.

There is always safety in valor.
o. EMERSON—*The "Times."*

Valor consists in the power of self-recovery.
p. EMERSON—*Essays. Circles.*

In vain doth valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.
q. MILTON—*Sonnet. To the Lord General Fairfax.*

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly:
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
a. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who, having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

Muster your wits: stand in your defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
c. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us.
d. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 13.

When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 2.

VANITY.

Vanity is as ill at ease under indifference as tenderness is under the love which it cannot return.
f. George Eliot—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. I. Ch. XI.

Those who live on vanity must not unreasonably expect to die of mortification.
g. Mrs. Ellis—*Pictures of Private Life. Second Series. The Pains of Pleasing.* Ch. III.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair.
h. Lord Lyttleton—*Advice to a Lady.*

Not a vanity is given in vain.
i. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 290.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
j. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
k. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

VARIETY.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.
l. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 606.

Variety's the source of joy below,
From which still fresh revolving pleasures flow;
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
And only change the expiring flame renews.
m. Gay—*Epistles.*

Countless the various species of mankind,
Countless the shades which sep'rate mind from mind;
No general object of desire is known,
Each has his will, and each pursues his own.
n. Gifford—*Perseus.*

Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
o. Milton—*Comus.* Line 710.

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
p. Pope—*Windsor Forest.* Line 13.

Variety alone gives joy;
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
q. Prior—*The Turtle and the Sparrow.* Line 234.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.
r. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

VERSATILITY.

So well she acted all and every part
By turns—with that vivacious versatility,
Which many people take for want of heart.
They err—'tis merely what is call'd mobility,
A thing of temperament and not of art,
Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;
And false—though true; for surely they're sincerest
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.
s. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XVI. St. 97.

VICE.

Vice gets more in this vicious world
Than piety.
t. Beaumont and Fletcher—*Love's Cure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.
u. Burke—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down.
v. Byron—*English Bards.* Line 615.

Lash the vice and follies of the age.
a. SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE—*Prologue to the Maid Bewitched.*

Ne'er blush'd unless in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares.
b. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 137.

Vice stings us, even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.
c. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
d. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. II. Line 216.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
e. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 217.

We do not despise all those who have Vices, but we despise all those who have not a single Virtue.
f. ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Why is there no man who confesses his Vices? It is because he has not yet laid them aside. It is a waking man only who can tell his dreams.
g. SENECA.

O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
h. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself.
j. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 1.

VICTORY.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
k. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 45.

And though mine arms should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.
l. THOS. DEKKER—*Old Fortunatus.*

Then all shall be set right, and the man shall have his mare again.
m. DRYDEN—*Love Triumphant.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than War.
n. MILTON—*Sonnet. To the Lord General Cromwell.*

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 648.

Self conquest is the greatest of victories.
p. PLATO.

We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms.
q. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 263.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances.
r. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 19

With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.
s. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto VI. St. 32.

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.
t. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I came, saw, and overcame.
u. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 3.

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 3.

To whom God will, there be the victory.
w. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

With the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."
y. SOUTHEY—*Battle of Blenheim.*

VILLAINY.

Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels, and dark politics.
z. POPE—*Temple of Fame.* Line 410.

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends, stol'n forth of holy writ
And seem a saint when most I play the devil
aa. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

O villainy!—How? Let the door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out. Sc. 2.
bb. *Hamlet.* Act V.

The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy.
cc. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Villain and he be many miles away.
dd. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

VIRTUE.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
a. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 4.

One's outlook is a part of his virtue.
b. ALCOTT—*Concord Days. April. Outlook.*

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven; a happiness
That, even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
Exalts great Nature's favourites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
c. ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. IV. Line 284.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.
d. BACON—*Essay. Of Beauty.*

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.
e. BACON—*Essay. Of Adversity.*

There is no road or ready way to virtue; it is not an easy point of art to disentangle ourselves from this riddle or web of sin.
f. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Sec. 55.

Whilst shame keeps its watch, virtue is not wholly extinguished in the heart.
g. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Fie on possession,
But if a man be vertuous withal.
h. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Frankeleynes.* Prologue. Line 10988.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge.
i. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Manciples Tale.* Line 17281.

The great theatre for virtue is conscience.
j. CICERO.

Well may your heart believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.
k. COLLINS—*Eclogue I.* Line 5. *Selim.*

Is he not a man of complete virtue who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?
l. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Ch. IV.

Is virtue a thing remote? I wish to be virtuous, and lo! virtue is at hand.
m. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors.
n. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

And he by no uncommon lot
Was famed for virtues he had not.
o. COWPER—*To the Rev. William Bull.* Line 19.

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue: the only lasting treasure, truth.
p. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 268.

Virtue alone is happiness below.
q. CRABBE—*The Borough.* Letter XVII.

Virtue, dear Friend! needs no defence;
The surest guard is innocence:
None knew till guilt created fear
What darts or poison'd arrows were.
r. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommom)—*Translation. The Twenty-second Ode of 1st Book of Horace.* St 1.

A virtuous deed should never be delay'd,
The impulse comes from Heav'n, and he who strives
A moment to repress it, disobeys
The god within his mind.
s. ALEXANDER DOW—*Sethona.*

Virtue is her own reward.
t. DRYDEN—*Tyrannic Love.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
u. DRYDEN—*Imitation of Horace.* Bk. I. Ode XXIX. Line 87.

It is a far greater virtue to love the true for itself alone, than to love the good for itself alone.
v. EMERSON—*First Visit to England.*

The only reward of virtue is virtue.
w. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

Oh, Virtue! I have followed you through life, and find you at last but a shade.
x. EURIPIDES.

Fooled thou must be, though wisest of the wise:
Then be the fool of virtue, not of vice.
y. *From the Persian.*

Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct the eternal will?
Seek virtue, and, of that possest,
To Providence resign the rest.
z. GAY—*The Father and Jupiter.*

The virtuous nothing fear but life with shame,
And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.
aa. GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne)—*Verses Written* 1690.

Virtue is its own reward.
bb. GAY—*Epistle to Methuen.* Line 42.

His failings leaned to virtue's side.
cc. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 164.

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ of the first upgrowth of all virtue.
dd. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Health and Education. The Science of Health.*

Virtue is an angel, but she is a blind one, and must ask of knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal.
a. MANN—*A Few Thoughts for a Young Man.*

God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person, more than the restraint of ten vicious.
b. MILTON—*Areopagitica. A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.*

Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.
c. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 1022.

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk.
d. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 373.

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt.
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
e. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 589.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;
In part she is to blame that has been try'd,
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.
f. LADY MONTAGU—*The Lady's Resolve.* Line 9.

Virtue is to herself the best reward.
g. HENRY MOORE—*Cupid's Conflict.*

As for you, I shall advise you in a few words: aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or the other.
h. PERICLES—*Oration to the Athenian Women.*

Virtue only finds eternal Fame.
i. PETRARCH—*The Triumph of Fame.* Pt. I. Line 183.

The most virtuous of all men is he that contents himself with being virtuous without seeking to appear so.
j. PLATO.

But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
k. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 149.

Court-virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same Sun with all diffusive rays
Blush in the Rose, and in the Di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.
l. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 141.

Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
m. POPE—*Moral Essay.* Ep. III. Line 287.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is Happiness below."
n. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 309.

O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue even for virtue's sake.
o. POPE—*Temple of Fame.* Line 364.

There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue.
p. POPE—*On His Death-Bed. Johnson's Life of Pope.*

The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize.
q. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 168.

So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, so soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.
r. POPE—*Epitaph VI.*

Virtue may choose the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing.
s. POPE—*Epilogue to Satires.* Dialogue I. Line 137.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies forever.
t. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 163.

Virtue is its own reward.
u. PRIOR—*Imitation of Horace.* Bk. III. Ode II.
GAY—*Epistle to Methuen.*
HOME—*Douglas.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.
v. ROGERS—*On a Tear.*

According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
w. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not,
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's evil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on.
x. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.
a. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg.
b. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

His virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off.
c. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing!—let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.
d. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.
e. *Pericles.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.
f. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 3.

My robe
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own.
h. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
i. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The trumpet of his own virtues.
j. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee,
Heaven doth with us as we with lighted torches do,
Not light them, for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.
k. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 1.

To show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and presence.
l. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
m. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition.
n. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
o. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin that amends, is but patched with virtue.
p. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 3.

There is no happiness without virtue.
q. Madame de Staël—*Influence of the Passions.* Introduction.

Virtue often trips and falls on the sharp-edged rock of poverty.
r. Eugène Sue.

Virtue, the greatest of all monarchies.
s. Swift—*Ode. To the Hon. Sir William Temple.*

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man.
t. Thomas—*Castle of Indolence.* Canto I. St. 16.

Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.
u. Waller—*Epigram Upon the Golden Medal.*

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.
v. Walton—*Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. II. (Continued.)

Virtue, a reward to itself.
w. Walton—*Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. I.

Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder.
x. Geo. Washington—*Moral Maxims. Virtue and Vice. The Trial of Virtue.*

I have ever thought,
Nature doth nothing so great for great men,
As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of truth.
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death shall crown the end.
y. John Webster—*The Duchess of Malfi.* Act V. Sc. 5.

To know the world, not love her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little long.
z. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1276.

To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the conqueror.
a. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 133.

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
b. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 314.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death.
c. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 650.

VOICE.

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
d. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XV. St. 13.

Her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.
e. LONGFELLOW—*The Spirit of Poetry.* Last Lines.

O, how wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul!
f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. III.

Oh, there is something in that voice that reaches
The innermost recesses of my spirit!
g. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. I. *The Divine Tragedy. The First Passover.* Pt. VI.

Thy voice
Is a celestial melody.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora.* Pt. V.

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses.
i. MASSINGER—*The Old Law.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
j. POPE—*To Augustus.* Bk. II. Ep. I. Line 89.

A sweet voice, a little indistinct and muffled, which caresses and does not thrill; an utterance which glides on without emphasis, and lays stress only on what is deeply felt.
k. GEORGES SAND—*Handsome Lawrence.* Ch. III.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
l. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains: each a mighty Voice.
m. WORDSWORTH—*Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.*

W.

WAR.

My voice is still for war.
n. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade:
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.
o. BRYANT—*Our Country's Call.*

The chance of war
Is equal, and the slayer oft is slain.
p. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XVIII. Line 388.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, whom Bruce has aften led:
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!
q. BURNS—*Bruce to his Troops at Bannockburn.*

And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop.
r. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 13.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.
s. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 1.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
t. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. CantoIII. Line 243.

For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least of th' enemy.
u. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 609.

In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat.
v. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 607.

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty.
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.

a. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 359.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peel on peel afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

b. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 25.

Hand to hand, and foot to foot;
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder.

c. BYRON—*Siege of Corinth.* St. 24.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

d. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 54.

The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!

e. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 28.

War, War is still the cry, "War to the knife."

f. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 86.

When all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead.

g. BYRON—*Siege of Corinth.* St. 17.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

h. CAMPBELL—*Hohenlinden.*

Around me the steed and the rider are lying,
To wake at the bugle's loud summons no more—
And here is the banner that o'er them was flying,
Torn, trampled, and sullied, with earth and with gore.
With morn—where the conflict the wildest was roaring,
Where sabres were clashing, and death-shot were pouring,
That banner was proudest and loftiest soaring—
Now standard and banner alike are no more!

i. ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER—*Battle-Field.* St. 2.

War will never yield but to the principles of universal justice and love, and these have no sure root but in the religion of Jesus Christ.

j. CHANNING—*War.*

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real int'rest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other.

k. COWPER—*The Nightingale and Glow-worm.*

War's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.

l. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 187.

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

m. DRAYTON—*Ballad of Agincourt.*

Against beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.
Hills piled on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the sky.

n. DRYDEN'S *Ovid's Metamorphoses. The Giants' War.* Line 2.

All delays are dangerous in war.

o. DRYDEN—*Tyrannic Love.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.

p. DRYDEN—*A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.*

War he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble.

q. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 97.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

r. NATHANIEL LEE—*Alexander the Great.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?
a. LONGFELLOW—*Arsenal at Springfield.* St. 8.

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
Ther you hev it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.
b. LOWELL—*The Bigelow Papers.* No. 1.

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.
c. LOWELL—*The Bigelow Papers.* No. 3.

War in men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.
d. MACKAY—*The Good Time Coming.*

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphan's tears,
Will not be drawn.
e. MASSINGER—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts.* Act V. Sc. 2.

There was war in the skies!
f. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto IV. St. 12.

Arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rage; dire was the noise
Of conflict.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 209.

Black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 670.

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 276.

My sentence is for open war.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 51.

Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 546.

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 719.

The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 536.

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 476.

The sword
Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
Was given him temper'd so that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half-cut sheer.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 320.

To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory.
p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 691.

What though the field be lost!
All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome.
q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 105.

'Tis a principle of war that when you can use the lightning, 'tis better than cannon.
r. NAPOLÉON.

Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions bear away their rage.
s. POPE—*Ode on St. Cecelia's Day.*

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
t. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 61.

She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
u. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 323.

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.
v. PORTEUS—*Death.* Line 178.

The waves
Of the mysterious death-river moaned;
The tramp, the shout, the fearful thunder-roar
Of red-breathed cannon, and the wailing cry
Of myriad victims, filled the air.
w. PRENTICE—*Lookout Mountain.*

Stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
x. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto V. St. 10.

Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
When shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!
a. Scott—*Marmion.* Canto VI. St. 34.

Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum.
b. Scott—*On the Massacre of Glencoe.* St. 3.

All the god's go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
c. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 3.

All was lost,
But that the heavens fought.
d. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
e. *King John.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Blow, wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight boldly, yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!
h. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules;
Religious canons, civil laws, are cruel;
Then what should war be?
i. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd.
j. *Titus Andronicus.* Act V. Sc. 1.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds.
k. *Henry V.* Act IV. Chorus.

Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannonier without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to the earth.
l. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Grim-visag'd war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.
m. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbeat.
n. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls
The cry is still, "They come."
o. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war.
p. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 3.

He which hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart; his passport shall be made.
q. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

His valour shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 5.

I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
s. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 2.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.
t. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 1.

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
* * * * * * *
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
u. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough."
v. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum.
w. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
x. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
* * * * * * *
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
y. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
a. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
b. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Our battle is more full of names than yours;
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good.
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.
d. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 2.

O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 13.

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down, with heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries.
f. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.
g. *Sonnet XXXV.*

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Marias with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
i. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 3.

Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.
j. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 2.

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers, closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
k. *Henry V.* Act IV. Chorus.

The arms are fair
When the intent for bearing them is just.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 2.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war.
m. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 4.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
n. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
o. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
p. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The nimble gunner
With lynstock now the devilish cannon touches,
And down goes all before him.
q. *Henry V.* Act III. Chorus.

The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war.
r. *Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1.

There are few die well that die in a battle.
s. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

The toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search.
t. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
u. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 1.

Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain.
v. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd without impediment.
w. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 2.

War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.
y. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 3.

We must have bloody noses—and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!
a. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

Whilst my trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 4.

Your breath first kindled the dead coals of war
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
c. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
d. SWIFT—*Poetry. A Rhapsody.*

War, that mad game the world so loves to play.
e. SWIFT—*Ode to Sir Wm. Temple.*

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd.
f. TENNYSON—*Charge of the Light Brigade.*

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual ways of preserving peace.
g. GEORGE WASHINGTON—*Speech to both Houses of Congress*, Jan. 8, 1790.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.
h. DUKE OF WELLINGTON—*Despatch.* 1815.

One to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
i. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire VII. Line 55.

WATER.

Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boats'-crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.
j. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 84.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink!
k. COLERIDGE—*Ancient Mariner.* Pt. II. St. 9.

O fair is the virgin Lymph, fresh from the fountain,
Sleeping in crystal wells,
Leaping in shady dells
Or issuing clear from the womb of the mountain,
Sky-mated, related, Earth's holiest Daughter!
Not the hot kiss of wine,
Is half so divine,
As the sip of thy lip, inspiring Cold Water!
l. ABRAHAM COLES—*Ode to Cold Water.*

The streak of silver sea.
m. GLADSTONE—*Edinburgh Review.* Oct., 1870. *Applied to the English Channel and quoted by Col. C. Chesney and Lord Salisbury.*

Water its living strength first shows,
When obstacles its course oppose.
n. GOETHE—*God, Soul, and World. Rhymed Distichs.*

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.
o. BEN JONSON—*The Forest. Song.*

Water is the mother of the vine,
The nurse and fountain of fecundity,
The adorner and refresher of the world.
p. CHAS. MACKAY—*The Dionysia.*

The rising world of waters dark and deep.
q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 11.

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.
r. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of.
s. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout,
And gushing out below,
Half frantic in its joyousness,
And wild in eager flow.
The earth is dried and parch'd with heat,
And it hath long'd to be
Released from out the selfish cloud,
To cool the thirsty tree.
t. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH—*Water.*

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by feverish lips
May give a thrill of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
u. TALFOURD—*Sonnet III.*

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
v. SAMUEL WOODWORTH—*The Old Oaken Bucket.*

WEAKNESS.

Amiable weakness of human nature.
a. GIBBON—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Ch. XIV.

And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
b. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 271.

To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 157.

I know and love the good, yet, ah! the worst pursue.
d. PETRARCH—*To Laura in Life.* Sonnet CCXXVI.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! Woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain.
e. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 75.

WEALTH.

How beauteous are rouleaus! how charming chests
Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins
(Not of old victors, all whose heads and crests
Weigh not the thin ore where their visage shines,
But) of fine unclipt gold, where dully rests
Some likeness, which the glittering cirque confines,
Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp;
Yes! ready money *is* Aladdin's lamp.
f. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XII. St. 12.

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living,—all the pleasure of doing good to others,—all the esteem of his fellow-citizens,—and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; poor man, says I, you do, indeed, pay too much for your whistle.
g. BENJ. FRANKLIN—*The Whistle.*

Wealth brings noble opportunities, and competence is a proper object of pursuit, but wealth, and even competence, may be bought at too high a price. Wealth itself has no moral attribute. It is not money, but the love of money, which is the root of all evil. It is the relation between wealth and the mind and the character of its possessor which is the essential thing.
h. HILLARD—*The Dangers and Duties of the Mercantile Profession. Address before the Mercantile Library Association.* 1850.

Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at home
Can be contented to applaud myself, * * with joy
To see how plump my bags are and my barns.
i. BEN JONSON—*Every Man Out of His Humour.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Private credit is wealth, public honour is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage, and you pin him to the earth.
j. JUNIUS—*Letter XLII.*

If one have either the giftes of Fortune, as greate riches, or of Nature, as seemly personage, he is to be despised in respect of learning.
k. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness.
l. MARLOWE—*The Jew of Malta.* Act I.

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 690.

Mammon led them on—
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 678.

Get Place and Wealth, if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.
o. POPE—*Epistles of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk. I. Line 103.

What Riches give us let us then enquire:
Meat, Fire, and Clothes. What more? Meat, Clothes, and Fire.
Is this too little?
p. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 79.

Wealth is a weak anchor, and glory cannot support a man; this is the law of God, that virtue only is firm, and cannot be shaken by a tempest.
q. PYTHAGORAS.

Lack of desire is the greatest riches.
r. SENECA.

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
s. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 6.

For they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.
t. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.
u. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
a. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.
b. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses! why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.
c. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends.
d. SPRAGUE—*Curiosity.*

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
e. SWIFT'S *Horace.* Satire VI. Bk.

The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in Nature or in book
Delights us, Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry: and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.
f. WORDSWORTH—*Written in London.* Sept., 1802.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
g. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 379.

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy.
h. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 519.

WELCOME.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
i. BYRON—*Don Juan*—Canto I. St. 123.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
j. THOMAS O. DAVIS—*The Welcome.*

The atmosphere
Breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers
Seem full of welcomes.
k. LONGFELLOW—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. V.

Welcome, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside.
l. LONGFELLOW—*To an Old Danish Song-Book.*

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy: Welcome.
m. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
n. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Bid him welcome; This is the motley-minded gentleman.
o. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly.
p. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 12.

His worth is warrant for his welcome.
q. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 4.

I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
r. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I reckon this always,—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and, the hostess say, welcome.
s. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.
t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.
u. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome.
v. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.
w. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

WICKEDNESS.

There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.
a. Beaumont and Fletcher—*A King and no King.* Act V. Sc. 4.

The world loves a spice of wickedness.
b. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Ch. VII. Bk. I.

'Cause I's wicked,—I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it.
c. Harriet Beecher Stowe—*Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Ch. XX.

WIFE.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
d. Byron—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto II. St. 20.

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?
e. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 8.

Thy wife is a constellation of virtues; she's the moon, and thou art the man in the moon.
f. Congreve—*Love for Love.* Act I. Sc. 5.

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife;
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
g. Cowper—*Love Abused.*

The wife was pretty, trifling, childish, weak;
She could not think, but would not cease to speak.
h. Crabbe—*Struggles of Conscience.*

'Tis a precious thing, when wives are dead,
To find such numbers who will serve instead.
And in whatever state a man be thrown,
'Tis that precisely they would wish their own.
i. Crabbe—*Learned Boy.*

When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day,
And when she disappears, begins the night.
j. Geo. Granville (Lord Lansdowne)—*The Duchess.*

A wife, domestic, good, and pure,
Like snail, should keep within her door;
But not, like snail, with silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.
k. W. W. How—*Good Wives.*

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
Before the door had given her to his eyes.
l. Keats—*Isabella.* St. 3.

But thou dost make the very night itself
Brighter than day.
m. Longfellow—*Christus. The Divine Tragedy. The First Passover.* Pt. III.

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.
n. Lord Lyttleton—*An Irregular Ode.*

To marry a wife, if we regard the truth, is an evil, but it is a necessary evil.
o. Menander—*Ex Incert. Comœd.* P. 230.

In the election of a wife, as in
A project of war, to err but once is
To be undone forever.
p. Middleton—*Anything for a Quiet Life.*

Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
q. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 17.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
r. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 232.

What thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey. So God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
s. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 635.

A man may spare,
And still be bare,
If his wife be nowt, if his wife be nowt;
But a man may spend,
And have money to lend,
If his wife be owt, if his wife be owt.
t. *Notes and Queries.* Feb. 10, 1866. *The Gypsy's Rhyme.*

All other goods by Fortune's hand are given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.
u. Pope—*January and May. From Chaucer.* Line 51.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion and a mid-day-devil.
Let not the wife these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry living bard.
v. Pope—*January and May.* Line 43.

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.
w. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another;
The third o' the world is yours; which, with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
x. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed.
y. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
a. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.
c. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
d. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II Sc. 4.

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
e. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

My dear, my better half.
f. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*Arcadia.* Bk. III.

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.
g. SIMONIDES.

A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey:
A hate of gossip parlance and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro all her placid life,
The queen of marriage,
A most perfect wife.
h. TENNYSON—*Isabel.*

WILL.

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known.
i. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto III. Line 547.

The general of a large army may be defeated, but you cannot defeat the determined mind of a peasant.
j. CONFUCIUS.

There is nothing good or evil save in the will.
k. EPICTETUS.

To deny the freedom of the will is to make morality impossible.
l. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

He who is firm in will moulds the world to himself.
m. GOETHE.

The only way of setting the Will free is to deliver it from wilfulness.
n. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

The readinesse of doing doth expresse
No other but the doer's willingnesse.
o. HERRICK—*Hesperides. Readinesse.*

A boy's will is the wind's will.
p. LONGFELLOW—*My Lost Youth.*

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.
q. LONGFELLOW—*The Light of Stars.*

No action will be considered as blameless, unless the will was so; for by this will the act was indicated.
r. SENECA.

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment.
s. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.
t. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Will is deaf, and hears no needful friends.
u. *Lucrece.* Line 495.

All
Life needs for life is possible to will.
v. TENNYSON—*Love and Duty.* Line 86.

Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.
w. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Introduction. St. 4.

WIND.

There is strange music in the stirring wind!
x. BOWLES—*Sonnets and Other Poems. November.*

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
y. BRYANT—*October.*

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep.
a. BRYANT—*The Evening Wind.*

Where hast thou wandered, gentle gale, to find
The perfumes thou dost bring?
By brooks, that through the winding meadows wind,
Or brink of rushy spring?
Or woodside, where, in little companies,
The early wild flowers rise,
Or sheltered lawn, where, mid encircling trees,
May's warmest sunshine lies?
b. BRYANT—*May Evening.* St. 2.

Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay,
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
And dearer yet the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men as thou dost pass.
c. BRYANT—*October.*

At midnight, while reposing on my couch,
His stealthy hand came feeling at my door
And at the lattice, till the frozen glass
Pealed out like bells held in the fairy hands
Which wrote the flourishes in frost-work there;
Thrusting his arm through every open pane,
Rattling the blinds, and scaring sleep away—
Piping a low base on the chimney's flute,
Unhinging careless gates, and swinging signs,
And with his lips upon a thousand tubes
At once, blew a loud universal blast.
d. GEORGE W. BUNGAY—*The Night Wind.*

Winds come whispering lightly from the west,
Kissing; not ruffling, the blue deep's serene.
e. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 70.

Soft blows the wind that breathes from that blue sky!
f. COLERIDGE—*From the German.*

The winds of winter wailing through the woods.
g. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Microcosm. Hearing. Powers of Sound, &c.*

The sobbing wind is fierce and strong,
Its cry is like a human wail.
h. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Solstice.*

How silent are the winds!
i. BARRY CORNWALL—*English Songs and Other Small Poems. The Sea—in Calm.*

I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere.
j. BARRY CORNWALL—*A Sicilian Story. Autumn.*

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
k. CUNNINGHAM—*A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.*

The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straighten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge.
l. DRYDEN—*Astræa Redux.* Line 242.

Perhaps the wind
Wails so in winter for the summer's dead,
And all sad sounds are nature's funeral cries
For what has been and is not.
m. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

The wind moans, like a long wail from some despairing soul shut out in the awful storm!
n W. HAMILTON GIBSON—*Pastoral Days. Winter.*

An ill wind that bloweth no man good—
The blower of which blast is she.
o. JOHN HEYWOOD—*Idleness.*

The wind has a language I would I could learn;
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern,
Sometimes it comes like a low swift song,
And all things grow calm as the strain floats along.
p. HONE—*Everyday Book.* P. 1285. *Improvisatrice.*

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen and it cheers me long.
q. LONGFELLOW—*Woods in Winter.*

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.
r. LONGFELLOW—*A Day of Sunshine.*

The wind is rising; it seizes and shakes
The doors and window-blinds, and makes
Mysterious moanings in the halls;
The convent-chimneys seem almost
The trumpets of some heavenly host,
Setting its watch upon our walls!
s. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. Divine Tragedy. The Third Passover.* First Interlude.

Wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. 11.

The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed.
b. MILTON—*Hymn on the Nativity.* St. 5.

While mocking winds are piping loud.
c. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 126.

Of winds that stir the bowers,
O, there is none that blows
Like the South, the gentle South;
For that balmy breeze is ours.
d. MOIR—*Song of the South.*

Never does a sweeter song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odors dying,
Wooes it with enamor'd sighing.
e. MOORE—*To Rosa.*

Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains,
Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy mountains,
Draughts of life to me.
f. D. M. MULOCK—*North Wind.*

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is.
g. JOHN SELDEN—*Libels.*

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them
Can hold the mortise?
h. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
i. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
j. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?
k. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
l. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
m. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

The sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise.
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.
o. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Fal.—What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Pis.—Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 3.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes.
q. SHELLEY—*Ode to the West Wind.* Pt. I.

O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
r. SHELLEY—*Ode to the West Wind.* Pt. V.

Through the gaunt woods the winds are shrilling cold,
Down from the rifted rock the sunbeam pours
Over the cold gray slopes, and stony moors.
s. FREDERICK TENNYSON—*First of March.*

A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the field of corn;
While the quail clamors for his running mate.
t. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1643.

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.
u. TUSSER—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie. Description of the Properties of Winds.*

I dropped my pen; and listened to the wind
That sang of trees uptorn and vessels tost;
A midnight harmony, and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains confined
Of business, care, or pleasure,—or resigned
To timely sleep.
v. WORDSWORTH—*I Dropped my Pen, and Listened to the Wind.*

WINE (AND SPIRITS).

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise;
'Twill make a man forget his woe,
'Twill heighten all his joy.
w. BURNS—*John Barleycorn.* St. 13.

Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach
Who please,—the more because they preach in vain,—
Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.
a. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 178.

Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels.
b. Byron—*Sweet Things.* St. 5.

Ten thousand casks,
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad then. 'Tis your country bids!
c. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 504.

Bacchus ever fair and young.
d. Dryden—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 54.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.
e. Goldsmith—*She Stoops to Conquer.* Act I. Sc. 1. *Song.*

Call things by their names * * * * *
Glass of brandy and water! That is the current, but not the appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation.
f. Robert Hall—*Gregory's Life of Hall.*

What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul; it bids the coward fight;
Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
Is there a mith whom bumpers have not taught
A flow of words, a loftiness of thought?
Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty
It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free.
g. Horace.

Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.
h. Sam'l Johnson—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

There is a devil in every berry of the grape.
i. Koran.

While our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
Let's hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!
j. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon.* Ode LXVIII.

There is a great fault in wine; it first trips up the feet, it is a cunning wrestler.
k. Plautus.

Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it.
l. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
m. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Give me a bowl of wine—
In this I bury all unkindness.
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

He calls for wine:—A health, quoth he, as if
He'd been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm.
o. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O thou invisible spirit of wine! If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.
p. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Wine has drowned more than the sea.
q. Publius Syrus.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt:
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide—if you draw not too fast.
r. Tusser—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie.* Ch. IX.

WISDOM.

Wisdom of our ancestors.
s. Burke—*Discussion on the Traitorous Correspondence Bill.* 1793.

But these are foolish things to all the wise,
And I love wisdom more than she loves me;
My tendency is to philosophise
On most things, from a tyrant to a tree;
But still the spouseless virgin Knowledge flies.
What are we? and whence come we? what shall be
Our ultimate existence? What's our present?
Are questions answerless and yet incessant.
t. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto VI. St. 63.

Wisdom is oft concealed in mean attire.
u. Yonge's *Cœcillius.* *Supra.*

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
v. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 96.

They whom truth and wisdom lead
Can gather honey from a weed.
w. Cowper—*The Pine-Apple and Bee.* Line 35.

Wisdom and goodness are twin-born, one heart
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart.
x. Cowper—*Expostulation.* Line 634.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay,
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.
y. Crabbe—*The Birth of Flattery.*

The end of wisdom is consultation and deliberation.
z. Demosthenes.

Who are a little wise the best fools be.
a. DONNE—*The Triple Fool.*

The wise, for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.
b. DRYDEN—*Epistle to John Dryden of Chesterton.* Verse 94.

Man thinks
Brutes have no wisdom, since they know not his:
Can we divine their world?
c. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

Wisdom is only in truth.
d. GOETHE.

Wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one
e. GOLDSMITH—*Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. XXI.

O, how faire frutes may you to mortall men
From wisdome's garden geve? How many may
By you the wiser and the better prove?
f. GRIMOALD—*Tottel's Miscellany.*

The heart is wiser than the intellect.
g. HOLLAND—*Kathrina.* Pt. II. St. 9.

Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom. It is as true as sunbeams.
h. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Fairy Tales.*

The only jewel which you can carry beyond the grave is wisdom.
i. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. III.

Socrates * * *
Whom, well inspir'd, the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 274.

So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 548.

Though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 686.

To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 192.

Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort,
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
o. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 375.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity.
p. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 12.

Wisdom, slow-product of laborious years,
The only fruit that life's cold winter bears.
Thy sacred seeds in vain in youth we lay,
By the fierce storm of passion torn away;
Should some remain in a rich gen'rous soil,
They long lie hid, and must be rais'd with toil;
Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,
No sooner born than the poor planter dies.
q. LADY MONTAGU—*Written at Louvere.* 1755.

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness; her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.
r. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. XXV.

When swelling buds their od'rous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
Redundant.
s. JOHN PHILIPS—*Cider.* Bk. I.

Tell (if you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all other's faults, and feel our own.
t. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 260.

Our wisdom is no less at fortune's mercy than our wealth.
u. ROCHEFOUCAULD.

A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men.
v. SAADI.

He who learns the rules of wisdom, without conforming to them in his life, is like a man who laboured in his fields, but did not sow.
w. SAADI.

I am a sage, and can command the elements—
At least men think I can.
x. SCOTT—*Quentin Durward.* Ch. XIII.

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk; and to make our actions and words all of a color.
y. SENECA.

Full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.
a. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.
b. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 5.

To that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety.
c. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
d. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 11.

Wise men ne'er sit and bewail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 4.

You are wise,
Or else you love not; For to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might.
g. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

As for me, all I know is that I know nothing.
h. SOCRATES.

Wisdom adorns riches, and shadows poverty.
i. SOCRATES.

The door step to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.
j. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. The First Lesson.*

By Wisdom wealth is won;
But riches purchased wisdom yet for none.
k. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Wisdom of All.*

The stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible.
l. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Wisdom of All.*

No man has too much wisdom, though learned he be,
And much too little, many less learned than he;
To fools though high in stature, no praise is meted,
The wise by all are honored though lowly seated.
m. EASAIAS TEGNÉR—*Fridthjof's Saga, King Beli and Thorstein.*

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.
n. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 71.

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise.
o. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CVII.

Wisdom sits alone,
Topmost in heaven:—she is its light—its God;
And in the heart of man she sits as high—
Though grovelling eyes forget her oftentimes,
Seeing but this world's idols. The pure mind
Sees her forever: and in youth we come
Fill'd with her sainted ravishment, and kneel,
Worshipping God through her sweet altar-fires,
And then is knowledge "good."
p. WILLIS—*The Scholar of Thebet. Ben Khorat.* Pt. II.

Wisdom is oft times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.
q. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. III.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.
r. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. VII.

Wisdom is the only thing which can relieve us from the sway of the passions and the fear of danger, and which can teach us to bear the injuries of fortune itself with moderation, and which shows us all the ways which lead to tranquility and peace.
s. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.* Bk. I. Div. 14.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
t. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 390.

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
u. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 282.

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
v. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 249.

Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom.
w. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 1314.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates;
Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all else,
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.
x. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 620.

Wisdom, awful wisdom! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last.
y. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1247.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool.
z. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 498.

WIT.

The next best thing to being witty one's-self, is to be able to quote another's wit.

a. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Quoters and Quoting.*

He must be a dull Fellow indeed, whom neither Love, Malice, nor Necessity, can inspire with Wit.

b. De La Bruyere—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights.

c. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II Canto I. Line 269.

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.

d. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 45.

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted.

e. Cervantes.

Wit and humour belong to genius alone.

f. Cervantes.

I am a fool, I know it; and yet, God help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit.

g. Congreve—*Love for Love.* Act I. Sc. 1.

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.

h. Cowper—*Conversation.* Line 303.

Wit, now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark.

i. Cowper—*Table Talk.* Line 665.

Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too long.

j. Dryden—*Sixth Satire of Juvenal.* Line 573.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

k. Dryden—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 163.

Their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

l. Fuller—*Of Natural Fools.*

Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food.

m. Hazlitt—*Lectures on the English Comic Writers.* Lecture I.

Wits' an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer:
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking;
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

n. Herbert—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

Wit, like money, bears an extra value when rung down immediately it is wanted. Men pay severely who require credit.

o. Douglas Jerrold—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Wit.*

Wit is the flower of the imagination.

p. Livy.

Wit is a dangerous weapon, even to the possessor, if he knows not how to use it discreetely.

q. Montaigne—*Essays.* Bk. II. Ch. XII.

When we seek after wit, we discover only foolishness.

r. Montesquieu.

Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

s. Moore—*Lines on Sheridan.*

Wit is the most rascally, contemptible, beggarly thing on the face of the earth.

t. Murphy—*The Apprentice.*

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

u. Pope—*Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 92.

If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?

v. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 446.

Modest plainness sets off sprightly wit,
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

w. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 302.

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

x. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 289.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

y. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 297.

'Twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

z. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 652.

Wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

aa. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 82.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

bb. Pope—*Epigram.*

A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out.

cc. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
a. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.
b. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.
c. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike.
e. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.
f. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief.
g. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.
h. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

They have a plentiful lack of wit.
i. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.
j. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth—it catches.
k. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
l. *Titus Andronicus:* Act II. Sc. 1.

Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumers, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marle."
m. SYDNEY SMITH—*Dangers and Advantages of Wit.*

One wit like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives a zest and flavour to the dish, but more than one serves only to spoil the pottage.
n. SMOLLETT—*Humphrey Clinker.*

Wit consists in knowing the resemblance of things which differ, and the difference of things which are alike.
o. MADAME DE STAËL—*Germany.* Pt. III. Ch. VIII.

Wit does not take the place of knowledge.
p. VAUVENARGUES.

Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone!
Nature has shown by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear.
q. YOUNG—*Epistle to Mr. Pope.* Ep. II. Line 80.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare,
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds.
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1219.

WOMAN.

Loveliest of Women! heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine forever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine,
s. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Divination seems heightened to its highest power in woman.
t. ALCOTT—*Concord Days. August. Woman.*

On one she smiled, and he was blest;
She smiles elsewhere—we make a din!
But 'twas not love which heaved her breast,
Fair child!—it was the bliss within.
u. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Euphrosyne.*

Woman's grief is like a summer storm,
Short as it is violent.
v. JOANNA BAILLIE—*Basil.*

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.
w. BARRETT—*Woman.* Pt. I.

Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!
What an inviting hell invented!
x. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Comedy of Monsieur Thomas.* Act III. Sc. 1.

A worthless woman! mere cold clay
As all false things are! but so fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware;
I would not play her larcenous tricks
To have her looks!
y. E. B. BROWNING—*Bianca Among the Nightingales.* St. 22.

You forget too much
That every creature, female as the male,
Stands single in responsible act and thought,
As also in birth and death.
a. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. II. Line 464.

And nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
b. Burns—*Green Grow the Rushes.*

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They've but one faculty, the will.
c. Butler—*Miscellaneous Thoughts.*

A lady with her daughters or her nieces,
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.
d. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 60.

And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify,
A woman, so she's good, what does it signify?
e. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 57.

But, O ye lords of ladies intellectual!
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?
f. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 22.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.
g. Byron—*Beppo.* St. 45.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's wish, "that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce;"
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
It being (not now, but only while a lad)
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once, from north to south.
h. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto VI. St. 27.

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.
i. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 53.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth.
j. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto VI. St. 53.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.
k. Byron—*She Walks in Beauty.*

Soft as the memory of buried love,
Pure, as the prayer which childhood wafts above.
l. Byron—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 6.

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast:
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breath'd out in a woman's hearing.
m. Byron—*Sardanapalus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her!
n. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto IX. St. 64.

Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
The woman pardon'd all except her face.
o. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 113.

The world was sad,—the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smil'd.
p. Campbell—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. II. Line 37.

Lo, what gentillesse these women have,
If we coude know it for our rudenesse!
How busie they be us to keepe and save,
Both in hele, and also in silkenesse!
And alway right sorrie for our distresse,
In every manner; thus shew thy routhe,
That in hem is al goodnesse and trouthe.
q. Chaucer—*A Praise of Women.* St. 22.

So womanly, so benigne, and so meke.
r. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales. Prologue to Legend of Good Women.* Line 243.

Woman and Man all social needs include;
Earth filled with men were still a solitude:
In vain the stars would shine, 'twere dark the while
Without the light of her superior smile.
To blot from earth's vocabularies one
Of all her names were to blot out the sun.
s. Abraham Coles—*The Microcosm. Woman, Sex, &c.*

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired:
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.
t. Crabbe—*Parish Register.* Pt. II.

Women, with a mischief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he lived; and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presumed to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass
But I myself presume, and let it pass.
u. Dryden—*Cock and the Fox.* Line 555.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.

a. George Eliot—*Felix Holt.* Ch. XLIII.

She was like one courting sleep, in whom thoughts insist like willful tormentors.

b. George Eliot—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. V. Ch. XXXVI.

The beauty of a lovely woman is like music.

c. George Eliot—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XXXIII.

What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face? and is there any harmony of tints that has such stirrings of delight as the sweet modulations of her voice?

d. George Eliot—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VI. Ch. XLIII.

Women are timid, cower and shrink
At show of danger, some folk think;
But men there are who for their lives
Dare not so far asperse their wives.
We let that pass—so much is clear,
Though little dangers they may fear,
When greater perils men environ,
Then women show a front of iron;
And, gentle in their manner, they
Do bold things in a quiet way.

e. Thomas Dunn English—*Betty Zane.*

For silence and chaste reserve is woman's genuine praise, and to remain quiet within the house.

f. Euripides.

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.

g. *From the Pillar Erected on the Mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury.* *Examiner, May* 31, 1829.

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

h. Gay—*Fable. The Hare and Many Friends.* Line 41.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But, while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say.

i. Gay—*The Beggar's Opera.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.

j. Gay—*The Beggar's Opera.* Act II. Sc. 1.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

k. Goldsmith—*Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. XXIV.

Mankind from Adam, have been women's fools,
Women, from Eve, have been the devil's tools:
Heaven might have spar'd one torment when we fell;
Not left us women, or not threaten'd hell.

l. Geo. Granville (Lord Lansdowne)—*She-Gallants.*

Woman's empire, holier, more refined,
Moulds, moves, and sways the fallen yet God-breathed mind,
Lifting the earth-crushed heart to hope and heaven.

m. Hale—*The Empire of Woman.* *Woman's Empire Defined.*

Of her that bore too long the smart
Of love delayed, yet keeping green
Love's lilies for the one unseen,
Counselling but her woman's heart,
Chose in all ways life's better part;—
Arcadian Evangeline.

n. Benjamin Hathaway—*By the Fireside.*

First, then, a woman will, or won't,—depend on't;
If she will do't, she will; and there's an end on't.
But, if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront: and jealousy injustice.

o. Aaron Hill—*Epilogue to Zara.*

O woman! thou wert fashioned to beguile;
So have all sages said, all poets sung.

p. Jean Ingelow—*The Four Bridges.* St. 68.

Where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot.

q. Ben Jonson—*The Sad Shepherd.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Maids must be wives, and mothers, to fulfil
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being.

r. Francis Anne Kemble—*Woman's Heart.*

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

s. Longfellow—*Santa Filomena.*

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished.

t. Longfellow—*Evangeline.* Pt. II. 1.

The life of woman is full of woe,
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one!

u. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. 1.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.
b. LOWELL—*Irene.*

A cunning woman is a knavish fool.
c. LORD LYTTLETON—*Advice to a Lady.*

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is Retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight;
Domestic worth—that shuns too strong a light.
d. LORD LYTTLETON—*Advice to a Lady.*

Women, like princes, find few real friends.
e. LORD LYTTLETON—*Advice to a Lady.*

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.
f. MACAULAY—*Essays. Criticisms on the Principal Italian Writers.* No. 1.

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate;
But for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity.
g. CHARLES MACKAY—*Praise of Women.*

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses.
h. MASSINGER—*Old Law.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Of all wild beasts on earth or in sea, the greatest is a woman.
i. MENANDER—*E Supposititio.* P. 182.

A bevy of fair women.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 582.

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 488.

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 232.

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 896.

Oh! why did God, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as Angels, without feminine.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 887.

When, out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
With what all earth or heaven could bestow,
To make her amiable.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 482.

Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman rules us still.
p. MOORE—*Sovereign Woman.* St. 4.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.
q. MOORE—*The Time I've Lost in Wooing.*

New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise or blame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
He still th' unreasoning worshipper.
r. MOORE—*Loves of the Angels. Second Angel's Story.* St. 15.

O woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue.
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the polé,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.
s. MOORE—*On Leaving Philadelphia.*

If a young lady has that discretion and modesty, without which all knowledge is little worth, she will never make an ostentatious parade of it, because she will rather be intent on acquiring more, than on displaying what she has.
t. HANNAH MORE—*Essays on Various Subjects. Thoughts on Conversation.*

Who trusts himself to women, or to waves,
Should never hazard what he fears to lose.
u. OLDMIXON—*Governor of Cyprus.*

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
v. OTWAY—*Venice Preserved.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten year's war,
And laid at last old Troy in Ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
w. OTWAY—*The Orphan.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Who can describe
Women's hypocrisies! their subtle wiles,
Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies!
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds,
The sum of all their follies, and their falsehoods.
x. OTWAY—*Orpheus.*

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.
y. PARNELL—*When thy Beauty Appears.*

To chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours,
To strew its short but weary way with flow'rs,
New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart;
For this to man was lovely woman giv'n,
The last, best work, the noblest gift of Heav'n.
a. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*The Visions of Love.*

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
b. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 43.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.
c. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 138.

Our grandsire, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and e'en in Paradise unblest,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes surv'ey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade;
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
d. POPE—*January and May.* Line 63.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.
e. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. III. Line 208.

Woman's at best a contradiction still.
f. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 270.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.
g. PRIOR—*An English Padlock.*

A woman is the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with.
h. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. V.

The little work-tables of women's fingers are the play grounds of women's fancies, and their knitting-needles are fairy-wands by which they transform the whole room into a spirit-isle of dreams; hence it is that a letter or book distracts a woman in love more than four pair of stockings knit by herself.
i. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. V.

By this good light, a wench of matchless mettle.
j. SCOTT—*Fortunes of Nigel.* Ch. XIX.

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made:
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
k. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto VI. St. 30.

Widowed wife and wedded maid.
l. SCOTT—*The Betrothed.* Ch. XV.

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.
m. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.
n. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is!
o. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 4.

A maid
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.
p. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man.
q. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.
r. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
s. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motion of her body.
t. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Frailty, thy name is Woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body
Like Niobe, all tears; why she even she * * * married with my uncle.
u. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc 2.

Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?
v. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?
w. *Passionate Pilgrim.* Pt. XIX.

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints.
x. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act III. Sc. 1.

I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
y. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

If ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it.
a. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.
b. *Winter's Tale.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed Cato's daughter.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I never yet saw man,
* * * * * * * *
But she would spell him backward; if fair-fac'd
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot.
d. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 6.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
f. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Aug.—Nay, women are frail too.
Isab.—Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves:
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
g. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Never give her o'er;
For scorn at first, makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
h. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?
i. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.
j. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: But till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.
k. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
l. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Say, that she rail, why, then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
m. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

She is a pearl
Whose price has launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
n. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 3.

She speaks poignards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect the north star.
p. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Then let thy love be younger than thy self,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
q. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.
r. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
* * * * * * *
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
* * * * * * * *
'Tis government that makes them seem divine.
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 4.

To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue.
t. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather.
u. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
v. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
Why, no; for she hath brake the lute to me.
w. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Women will love her, that she is a woman,
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
x. *Winter's Tale.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?

a. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

You are pictures out of doors;
Bells in your parlours; wild-cats in your kitchens;
Saints in your injuries; devils being offended;
Players in your housewifery; and housewives in your beds.

b. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

A lovely lady garmented in light.

c. SHELLEY—*The Witch of Atlas.* St. 5.

One moral's plain—without more fuss;
Man's social happiness all rests on us:
Through all the drama—whether damn'd or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.

d. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Epilogue.

She frowns no goddess, and she moves no queen.
The softer charm that in her manner lies
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise,
It justly suits the expression of her face,—
'Tis less than dignity, and more than grace!

e. SHERIDAN—*The School for Scandal. A Portrait Addressed to Mrs. Crewe, with the Comedy of the School for Scandal.*

What will not woman, gentle woman dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up?

f. SOUTHEY—*Madoc in Wales.* Pt. II. Line 133.

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on.

g. Sir JOHN SUCKLING—*Brennoralt.* Act II.

Of all the girls that e'er was seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly.

h. SWIFT—*Ballad on Miss Nelly Bennet.*

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.

i. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Prologue.

Woman is the lesser man.

j. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 76.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

k. Sir SAM'L TUKE—*Adventures of Five Hours.* Act V. Sc. 3.

"Woman" must ever be a woman's highest name,
And honors more than "Lady," if I know right.

l. WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE—*Translated in the Minnesinger of Germany. Woman and Lady.*

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.

m. VOLTAIRE.

Very learned women are to be found, in the same manner as female warriors; but they are seldom or ever inventors.

n. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Women.*

Not from his head was woman took,
As made her husband to o'erlook;
Not from his feet, as one designed
The footstool of the stronger kind;
But fashioned for himself, a bride;
An equal, taken from his side.

o. CHARLES WESLEY—*Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures.* 1762.

You say, sir, once a wit allow'd
A woman to be like a cloud,
Accept a simile as soon
Between a woman and the moon;
For let mankind say what they will,
The sex are heavenly bodies still.

p. JAMES WHYTE—*Simile.*

Shall I, wasting in dispaire,
Dye because a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
Cause another's rosie are?
Be shee fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire shee be?

q. GEO. WITHER—*Mistresse of Philarete. Percy's Reliques.*

And now I see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.

r. WORDSWORTH—*She Was a Phantom of Delight.*

A perfect Woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.

s. WORDSWORTH—*She Was a Phantom of Delight.*

Maidens withering on the stalk.

t. WORDSWORTH—*Personal Talk.*

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.

u. WORDSWORTH—*She Was a Phantom of Delight.*

A shameless woman is the worst of men.

v. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 472.

Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay.

w. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night III. Line 81.

WOOING.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
a. Brittain's *Ida.* Canto V. St. 1.
Ballad of W. Elderton. 1569.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage.
They cannot seek his hand.
b. Bryant—*Song. Trans. from the Spanish of Iglesias.*

Duncan Gray cam' here to woo—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
On blithe yule night when we were fu;
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh:
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
c. Burns—*Duncan Gray.*

He that would win his dame must do
As love does when he draws his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
d. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto I. Line 449.

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost.
These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early Hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please.
e. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 35.

'Tis enough—
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.
f. Byron—*Mazeppa.* St. 6.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing;
Wed, or cease to woo.
g. Campbell—*The Maid's Remonstrance.*

And if he wrong'd our brother,—Heav'n forgive
The man by whom so many brethren live!
h. Crabbe—*The Borough.* Letter XVII.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?
i. Ben Jonson—*The Forest. Song.*

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!
j. Longfellow—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. III. Line 3.

The nightingales among the sheltering boughs
Of populous and many-nested trees
Shall teach me how to woo thee, and shall tell me
By what resistless charms or incantations
They won their mates.
k. Longfellow—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. V.

A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.
l. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there.
m. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 8.

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not:
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first.
n. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.
o. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
* * * * * * * *
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.
p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: She thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.
r. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away."
s. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
t. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for Beatrice.
a. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thou hast by moonlight by her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth.
b. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
c. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
d. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More quick than words, do move a woman's mind.
e. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.
f. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Playnts, prayers, vowes, truth, sorrow, and dismay;
Those engins can the proudest love convert:
And, if those fayle, fall downe and dy before her;
So dying live, and living do adore her.
g. Spenser—*Amoretti and Epithalamion.* Sonnet XIV.

A woman always feels herself complimented by love, though it may be from a man incapable of winning her heart, or perhaps even her esteem.
h. Abel Stevens—*Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. III.

WORDS.

Words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing is the transcript of words.
i. Addison—*Spectator.* No. 166.

Words are the motes of thought, and nothing more.
Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been,
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripped,
And roughly looked over.
j. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Words of affection, howsoe'er express'd,
The latest spoken still are deem'd the best.
k. Joanna Baillie—*Address to Miss Agnes Baillie on her Birthday.* Line 126.

'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrained, a heart is broken.
l. Beaumont and Fletcher—*The Spanish Curate.* Act II. Sc. 4. *Song.*

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps, millions, think;
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this.
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his.
m. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 88.

We should be as careful of our words as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill.
n. Cicero.

Words are freeborn, and not the vassals of the gruff tyrants of prose to do their bidding only. They have the same right to dance and sing, as the dew drops have to sparkle, and the stars to shine.
o. Abraham Coles—*The Evangel.* Introduction.

Words indeed are but the signs and counters of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the capital which they represent.
p. C. C. Colton—*Lacon.* Preface.

A blemish may be taken out of a diamond by careful polishing; but if your words have the least blemish, there is no way to efface it.
q. Confucius.

Words are the voice of the heart.
r. Confucius.

Words that weep, and tears that speak
s. Cowley—*The Prophet.* St. 2. Line 8.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
t. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 113.

Words once spoke can never be recall'd.
a. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Art of Poetry.*

Our words have wings, but fly not where we would.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

My words
Were meant for deeds.
c. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Words are women, deeds are men.
d. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Words are wise men's counters—they do not reckon by them—but they are the money of fools.
e. THOMAS HOBBES—*The Leviathan.*

There is no point where art so nearly touches nature as when it appears in the form of words.
f. HOLLAND—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Art and Life.*

Words * * * are not only the highest representatives of thought and life, but they are the representatives, the sources, the expounders, and the preservers of all that is highest in picture and sculpture.
g. HOLLAND—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Art and Life.*

Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong;
So valuable a weapon is the tongue;
Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail:
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
And vent their anger, impotent and loud.
h. POPE's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XX. Line 244.

I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.
i. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Preface to his Dictionary.*

Fair words gladden so many a heart.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Tales of a Wayside Inn. The Musician's Tale.*

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. V.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.
l. Dr. MADDEN—*Boulter's Monument.* (*Preface to Johnson's Dictionary.*)

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand, as to recall a word once spoken.
m. MENANDER—*Ex Incert. Comœd.* P. 216.

Wild, as waves
That wash no shore, words wander.
n. OWEN MEREDITH—*Thanatos Athanatou.*

Words, however, are things; and the man who accords
To his language the license to outrage his soul,
Is controll'd by the words he disdains to control.
o. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto II. St. 10.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
p. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 309.

O! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!
q. SCOTT—*Lord of the Isles.* Canto V. St. 18.

A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
r. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 4.

But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
s. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Familiar in his mouth as household words.
t. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Good words are better than bad strokes.
u. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.
v. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 1.

How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.
w. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath.
x. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
y. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.
z. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go.
a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

These words are razors to my wounded heart.
b. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
c. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds.
d. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab.
e. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Pol.—What do you read, my lord?
Ham.—Words, words, words!
f. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.
g. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart.
h. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words;
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.
i. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

We know not what we do
When we speak words.
j. Shelley—*Rosalind and Helen.* Line 1108.

Words are but holy as the deeds they cover.
k. Shelley—*The Cenci.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What may words say, or what may words not say?
l. Sir Philip Sidney—*Astrophel and Stella.* St. 35.

Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds as thy affections, and such thy life as thy deeds.
m. Socrates.

The artillery of words.
n. Swift—*Ode to Sancroft.* Line 13.

High Air-castles are cunningly built of Words, the Words well bedded also in good Logic-mortar; wherein, however, no knowledge will come to lodge.
o. Teufelsdröckh—*In Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.* Ch. VIII.

WORK.

By the way,
The works of women are symbolical.
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir
To put on when you're weary—or a stool
To tumble over and vex you . . . curse that stool!'
Or else at best, a cushion where you lean
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,
But would be for your sake. Alas, alas!
This hurts most, this . . that, after all, we are paid
The worth of our work, perhaps.
p. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I. Line 465.

Get leave to work
In this world,—'tis the best you get at all.
q. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. III. Line 164.

God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign.
r. E. B. Browning—*Work.*

Let no one till his death
Be called unhappy. Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labour done.
s. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. V. Line 78.

And still be doing, never done.
t. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 204.

All work, even cotton-spinning, is noble; work is alone noble.
u. Carlyle—*Past and Present.* Bk. III. Ch. IV.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it.
v. Carlyle—*Past and Present.* Bk. III. Ch. II.

Genuine Work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-Builder himself.
w. Carlyle—*Past and Present.* Bk. II. Ch. XVII.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness.
x. Carlyle—*Work.*

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.
y. Earl of Chesterfield—*Letter.* March 10th, 1746.

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.
z. Gay—*Man, Cat, Dog, and Fly.* Pt. II. Line 62.

Joy to the Toiler!—him that tills
The fields with Plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's axe that thrills
The wilderness profound;
Him that all day doth sweating bend
In the fierce furnace heat;
And her whose cunning fingers tend
On loom and spindle fleet!
A prayer more than the prayer of saint,
A faith no fate can foil,
Lives in the heart that shall not faint
In time-long task of Toil.
a. BENJAMIN HATHAWAY—*Songs of the Toiler.*

It is better to wear out than to rust out.
b. BISHOP HORNE—*Sermon on the Duty of Contending for the Truth.*

We enjoy ourselves only in our work, our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment.
c. JACOBI.

For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.
d. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Three Fishers.*

To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood.
e. LAMB—*Work.*

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VIII.

No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
g. LOWELL—*A Glance Behind the Curtain.* Line 202.

God be thank'd that the dead have left still
Good undone for the living to do—
Still some aim for the heart and the will
And the soul of a man to pursue.
h. OWEN MEREDITH—*Epilogue.*

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 618.

The work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 208.

Nothing is impossible to industry.
k. PERIANDER *of Corinth.*

Work first, and then rest.
l. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Architecture. The Lamp of Beauty.*

Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace.
m. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto I. St. 28.

Excellently done, if God did all.
n. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.
o. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.
q. WHITTIER—*The Curse of the Charter-Breakers.* Line 21.

WORLD, THE.

This restless world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
r. JOHN ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. II. Line 474.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span.
s. BACON—*The World.*

Earth took her shining station as a star,
In Heaven's dark hall, high up the crowd of worlds.
t. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *The Centre.*

In this bad, twisted, topsy-turvy world,
Where all the heaviest wrongs get uppermost.
u. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. V. Line 981.

World's use is cold, world's love is vain,
World's cruelty is bitter bane;
But pain is not the fruit of pain.
v. E. B. BROWNING—*A Vision of Poets.* St. 146.

The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend.
w. BURNS—*Strathallan's Lament.*

Such is the world. Understand it, despise it, love it; cheerfully hold on thy way through it, with thy eye on highest loadstars!
x. CARLYLE—*Essays. Count Cagliostro.*

The true sovereign of the world, who moulds the world like soft wax, according to his pleasure, is he who lovingly sees into the world.
y. CARLYLE—*Essays. Death of Goethe.*

The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
z. DRYDEN—*Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. III Line 888.

The world is a bride superbly dressed;—
Who weds her for dowry must pay his soul.
aa. HAFIZ.

Earth is but the frozen echo of the silent voice of God.
a. HAGEMAN—*Silence.*

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage,
Which God and nature do with actors fill.
b. THOS. HEYWOOD—*Apology for Actors.* 1612.

The Earth goes on the Earth glittering with gold;
The Earth goes on the Earth sooner than it should;
The Earth builds on the Earth castles and towers;
The Earth says to the Earth, All this is ours.
c. *Inscription on the Ruined Gate at Melrose Abbey.*

Upon the battle ground of heaven and hell
I palsied stand.
d. MARIÈ JOSEPHINE—*Rosa Mystica.* P. 231.

If all the world must see the world
As the world the world hath seen,
Then it were better for the world
That the world had never been.
e. LELAND—*The World and the World.*

The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere.
f. MARVELL—*The Loyal Scot.*

A boundless continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless exposed.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 423.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth.
h. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 5.

Brightest seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat—or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 667.

Earth self-balanc'd, on her centre hung.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 242.

Hanging in a golden chain
This pendent World.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 1051.

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 646.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true, but Heaven!
m. THOMAS MOORE—*This World is All a Fleeting Show.*

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world.
n. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.
o. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The world is grown so bad
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.
p. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
r. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
s. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations makes us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
t. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

O Earth! all bathed with blood and tears, yet never
Hast thou ceased putting forth thy fruit and flowers.
u. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XIII Ch. IV. Trans. by L. E. L.

This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.
v. STERNE—*Tristram Shandy.* Ch. XII.

So many worlds, so much to do;
So little done, such things to be.
w. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXII.

What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all?
x. THOMSON—*The Seasons.* *Spring.* Line 1134.

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel.
y. WALPOLE—*Letter to Sir Horace Mann.*

The world's all title-page; there's no contents;
The world's all face; the man who shows his heart,
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
z. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 31.

WORSHIP.

Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised?
a. Bryant—*A Forest Hymn.*

Man always worships something; always he sees the Infinite shadowed forth in something finite; and indeed can and must so see it in any finite thing, once tempt him well to fix his eyes thereon.
b. Carlyle—*Essays. Goethe's Works.*

Praise him each savage furious Beast
That on his stores do daily feast!
And you tame Slaves, of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.
c. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. A Paraphrase on Psalm CXLVIII.* Line 53.

What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship.
d. Emerson—*An Address.* July 15, 1838.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching.
e. Herbert—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With trumpet and with shalm.
* * * * * * * *
All labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
"Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Whilk sent this summer day."
f. Alexander Hume—*Evening.* St. 2.

How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator?
g. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 680.

Get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen.
h. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may get through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.
i. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

WORTH.

'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call:
For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 't will bring?
j. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto I. Line 463.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends.
The good great man? three treasures—love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath:
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.
k. Coleridge—*Reproof.*

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
l. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 215.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
m. *Sonnet XXXIX.*

What's aught but as 'tis valued?
n. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

WOUNDS.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it.
o. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 84.

He in peace is wounded, not in war.
p. *The Rape of Lucrece.* Line 831.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathd
Her winged spright, and through her wounds doth fly,
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.
r. *The Rape of Lucrece.* Line 1727.

Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound.
s. *The Rape of Lucrece.* Line 1201.

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me.
t. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The private wound is deepest: O time most accurs'd!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.
u. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure.
v. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
w. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Y.

YOUTH.

Youth dreams a bliss on this side death.
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble sleep;
It hears a voice within it tell:
Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires.
a. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Youth and Calm.* Line 19.

Young fellows will be young fellows.
b. BICKERSTAFF—*Love in a Village.* Act II. Sc. 2.

There is nothing can equal the tender hours
When life is first in bloom,
When the heart like a bee, in a wild of flowers,
Finds everywhere perfume;
When the present is all and it questions not
If those flowers shall pass away,
But pleas'd with its own delightful lot,
Dreams never of decay.
c. HENRY G. BOHN—*MSS. Dictionary of Poetical Quotations.*

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy.
d. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 23.

And both were young, and one was beautiful.
e. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 2.

Her years
Were ripe, they might make six-and-twenty springs;
But there are forms which Time to touch forbears,
And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things.
f. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 18.

Youth is to all the glad season of life; but often only by what it hopes, not by what it attains, or what it escapes.
g. CARLYLE—*Essays. Schiller.*

The morning of life is like the dawn of day, full of purity, of imagery, and harmony.
h. CHATEAUBRIAND.

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be so in mind.
i. CICERO.

It is a truth but too well known, that rashness attends youth, as prudence does old age.
j. CICERO.

Alas! the slippery nature of tender youth!
k. CLAUDIANUS.

Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!
l. COLERIDGE—*Youth and Age.*

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
m. COWPER—*Tirocinium.* Line 296.

Youth what man's age is like to be doth show;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.
n. DENHAM—*Of Prudence.*

It is with youth as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in future.
o. DEMOPHILUS.

Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.
p. EMERSON—*Essay. The Poet.* Introduction.

Youth holds no society with grief.
q. EURIPIDES.

The foreground of human life is the only part of it which we can examine with real exactness.
r. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Society in Italy in the Last Days of the Roman Republic.*

O happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star and the winter's air,
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat and coughs with every rain!
s. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. II. Line 165.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vesssl goes,
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm.
t. GRAY—*The Bard.* Pt. II. St. 2.

The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon.
u. GRAY—*Ode on the Spring.* St. III. Line 5.

There is a feeling of Eternity in youth which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the Immortals.

a. HAZLITT—*Table Talk. The Feeling of Immortality in Youth.*

Youth! youth! how buoyant are thy hopes! they turn
Like marigolds toward the sunny side.

b. JEAN INGELOW—*The Four Bridges.* St. 56.

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!

c. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 66.

Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!

d. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. V.

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

e. LONGFELLOW—*Maidenhood.*

Youth comes but once in a lifetime.

f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. X.

Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.

g. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. II. Ch. XV.

Whose youth has paused not, dreaming in the vale
Where the rathe violets dwell?

h. BULWER-LYTTON—*The First Violets.*

Youth, that pursuest with such eager face
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race:
Then stay! oh, stay!
Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
Loiter,—enjoy:
Once past, Thou never wilt come back again,
A second Boy.

i. MILNES—*Youth. That Pursuest.*

'Tis now the summer of your youth: time has not cropt the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them.

j. EDWARD MOORE—*The Gamester.* Act III. Sc. 4.

He felt, with indescribable strength and sweetness, that the lovely time of youth is our Italy and Greece, full of gods, temples, and bliss; and which, alas! so often Goths and Vandals stalk through, and strip with their talons.

k. RICHTER.

The youth of the soul is everlasting and eternity is youth.

l. RICHTER.

Youth is a continual intoxication; it is the fever of reason.

m. ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.

n. *Winter's Tale.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together,
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold.
Youth is wild and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee, youth, I do adore thee.

o. *The Passionate Pilgrim.* St. 12.

He wears the roses of youth upon him.

p. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 2.

In the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

q. *King Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 2.

So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

r. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The spirit of youth,
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

s. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Hail, blooming Youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth you shine the pride
Of these our days, and succeeding times
A bright example.

t. SOMERVILLE—*The Chase.* Bk. III. Line 389.

Youth should be a savings-bank.

u. MADAME SWETCHINE.

To be young was very Heaven!

v. WORDSWORTH—*The Prelude.* Bk. XI.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth,
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.

w. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 47.

Z.

ZEAL.

There is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue in a nation, than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country.
a. Addison—*Freeholder.* No. 5.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity; the former is but human, the latter is divine.
b. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermons.*

Through zeal knowledge is gotten, through lack of zeal knowledge is lost; let a man who knows this double path of gain and loss thus place himself that knowledge may grow.
c. Buddha.

There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion. By persuading others we convince ourselves.
d. Junius.

A Spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image.
e. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 565.

His zeal
None seconded, as out of season judged,
Or singular and rash.
f. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 849.

Zeal moved thee;
To please thy gods thou didst it!
g. Milton—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 895.

So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;
Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
The sail he spreads for Heav'n with blasts from hell!
h. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

Zeal is very blind, or badly regulated, when it encroaches upon the rights of others.
i. Pasquier Quesnel.

I have more Zeal than Wit.
j. Pope—*Imitations of Horace.* Bk. II. Satire VI. Line 56.

Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
k. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 185.

Zeal then, not charity, became the guide.
l. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 261.

We do that in our Zeal our calmer moment would be afraid to answer.
m. Scott—*Woodstock.* Ch. XVII.

Press bravely onward!—not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.
n. Whittier—*To the Reformers of England.*

ZEPHYRS.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows.
o. Gray—*The Bard.*

And soon
Their hushing dances languished to a stand,
Like midnight leaves when, as the zephyrs swoon,
All on their drooping stems they sink unfanned.
p. Hood—*The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.*

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parched—my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust;
But faint the flagging Zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."
q. Hood—*Ode Imitated from Horace.*

Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane.
r. Pope—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 42.

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield,
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath.
s. Pope—*Winter.* Line 45.

Soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play.
t. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Line 50.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows.
u. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 366.

Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
v. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Line 58.

They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet.
w. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

UNCLASSIFIED QUOTATIONS.

Short Sayings of Noted Authors.

A.

ADDISON.

Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.
a. *The Spectator.* No. 387.

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
b. *Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Death and love are the two wings
Which bear man from earth to heaven.
c.

ARIOSTO.

In wall and roof and pavement scattered are
Full many a pearl, full many a costly stone.
d.

B.

BACON.

Come home to men's business and bosoms.
e. *Essays. Dedication.*

Knowledge bloweth up, but charity buildeth up.
f. *Rendering of 1 Cor.* VIII. 1.

BAILEY.

Defining night by darkness, death by dust.
g. *Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood.*

Ye live and die on what your souls will fetch;
And all are of different prices.
h. *Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

BEATTIE.

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.
i. *The Hermit.*

Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.
j. *The Minstrel.* Bk. I. St. 2.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

As high as Heaven and as deep as Hell.
k. *The Honest Man's Fortune.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Evil beginning hours may end in good.
l. *The Knight of Malta.*

What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink.
m. *Love's Cure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

LORD BROOKE.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.
n. *Sonnet LVI.*

O wearisome condition of humanity.
o. *Mustapha.* Act V. Sc. 4.

E. B. BROWNING.

And her *yes* said once to you
SHALL be Yes for evermore.
p. *The Lady's Yes.*

The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness.
q. *Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I.

The soul's Rialto hath its merchandises,
I barter curl for curl upon that mart.
r. *Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

Whatever's lost, it first was won.
s. *De Profundis.* XXII.

BUTLER.

As he that has two strings to his bow.
t. *Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 3.

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
u. *Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 150.

He that is down can fall no lower.
v. *Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 877.

Look a gift-horse in the mouth.
w. *Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 490.
Rabelais. Bk. I. Ch. XI.
Vulgaria Stambrigi. Circa 1510. *Also Quoted by St. Jerome.*

There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war.
x. *Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 957.

Which he by hook or crook has gather'd
And for his own invention father'd.
y. *Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 109.

You have a wrong sow by the ear.
z. *Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 580.
COLEMAN—*Heir at Law.* Act I. Sc. 1.

BUNYAN.

Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.
a. *The Author's Way of Sending Forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim.*

BURKE.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.
b. *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Illustrious predecessor.
c. *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents.*

The Age of Chivalry is gone.
d. *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

BYRON.

A school boy's tale, the wonder of the hour!
e. *Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 2.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.
f. *Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 11.

He left a corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.
g. *The Corsair.* St. 24.

Of such materials wretched men were made.
h. *Lament of Tasso.* St. 6. Line 11.

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the Blush of bashfulness,
Ev'n Pity scarce can wish it less.
i. *The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 8.

Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.
j. *In the Feuds Between Handel and Bononcini.*

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear.
k. *The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 8.

When Bishop Berkeley said, "there was no matter,"
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said.
l. *Don Juan.* Canto XI. St. 1.

C.

CALHOUN.

Protection and patriotism are reciprocal.
m. *Speech in Reply to John Randolph in Favor of a War with Great Britain.*

CARLYLE.

No good Book, or good thing of any sort, shows its best face at first.
n. *Essays. Novalis.*

Of Nothing you can, in the long-run, and with much lost labour, make only—Nothing.
o. *Essays. Sinking of the Vengeur.*

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

The real Simon Pure.
p. *A Bold Stroke for a Wife.* Act V. Sc. 1.

CERVANTES.

The more thou stir it the worse it will be.
q. *Don Quixote.* Bk. III. Ch. VIII.

Too much of a good thing.
r. *Don Quixote.* Pt. I. Bk. I. Ch. VI.

CHURCHILL.

Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.
s. *Gotham.* Bk. II. Line 20.

Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
t. *Rosciad.* Line 1025.

Sir EDWARD COKE.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.
u. *Lines Quoted in Latin.*

COLERIDGE.

Clothing the palpable and familiar.
v. *The Death of Wallenstein.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
w. *The Death of Wallenstein.* Act V. Sc. 1.

COLLINS.

Filled with fury, rapt, inspir'd.
x. *The Passions.* Line 10.

In yonder grave a Druid lies.
y. *Ode on the Death of Thomson.*

'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
z. *The Passions.* Line 28.

GEORGE COLEMAN, JR.

Like two single gentlemen, rolled into one.
aa. *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.
bb. *The Poor Gentleman.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law
To a very magnificent three-tailed Bashaw.
cc. *Blue Beard.* Act II. Sc. 5.

COWLEY.

Charm'd with the foolish whistling of a man.
dd. *Horace.* Bk. III. Ode I.

God the first garden made and the first city Cain.
ee. *The Garden.* Essay V.

His time is for ever, everywhere his place.
ff. *Friendship in Absence.*

COWPER.

Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.
a. *The Task.* Bk. V. Line 444.

God made the country, and man made the town.
b. *The Task.* Bk. I. Line 749.

I was a stricken deer that left the herd long since.
c. *The Task.* Bk. III. Line 108.

Neither the praise nor the blame is our own.
d. *Letter to Mr. Newton.*

Prison'd in a parlour, snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall.
e. *Retirement* Line 493.

Some people are more nice than wise.
f. *Mutual Forbearance.* Line 19.

Such stuff the world is made of.
g. *Hope.* Line 211.

The son of parents passed into the skies.
h. *On Receipt of My Mother's Picture.*

'Tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost;
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right:
i. *The Retired Cat.* Line 95.

Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time,
Not to be pass'd.
j. *The Task.* Bk. III. Line 75.

CRABBE.

Cut and come again.
k. *Tales.* VII. Line 26.

CRASHAW.

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.
l. *Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.*

D.

JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS.

Honors come by diligence; riches spring from economy.
m. *Chinese Moral Maxims.*

DIBDIN.

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love and a little for the bottle.
n. *Captain Wattle and Miss Rol.*

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.
o. *Poor Jack.*

DIONYSIUS.

Better late than never.
p. *Halicarnassus.* IX. 9.

DRUMMOND.

My life lies in those looks which have me slain.
q. *Sonnet.*

DRYDEN.

Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.
r. *The Cock and Fox.* Line 452.

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease.
s. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Line 169.

Every inch that is not fool, is rogue.
t. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. II. Line 463.

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
u. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 645.

Joy rul'd the day, and love the night.
v. *The Secular Masque.* Line 83.

Take the good the gods provide thee.
w. *Alexander's Feast.* Pt. V.

E.

GEORGE ELIOT.

In high vengeance there is noble scorn.
x. *The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

It is one thing to see your road, another to cut it.
y. *Daniel Deronda.* Bk. IV. Ch. XXXII.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

Life is short, and time is swift;
Roses fade, and shadows shift.
z. *Epigram.*

EMERSON.

Right is more beautiful than private affection; and love is compatible with universal wisdom.
aa. *Essay. On Shakespeare.*

F.

CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE.

'Twas in Heaven pronounced, and 'twas whisper'd in Hell.
bb. *Enigma Written at the Deep Dene, England,* 1816.

FORD.

Diamonds cut diamonds.
cc. *The Lover's Melancholy.* Act I. Sc. 1.

FRANKLIN.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.
dd. *The Way to Wealth.*

There never was a good war or a bad peace.
ee. *Letter to Quincy.* Sept. 11, 1773.

G.

GARRICK.

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men.
a. *Hearts of Oak.*

Let others hail the rising sun:
I bow to that whose course is run.
b. *On the Death of Mr. Pelham.*

GAY.

How many saucy airs we meet,
From Temple Bar to Aldgate street!
c. *The Barley-Mow and Dunghill.* Pt. I.

Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod.
d. *The Birth of the Squire.* Line 46.

Over the hills and far away.
e. *Beggars Opera.* Act I. Sc. 1.

GLADSTONE.

To be engaged in opposing wrong affords, under the conditions of our mental constitution, but a slender guarantee for being right.
f. *Time and Place of Homer.* Introduction.

GOETHE.

Originality provokes originality.
g.

GOLDSMITH.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.
h. *The Good-Natured Man.* Act II.

Nobody with me at sea but myself.
i. *The Haunch of Venison.*

Shakespeare and the musical glasses.
j. *Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. IX.

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt:
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
k. *The Haunch of Venison.*

The king himself has followed her
When she has walked before.
l. *Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.*

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms.
m. *The Traveller.* Line 356.

They say that woman and music should never be dated.
n. *She Stoops to Conquer.* Act III.

Who can direct, when all pretend to know.
o. *The Traveller.* Line 64.

GOOGE.

Out of syght, out of mynd.
p. *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnettes.* 1563.

GRAY.

Beneath the Good how far,—but far above the Great.
q. *Progress of Poesy.* III. 3. Line 16.

Scatter plenty o'er a smiling land.
r. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 16.

ROBERT GREENE.

Waste brings woe, and sorrow hates despair.
s. *Sonnet.*

H.

HAFIZ.

I am: what I am
My dust will be again.
t.

The earth is a host who murders his guests.
u.

J. C. and A. W. HARE.

Science sees signs; Poetry the thing signified.
v. *Guesses at Truth.*

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.
w. *Guesses at Truth.*

HEINE.

Friendship, love, philosopher's stone,—
These three things men value alone.
x. *Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 44.

HERBERT.

Do well and right, and let the world sink.
y. *Country Parson.* Ch. XXIX.

His bark is worse than his bite.
z. *Country Parson.* Ch. XXIX.

HOLMES.

Everything is twice as large, measured on a three-year-old's three-foot scale as on a thirty-year-old's six-foot scale.
aa. *The Poet at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. I.

Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace.
bb. *The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. VI.

Sir JOHN HOLT.

The better day the better deed.
cc. *Sir Wm. Moore's Case.*

HUDSON.

Before you could say Jack Robinson.
dd. *Song.*

J.

Samuel Johnson.

Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young.
a. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1772.

We that live to please, must please to live.
b. *Prologue on Opening the Drury Lane Theatre.*

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.
c. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1784.

Words are the daughters of earth, and things are the sons of heaven.
d. *Preface to Dictionary.*

Ben Jonson.

All concord's born of contraries.
e. *Cynthia's Revels.* Act V. Sc. 2.

And may they know no rivals but themselves.
f. *Sejanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

He threatens many that hath injured one.
g. *Sejanus.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Let them call it mischief:
When it is past, and prospered, 'twill be a virtue.
h. *Catiline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Small Latin, and less Greek.
i. *To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

K.

Keble.

Sweet is the infant's waking smile,
And sweet the old man's rest—
But middle age by no fond wile,
No soothing calm is blest.
j. *The Christian Year. St. Philip and St. James.* St. 3.

L.

Lamb.

An album is a garden, not for show
Planted, but use; where wholesome herbs should grow.
k. *In an Album to a Clergyman's Lady.*

Not if I know myself at all.
l. *The Old and New Schoolmaster.*

L'Estrange.

Though this may be play to you,
'Tis death to us.
m. *Fables from Several Authors.* Fable 398.

Longfellow.

A banner with a strange device.
Excelsior!
n. *Excelsior.*

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine.
o. *Hiawatha.* Pt. X.

So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal; loving, pure.
p. *Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

The country is lyric,—the town dramatic. When mingled, they make the most perfect musical drama.
q. *Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

The heaven of poetry and romance still lies around us and within us.
r. *Drift-Wood. Twice Told Tales.*

The natural alone is permanent.
s. *Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

The thirst of power, the fever of ambition.
t. *Christus. Divine Tragedy. The First Passover.* Pt. II.

Lover.

Live and think.
u. *Father Roach.*

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye.
v. *Rory O'More.*

Bulwer-Lytton.

Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of debate.
w. *The New Timon.* Pt. I. St. 6.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.
x. *What Will He Do With It?* Bk. III. Ch. XVII.

Never say
"Fail" again.
y. *Richelieu.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Lowell.

And but two ways are offered to our will,
Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace
The problem still for us and all the human race.
z. *Under the Old Elm.* Pt. VII. St. 3.

Daily with souls that cringe and plot,
The Sinias climb and know it not.
aa. *The Vision of Sir Launfal.* Prelude.

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.
bb. *Bibliotatres.*

Got the ill name of augurs because they were bores.
cc. *A Fable for Critics.* Line 55.

In general those who have nothing to say
Contrive to spend the longest time in doing it.
dd. *An Oriental Apalogue.* St. 15.

Nature fits all her children with something to do.
ee. *A Fable for Critics.* Last Line.

We remain
Safe in the hallowed quiet of the past.
a. *The Cathedral.*

Soft-heartedness, in times like these
Shows sof'ness in the upper story.
b. *Biglow Papers.* No. 7.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak.
c. *Stanzas on Freedom.*

M.

Macaulay.

A system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbor and to love your neighbor's wife.
d. *Essay. Mitford's History of Greece.*

MacCallum.

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.
e. *The Watermill.*

George MacDonald.

Beauty and sadness always go together.
Nature thought Beauty too rich to go forth
Upon the earth without a meet alloy.
f. *Within and Without.* Pt. IV. Sc. 3.

Where McGregor sits, there is the head of the table.
g. *Quoted by Emerson in American Scholar.*

Marlowe.

Things that are not at all, are never lost.
h. *Hero and Leander.* First Sestiad. Line 276.

Massinger.

And, but herself, admits no parallel.
i. *The Duke of Milan.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Mazzini.

One sole God;
One sole ruler,—his Law;
One sole interpreter of that law — Humanity.
j. *Life and Writings. Young Europe. General Principles.* No. 1.

Owen Meredith.

Who can answer where any road leads to?
k. *Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto IV. St. 21.

Merrick.

Not what we wish but what we want.
l. *Hymn.*

Milton.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.
m. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 323.

A fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation.
n. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 710.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence.
o. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 240.

Eldest Night and Chaos, ancestors of Nature.
p. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 894.

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.
q. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 560.

For contemplation he and valor formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.
r. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 297.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.
s. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 628.

Killed with report that old man eloquent.*
t. *Sonnet. To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

Last, the sire and his three sons,
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
u. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 736.

Moping melancholy,
And moonstruck madness.
v. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 486.

Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles.
w. *L'Allegro.* Line 27.

Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd.
x. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 228.

Servant of God, well done!
y. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 29.

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
z. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 99.

The palpable obscure.
aa. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 406.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
bb. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 16.

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved.
cc. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 185.

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
dd. *Comus.* Line 365.

Zeal and duty are not slow,
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait.
ee. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. III. Line 172.

Montaigne.

A man must either imitate the vicious or hate them.
ff. *Of Solitude.*

We are nearer neighbours to ourselves than whiteness to snow, or weight to stones.
gg. *Essays.* Bk. II. Ch. XII.

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* Isocrates, the celebrated orator of Greece.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
a. *Song.* "*My Dear and only Love.*"

MORE.

For men use if they have an evil tourne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a good tourne we write it in duste.
b. *Richard III.*

MOORE.

Good at a fight, but better at a play;
Godlike in giving but the devil to pay.
c. *On a Cast of Sheridan's Hand.*

MURPHY.

Above the vulgar flight of common souls.
d. *Zenobia.* Act V.

N.

LADY NAIRNE.

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.
e. *The Laird o' Cockpen.*

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.
f. *Gude Nicht, etc.*

O.

KANE O'HARA.

When the judgment's weak,
The prejudice is strong.
g. *Midas.* Act I. Sc. 4.

P.

PALEY.

Who can refute a sneer?
h. *Moral Philosophy.* Bk. V. Ch. IX.

PERCY.

Every white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour.
i. *Reliques. Sir Carline.*

He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a.
j. *Reliques. The Baffled Knight.*

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Studious of ease and fond of humble things.
k. *From Holland to a Friend in England.*

POPE.

Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!
l. *Moral Essay.* Ep. II. Line 248.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
m. *Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 90.

Bare the mean heart that lurks behind a star.
n. *Satire I.* Bk. II. Line 110.

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust;
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
o. *Prologue to Satires.* Line 332.

Destroy all Creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust.
p. *Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 117.

Die and endow a College, or a Cat.
q. *Moral Essays.* Ep. III. *To Bathurst.* Line 96.

Esteem and love were never to be sold.
r. *Essay on Man.* Ep. IV.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
s. *Prologue to Satires.* Line 5.

For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
t. *Essay on Criticism.* Line 191.

Glory and gain the industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle dulness ever loves a joke.
u. *The Dunciad.* Bk. II. Line 33.

Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
v. *Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 81.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
w. *Rape of the Lock.* Canto I. Line 137.

How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
x. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. II. Line 421.

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
y. *Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 19.

Nature made every Fop to plague his brother,
Just as one Beauty mortifies another.
z. *Satire of Dr. Donne.* Satire IV. Line 258.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit a Man, Simplicity, a child.
aa. *Epitaph XI.* Line 1.

Solid pudding against empty praise.
bb. *The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 52.

Sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.
cc. *Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 149.

The doubtful beam long nods from side to side.
dd. *Rape of the Lock.* Canto V. Line 73.

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
ee. *Prologue to Satires.* Line 171.

To err is human; to forgive divine.
ff. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. II. Line 325.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.
gg. *Prologue to* "*Cato.*" Line 1.

Tricks to show the stretch of human brain.
a. *Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 47.

With too much Quickness ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought.
b. *Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 97.

PRÆD.

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the speaker.
c. *School and School-Fellows.*

PRIOR.

And the gray mare will prove the better horse.
d. *Epilogue to Lucius.*

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.
e. *Henry and Emma.* Line 323.

One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.
f. *Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq.*

They always talk who never think.
g. *On a Passage in the Scaligerana.*

They never taste who always drink.
h. *On a Passage in the Scaligerana*

Q.

QUARLES.

Be wisely worldly, but not wordly wise.
i. *Emblems.* Bk. II. 2.

The next way home's the farthest way about.
j. *Emblems.* Bk. IV. 2. Epigram II.

R.

RILEY.

Bad are those men who speak evil of the good.
k. *Plautus. The Bacchides.* Act I. Sc. 3.

S.

LE SAGE.

I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste.
l. *Gil Blas.* Bk. VII. Ch. IV.

SEWARD.

It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces.
m. *Speech.* Oct. 25, 1858.

SHAKESPEARE.

A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue.
n. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

A hit, a very palpable hit.
o. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats.
p. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.
q. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds.
r. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

All's well that ends well.
s. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Although our last and least.
t. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

"Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
u. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
v. *Sonnet LXXV.*

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill.
w. *Sonnet LXVI.*

And thereby hangs a tale.
x. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

A pound of man's flesh, * * * *
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats.
y. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent?
z. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé.
aa. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.
bb. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

At my finger's ends.
cc. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
dd. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Behold destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet.
ee. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Beware the ides of March!
ff. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
gg. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Brief abstract, and record of tedious days.
hh. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.
ii. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Mess.—But yet, madam—
Cleo.—I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet;"
"But yet" is as a goaler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.
jj. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?
a. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Condemned into everlasting redemption for this.
b. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.
c. *Passionate Pilgrim.* Pt. XII.

Even in the afternoon of her best days.
d. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Every man is odd.
e. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Every why hath a wherefore.
f. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 2.
BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 132.

Excellent! I smell a device.
g. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
h. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Fast bind, fast find.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Fathers that wear rags do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind.
j. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.
k. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake.
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Giving more light than heat.
m. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

God defend thy right!
n. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

God save the mark!
o. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Harp not on that string.
p. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Heaven mend all!
q. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Heaven's face doth glow.
r. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.
s. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He must have a long spoon, that must eat with the Devil.
t. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up.
u. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Here's metal more attractive.
v. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

He that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than man, I am not for him.
w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Hyperion to a satyr.
x. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.
y. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy.
z. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

I do desire we may be better strangers.
aa. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.
bb. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
cc. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 1.

In time we hate that which we often fear.
dd. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I pause for a reply.
ee. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I saw Othello's visage in his mind.
ff. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.
gg. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 6.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't.
hh. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 4.

It is a pretty mocking of the life.
ii. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage.
jj. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire.
kk. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.
ll. *King John.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none.
mm. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Mend, when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
nn. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

No more like my father
Than I to Hercules.
a. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize.
c. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Nor age eat up my invention.
d. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
e. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough.
f. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
g. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

O my prophetic soul! mine uncle!
h. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
i. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
j. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven.
k. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

Out upon this half fac'd fellowship!
m. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
n. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 3.

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day.
o. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Prosperity's the very bond of love.
p. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Rights by rights fouler, strength by strengths do fail.
q. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute shall?
r. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
s. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
t. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Smooth as monumental alabaster.
u. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Some of us will smart for it.
w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.
x. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

So we grew together.
y. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but love and dove.
z. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.
aa. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
bb. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
cc. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
dd. *Sonnet CII.*

Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
ee. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Sweets to the sweet; farewell!
ff. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Sweets with sweets war not; joy delights in joy.
gg. *Sonnet VIII.*

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
hh. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
ii. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 2.

That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much not two!
jj. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

That that is, is.
kk. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.
a. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.
b. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The choice and master spirits of this age.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

The game is up.
e. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Then westward ho!
Grace and good disposition 'tend your lady-ship.
f. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The people are the city.
g. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.
i. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The short and the long of it.
j. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The trick of singularity.
k. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 5.

The true beginning of our end.
l. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.
m. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

This denoted a foregone conclusion.
n. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

This precious stone set in the silver sea.
o. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
p. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Thou villain base
Know'st me not by my clothes?
r. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.
s. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

'Tis neither here nor there.
t. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd.
u. *Sonnet CI.*

'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.
v. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws.
w. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 4.

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.
x. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

What a falling-off was there!
y. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

What a frosty-spirited rogue is this!
z. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
aa. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.
bb. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

When he is best, he is little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast.
cc. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

When I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.
dd. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 5.

When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing.
ee. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit.
ff. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Whip me such honest knaves.
gg. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
hh. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

With all appliances and means to boot.
ii. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Words pay no debts, give her deeds.
jj. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern.
a. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.
b. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

You would eat chickens i' the shell.
c. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Zed! thou unnecessary letter!
d. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

SHELLEY.

Love's pestilence, and her slow dogs of war.
e. *Hellas.* Line 321.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.
f. *To* ———.

SHERIDAN.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance.
g. *School for Scandal.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

An oyster may be crossed in love.
h. *The Critic.* Act III.

Inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne.
i. *The Critic.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Too civil by half.
j. *The Rivals.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

Have I caught my heav'nly jewel.
k. *Astrophel and Stella.* Song II.

Many-headed multitude.
l. *Arcadia.* Bk. II.

My dear, my better half.
m. *Arcadia.* Bk. III.

SMOLLETT.

Facts are stubborn things.
n. *Gil Blas.* Bk. X. Ch. I.

SPENSER.

And there, though last, not least.
o. *Colin Clout.* Line 444.

Through thick and thin.
p. *Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto IV. St. 46.

Yet was he but a squire of low degree.
q. *Fœrie Queene.* Bk. IV. Canto VII. St. 15.

MADAME DE STAËL.

I see that time divided is never long, and that regularity abridges all things.
r. *Abel Stevens' Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXVIII.

Innocence in genius, and candor in power, are both noble qualities.
s. *Germany.* Pt. II. Ch. VIII.

SWEDENBORG.

A man after death is not a natural but a spiritual man; nevertheless he still appears in all respects like himself.
t. *Conjugial Love.* Par. 31.

Charity itself consists in acting justly and faithfully in whatever office, business and employment a person is engaged in.
u. *True Christian Religion.* Par. 422.

Conjugial love is celestial, spiritual, and holy, because it corresponds to the celestial, spiritual and holy marriage of the Lord and the Church.
v. *Conjugial Love.* Par. 62.

Love in its essence is spiritual fire.
w. *True Christian Religion.* Par. 31.

The love that reigns in the celestial kingdom, is love to the Lord, and the light of truth thence derived is wisdom.
x. *Heaven and Hell.* Par. 148.

The omnipotence of God shines forth from the universe.
y. *Apocalypse Explained.* Par. 726.

The third essential of God's love, to make others happy from itself, is recognized in the gift of eternal life, which is blessedness, satisfaction, and happiness without end.
z. *True Christian Religion.* Par. 43.

What ought to be more dear to a man than his life to eternity?
aa. *Arcana.* Par. 794.

With every man there are good spirits and evil spirits; by good spirits, man has conjunction with heaven, and by evil spirits with hell.
bb. *Heaven and Hell.* Par. 292.

SWIFT.

For by old proverbs it appears
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.
cc. *Pastoral Dialogue. Written After the News of the King's Death.* Line 7.

Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man.
dd. *My Lady's Lamentation.*

They are like each other as are peas
ee. *Horace.* Bk. I. Ep. V.

T.

TENNYSON.

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
ff. *Locksley Hall.* St. 92.

Jewels five words long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever.
a. *The Princess.* Canto II. Line 368.

O saviour of the silver-coasted isle.
b. *Ode on Death of Duke of Wellington.* Pt. 6.

THACKERAY.

Werter had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.
c. *The Sorrows of Werter.*

THOMSON.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?
d. *The Seasons. Summer.* Line 67.

Looked unuttered things.
e. *The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1188.

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade.
f. *The Seasons. Hymn.* Line 35.

TUSSER.

Better late than never.
g. *An Habitation Enforced.*

W.

WALLER.

All human things
Of dearest value hang on slender strings.
h. *Miscellanies I.* Line 163.

WALTON.

Never man can lose what he never had.
i. *Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. V.

JOHN WEBSTER.

Give an inch, he'll take an ell.
j. *Sir Thomas Wyatt.*
HOBBES—*Liberty and Necessity.* No. 111.

WITHER.

And I oft have heard defended
Little said is soonest mended.
k *The Shepherd's Hunting.*

Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance.
l. *Poem on Christmas.*

WORDSWORTH.

A tale in everything.
m. *Simon Lee.*

For all things are less dreadful than they seem.
n. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Recovery.*

Something between a hindrance and a help.
o. *Michael.*

With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars.
p. *The Excursion.* Bk. II.

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged.
q. *The Excursion.* Bk. III.

Y.

YONGE.

At whose sight, like the sun,
All others with diminish'd lustre shone.
r. *Cicero. Tusculan Disp.* Bk. III. Div. 18.

YOUNG.

In records that defy the tooth of time.
s. *The Statesman's Creed.*

Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts at home.
t. *Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 99.

None think the great unhappy, but the great.
u. *Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 238.

Time flies, death urges, knell calls, heaven invites,
Hell threatens.
v. *Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 291.

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride;
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
w. *Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 510.

Part II.

QUOTATIONS

FROM THE

CLASSICAL LATIN AUTHORS.

A.

ABSURDITY.

Nihil tam absurdum, quod non dictum sit ab aliquo philosophorum.

There is nothing so absurd as not to have been said by some philosopher.

a. CICERO.

ACTING.

Tristia mæstum
Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.

Sorrowful words become the sorrowful; angry words suit the passionate; light words a playful expression; serious words suit the grave.

b. HORACE.

Fere totus mundus exercet histrionem.

Almost the whole world are players.

c. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

ACTION.

Nunquam ædepol temere tinniit tintinnabulum;
Nisi quis illud tractat aut movet, mutum est, tacet.

The bell never rings of itself; unless some one handles or moves it, it is dumb.

d. PLAUTUS.

AFFINITY.

Neque est ullum certius amicitiæ vinculum, quam consensus et societas consiliorum et voluntatum.

There is no more sure tie between friends than when they are united in their objects and wishes.

e. CICERO.

Ubi mel, ibi apes.

Where there is honey, there are bees.

f. PLAUTUS.

AFFLICTION.

Damna minus consueta movent.

The afflictions to which we are accustomed, do not disturb us.

g. JUVENAL.

Crede mihi, miseris cœlestia numina parcunt;
Nec semper læsos, et sine fine, premunt.

Believe me, the gods spare the afflicted, and do not always oppress those who are unfortunate.

h. OVID.

Res est sacra miser.

The afflicted person is sacred.

i. OVID.

Dubium salutem qui dat adflictis negat.

He who tenders doubtful safety to those in trouble refuses it.

j. SENECA.

AGE.

Turpis et ridicula res est elementarius senex: juveni parandum, seni utendum est.

An old man in his rudiments is a disgraceful object. It is for youth to acquire, and for age to apply.

k. SENECA.

Vetera extollimus recentium incuriosi.

We extol ancient things, regardless of our own times.

l. TACITUS.

Vitium commune omnium est,
Quod nimium ad rem in senectâ attenti sumus.

It is a vice common to all, that in old age we are too much attached to worldly interests.

m. TERENCE.

AGREEMENT.

Nunquam aliud Natura aliud Sapientia dixit.

Nature never says one thing, Wisdom another.

a. Juvenal.

Rara est adeo concordia formæ
Atque pudicitiæ.

Rare is the union of beauty and purity.

b. Juvenal.

Discors concordia.

Agreeing to differ.

c. Ovid.

AGRICULTURE.

Continuâ messe senescit ager.

A field becomes exhausted by constant tillage.

d. Ovid.

Tempus in agrorum cultu consumere dulce est.

Time spent in the cultivation of the fields passes very pleasantly.

e. Ovid.

AMBITION.

Prima enim sequentem, honestum est in secundis, tertiisque consistere.

When you are aspiring to the highest place, it is honorable to reach the second or even the third rank.

f. Cicero.

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

My exalted head shall strike the stars.

g. Horace.

Velle parum est; cupias ut re potiaris oportet;
Et faciat somnos hæc tibi cura breves.

To wish is of little account; to succeed you must earnestly desire; and this desire must shorten thy sleep.

h. Ovid.

Necesse in immensum exeat cupiditas quæ naturalem modum transiliit.

When once ambition has passed its natural limit, its progress is boundless.

i. Seneca.

Si vis ad summum progredi, ab infimo ordire.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.

j. Syrus.

AMUSEMENT.

Ludendi etiam est quidam modus retinendus, ut ne nimis omnia profundamus, elatique voluptate in aliquam turpitudinem delabamur.

In our amusements a certain limit is to be placed that we may not devote ourselves to a life of pleasure and thence fall into immorality.

k. Cicero.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.

Mingle a little folly with your wisdom. (A little nonsense now and then.)

l. Horace.

ANCESTRY.

Stemmata quid faciunt, quid prodest, Pontice, longo,
Sanguine censeri?

Of what use are pedigrees, or to be thought of noble blood?

m. Juvenal.

ANGER.

Ira est libido puniendi ejus, qui videatur læsisse injuriâ.

Anger is the desire of punishing the man who seems to have injured you.

n. Cicero.

Animum rege qui nisi paret imperat.

Control your passion or it will control you.

o. Horace.

Ira furor brevis est.

Anger is a short madness.

p. Horace.

Vino tortus et irâ.

Racked by wine and anger.

q. Horace.

Trahit ipse furoris
Impetus, et visum est lenti quæsisse nocentem.

They are borne along by the violence of their rage, and think it a waste of time to ask who are guilty.

r. Lucan.

Quamlibet infirmas adjuvat ira manus.

Anger assists hands however weak.

s. Ovid.

Ut fragilis glacies interit ira morâ.

Like fragile ice anger passes away in time.

t. Ovid.

Quamvis tegatur proditur vultu furor.

Anger, though concealed, is betrayed by the countenance.

u. Seneca.

Ne frena animo permitte calenti;
Da spatium, tenuemque moram; male cuncta ministrat
Impetus.

Give not reins to your inflamed passions; take time and a little delay; impetuosity manages all things badly.

v. Statius.

Furor arma ministrat.

Their rage supplies them with weapons.

w. Virgil.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ.

Can heavenly minds such anger entertain?

x. Virgil.

ANXIETY.

Calamitosus est animus futuri anxius.

The mind that is anxious about the future, is miserable.
a. SENECA.

ART.

Oculi picturâ tenentur, aures cantibus.

The eyes are charmed by paintings, the ears by music.
b. CICERO.

Arte citæ veloque rates, remoque moventur; Arte levis currus, arte regendus Amor.

By science, sails, and oars, ships are rapidly moved; science moves the light chariot, and it establishes love.
c. OVID.

AVARICE.

Avaritiam si tollere vultis, mater ejus est tollenda, luxuries.

If you wish to remove avarice you must remove its mother, luxury.
d. CICERO.

Ac primam scelerum matrem, quæ semper habendo
Plus sitiens patulis rimatur faucibus aurum.

(Avarice) the mother of all wickedness, always thirsty for more, opens wide her jaws for gold.
e. CLAUDIANUS.

Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.

The love of pelf increases with the pelf.
f. JUVENAL.

Non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,
Sed vitio cæci propter patrimonia vivunt.

Some men make fortunes, but not to enjoy them; for, blinded by avarice, they live to make fortunes.
g. JUVENAL.

Desunt inopiæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.

Poverty wants much; but avarice, everything.
h. SYRUS.

B.

BEAUTY.

Auxilium non leve vultus habet.

A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage.
i. OVID.

Nimia est miseria nimis pulchrum esse hominem.

It is a great plague to be too handsome a man.
j. PLAUTUS.

Gratior ac pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

Even virtue is fairer when it appears in a beautiful person.
k. VIRGIL.

BEGINNING.

Incipe; dimidium facti est cœpisse. Supersit Dimidium: rursum hoc incipe, et efficies.

Begin; to begin is half the work. Let half still remain; again begin this, and thou wilt have finished.
l. AUSONIUS.

Incipe quicquid agas: pro toto est prima operis pars.

Begin whatever you have to do: the beginning of a work stands for the whole.
m. AUSONIUS.

Omnium rerum principia parva sunt.

The beginnings of all things are small.
n. CICERO.

Dimidium facti qui cœpit habet.

What's well begun, is half done.
o. HORACE.

Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam.

We are always beginning to live, but are never living.
p. LUCRETIUS.

Cœpisti melius quam desinis. Ultima primis cedunt.

Thou beginnest better than thou endest. The last is inferior to the first.
q. OVID.

Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.

Resist beginnings: it is too late to employ medicine when the evil has grown strong by inveterate habit.
r. OVID.

Deficit omne quod nascitur.

Everything that has a beginning comes to an end.
s. QUINTILIAN.

BELIEF.

Credat Judæus Apella.

Let the Jew believe it.

a. HORACE.

Tarde quæ credita lædunt credimus.

We are slow to believe what if believed would hurt our feelings.

b. OVID.

BENEFITS.

Gratia, quæ tarda est, ingrata est: gratia namque
Cum fieri properat, gratia grata magis.

A favor tardily bestowed is no favor; for a favor quickly granted is a more agreeable favor.

c. AUSONIUS.

Nam improbus est homo qui beneficium scit sumere et reddere nescit.

That man is worthless who knows how to receive a favor, but not how to return one.

d. PLAUTUS.

Beneficium non in eo quod fit aut datur consistit sed in ipso dantis aut facientis animo.

A benefit consists not in what is done or given but in the intention of the giver or doer.

e. SENECA.

Eodem animo beneficium debetur, quo datur.

A benefit is estimated according to the mind of the giver.

f. SENECA.

Nullum est tam angustum beneficium, quod non bonus interpres extendat.

There is no benefit so small, that a good man will not magnify it.

g. SENECA.

BENEVOLENCE.

Non sibi sed toto genitum se credere mundo.

He believed that he was born, not for himself, but for the whole world.

h. LUCAN.

Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

Being myself no stranger to suffering, I have learned to relieve the sufferings of others.

i. VIRGIL.

BOOKS.

Quicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli.

The doings of men are the subject of this book.

j. JUVENAL.

Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim
Scribere, tu causa es lector.

Thou art the cause, O reader, of my dwelling on lighter topics, when I would rather handle serious ones.

k. MARTIAL.

Distrahit animum librorum multitudo.

A multitude of books distracts the mind.

l. SENECA.

BUSINESS.

Quam quisque novit artem, in hac se exerceat.

Let a man practice the profession which he best knows.

m. CICERO.

Caput est in omni negotio, nôsse quid agendum sit.

The most important part of every business is to know what ought to be done.

n. COLUMELLA.

Aliena negotia curo,
Excussus propriis.

I attend to the business of other people, having lost my own.

o. HORACE.

Amoto quæramus seria ludo.

Setting raillery aside, let us attend to serious matters.

p. HORACE.

Quod medicorum est
Promittunt medici, tractant fabrilia fabri.

Physicians attend to the business of physicians, and workmen handle the tools of workmen.

q. HORACE.

Consilia callida et audacia primâ specie læta, tractatu dura, eventu tristia sunt.

Hasty and adventurous schemes are at first view flattering, in execution difficult, and in the issue disastrous.

r. LIVY.

O cura hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!

Oh, the cares of men! how much emptiness there is in human concerns.

s. PERSIUS.

Dominum videre plurimum in rebus suis.

The master looks sharpest to his own business.

t. PHÆDRUS.

Non enim potest quæstus consistere, si eum sumptus superat.

There can be no profit, if the outlay exceeds it.

u. PLAUTUS.

Quâ pote quisque in eâ conterat arte diem.

Let everyone engage in the business with which he is best acquainted.
a. PROPERTIUS.

Prius quam incipias consulto, et ubi consulueris mature facto opus est.

Advise well before you begin: and when you have decided, act promptly.
b. SALLUST.

Omnia inconsulti impetus cœpta, initiis valida, spatio languescunt.

All inconsiderate enterprises are impetuous at first, but soon languish.
c. TACITUS.

Par negotiis neque supra.

Neither above nor below his business.
d. TACITUS.

Actum ne agas.

Do not do what is already done.
e. TERENCE.

C.

CALUMNY.

Nihil est autem tam volucre, quam maledictum; nihil facilius emittitur; nihil citius excipitur, latius dissipatur.

Nothing is so swift as calumny; nothing is more easily uttered; nothing more readily received; nothing more widely dispersed.
f. CICERO.

Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia risit:
Sed nos in vitium credula turba sumus.

The mind conscious of innocence despises false reports: but we are a set always ready to believe a scandal.
g. OVID.

Non sóles respicere te, cum dicas injuste alteri?

Do you never look at yourself when you abuse another person?
h. PLAUTUS.

CAREFULNESS.

Festina lente.

Hasten slowly.
i. AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Assiduus usus uni rei deditus et ingenium et artem sæpe vincit.

Careful attention to one thing often proves superior to genius and art.
j. CICERO.

Nec minor est virtus quam quærere parta tueri,
Casus inest illic: hic erit artis opus.

There is no less merit in keeping than in acquiring. Chance affects the one; the other is the result of effort.
k. OVID.

Majores fertilissimum in agro oculum domini esse dixerunt.

Our fathers used to say that the master's eye was the best fertilizer.
l. PLINY THE ELDER.

Nimius in veritate, et similitudinis quam pulchritudinis amantior.

Too exact, and studious of similitude rather than of beauty.
m. QUINTILIAN.

Boni pastoris est tondere pecus non deglubere.

A good shepherd shears his flock, not flays them.
n. SUETONIUS.

Non quam multis placeas, sed qualibus stude.

Do not care how many, but whom, you please.
o. SYRUS.

CAUSE.

In bello parvis momentis magni casus intercedunt.

In war events of importance are the result of trivial causes.
p. CÆSAR.

Causa latet: vis est notissima.

The cause is hidden, but the result is known.
q. OVID.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

Happy the man who has been able to learn the causes of things.
r. VIRGIL.

CENSURE.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

Censure pardons the crows while it condemns the doves.
s. JUVENAL.

CHANCE.

Nil prodest quod non lædere possit idem.

Nothing profits which may not also harm.
t. OVID.

Quam sæpè fortè temerè eveniunt, quæ non audeas optare!

How often things occur by mere chance, which we dared not even to hope for.

a. TERENCE.

CHANGE.

An id exploratum cuiquam potest esse, quomodo sese habiturum sit corpus, non dico ad annum sed ad vesperam?

Can anyone find out in what condition his body will be, I do not say a year hence, but this evening?

b. CICERO.

Nihil est aptius ad delectationem lectoris quam temporum varietates fortunæque vicissitudines.

There is nothing better fitted to delight the reader than change of circumstances and varieties of fortune.

c. CICERO.

Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.

Nothing is more annoying than a low man raised to a high position.

d. CLAUDIANUS.

Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus.

The fickle populace always change with the prince.

e. CLAUDIANUS.

Amphora cœpit
Institui; currente rotâ cur urceus exit?

A vase is begun; why, as the wheel goes round, does it turn out a pitcher?

f. HORACE.

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

He pulls down, he builds up, he changes squares into circles.

g. HORACE.

Non si malè nunc et olim sic erit.

If matters go on badly now, they will not always be so.

h. HORACE.

Non sum qualis eram.

I am not what I once was.

i. HORACE.

Optat ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.

The lazy ox wishes for horse-trappings, and the steed wishes to plough.

j. HORACE.

Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices.

Change generally pleases the rich.

k. HORACE.

Quod petit spernit, repetit quod nuper omisit.

He despises what he sought; and he seeks that which he lately threw away.

l. HORACE.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem
Protea nodo?

With what knot shall I hold this Proteus, who so often changes his countenance?

m. HORACE.

Momento mare vertitur,
Eodem die ubi luserunt, navigia sorbentur.

In a moment the sea is convulsed and on the same day vessels are swallowed up where they lately sported on the waves.

n. JUVENAL.

Nam multa præter spem scio multis bona evenisse,
At ego etiam qui speraverint, spem decepisse multos.

For I know that many good things have happened to many, when least expected; and that many hopes have been disappointed.

o. PLAUTUS.

Est natura hominum novitatis avida.

Human nature is fond of novelty.

p. PLINY THE ELDER.

Nostra sine auxilio fugiunt bona. Carpite florem.

Our advantages fly away without aid. Pluck the flower.

q. OVID.

Corporis et fortunæ bonorum ut initium finis est. Omnia orta occidunt, et orta senescunt.

As the blessings of health and fortune have a beginning, so they must also find an end. Everything rises but to fall, and increases but to decay.

r. SALLUST.

Non convalescit planta, quæ sæpe transfertur.

The plant, which is often transplanted, does not prosper.

s. SENECA.

Corpora lente augescent, cito extinguuntur.

Bodies are slow of growth, but are rapid in their dissolution.

t. TACITUS.

Multa dies variusque labor mutabilis ævi
Retulit in melius: multos alterna revisens
Lusit, et in solido rursus
Fortuna locavit.

Time and the varying movements of changing years have bettered many things; and Fortune returning after having deserted many, has again placed them upon solid ground.

u. VIRGIL.

CHARACTER.

Constans et lenis, ut res expostulet, esto.

Be firm or mild as the occasion may require.

v. CATO.

Suus quoque attributus est error:
Sed non videmus, manticæ quid in tergo est.

Every one has his faults: but we do not see the wallet on our own backs.
a. CATULLUS.

Etiam illud adjungo, sæpius ad laudem atque virtutem naturam sine doctrinâ, quam sine naturâ valuisse doctrinam.

I add this also, that natural ability without education has oftener raised man to glory and virtue, than education without natural ability.
b. CICERO.

Imago animi vultus est, indices oculi.

The countenance is the portrait of the soul, and the eyes mark its intentions.
c. CICERO.

Importunitas autem, et inhumanitas omni ætati molesta est.

But a perverse temper and fretful disposition make any state of life unhappy.
d. CICERO.

Minime sibi quisque notus est, et difficillime de se quisque sentit.

Every one is least known to himself, and it is very difficult for a man to know himself.
e. CICERO.

Quotus quisque philosophorum invenitur, qui sit ita moratus, ita animo ac vita constitutus, ut ratio postulat?

How few philosophers there are whose habits, minds and lives are constituted as reason demands.
f. CICERO.

Ut ignis in aquam conjectus, continuo restinguitur et refrigeratur, sic refervens falsum crimen in purissimam et castissimam vitam collatum, statim concidit et extinguitur.

As fire when thrown into water is cooled down and put out, so also a false accusation when brought against a man of the purest and holiest character, boils over and is at once dissipated, and vanishes.
g. CICERO.

Falsus honor juvat et mendax infamia terret,
Quem nisi mendosum et mendacem?

Whom does false honor aid, and calumny deter, but the vicious and the liar?
h. HORACE.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu.

The man who is pure in life, and free from guilt needs not the aid of Moorish bows and darts.
i. HORACE.

Paullum sepultæ distat inertiæ
Celata virtus.

Excellence when concealed, differs but little from buried worthlessness.
j. HORACE.

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

Let the character as it began be preserved to the last; and let it be consistent with itself.
k. HORACE.

Famæ damna majora, quam quæ estimari possint.

The injury done to character is greater than can be estimated.
l. LIVY.

Mortua cui vita est prope jam vivoque videnti.

Whose life is dead even while he lives and sees.
m. LUCRETIUS.

Magnos homines virtute metimur non fortunâ.

We measure great men by their character, not by their success.
n. NEPOS.

Sui cuique mores fingunt fortunam.

His own character shapes the fortune of every man.
o. NEPOS.

Quod licet ingratum est; quod non licet acrius urit.

What is lawful is despised; what is unlawful is eagerly desired.
p. OVID.

Ut desint vires tamen est laudanda voluntas.

Though the power be wanting, yet the wish is praiseworthy.
q. OVID.

Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.

I see and approve better things, I follow the worse.
r. OVID.

Intus et in jecore ægro
Nascuntur domini.

Within thy morbid breast there spring up masters.
s. PERSIUS.

Tecum habita, et nôris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

Retire within thyself, and thou will discover how small a stock is there.
t. PERSIUS.

Udum et molle lutum es: nunc, nunc properandus et acri
Fingendus sine fine rotâ.

Thou art moist and soft clay; thou must instantly be shaped by the glowing wheel.
u. PERSIUS.

Velle suum cuique, nec voto vivitur uno.

Each man has his own desires; all do not possess the same inclinations.
v. PERSIUS.

Tu si animum vicisti potius quam animus te est quod gaudias.

If you have overcome your inclination and not been overcome by it, you have reason to rejoice.

a. PLAUTUS.

Naturæ sequitur semina quisque suæ.

Every one follows the inclinations of his own nature.

b. PROPERTIUS.

Aliena vitia in oculis habemus; a tergo nostra sunt.

Other men's sins are before our eyes; our own, behind our backs.

c. SENECA.

Potentissimus est qui se habet in potestate.

He is most powerful, who has himself in his power.

d. SENECA.

Quæris Alcidæ parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse.

Do you seek Alcides' equal? There is none but himself.

e. SENECA.

Formosa facies muta commendatio est.

A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation.

f. SYRUS.

In turbas et discordias pessimo cuique plurima vis: pax et quies bonis artibus indigent.

In seasons of tumult and discord bad men have most power; mental and moral excellence require peace and quietness.

g. TACITUS.

Fuerat Vitellio simplicitas ac liberalitas, quæ, nisi adsit modus in exitium vertuntur.

Vitellius possessed simplicity and liberality, qualities which beyond a certain limit lead to ruin.

h. TACITUS.

Ita comparatam esse naturam omnium, aliena ut melius videant et dijudicent, quam sua.

The nature of all men is so formed, that they see and discriminate in the affairs of others, much better than in their own.

i. TERENCE.

Re ipsâ reperi,
Facilitate nihil esse homini melius neque clementiâ.

I have found by experience that there is nothing better for a man than mildness and clemency.

j. TERENCE.

Accipe nunc Danaûm insidias, et crimine ab uno
Disce omnes.

Learn now of the treachery of the Greeks, and from one example the character of the nation may be known.

k. VIRGIL.

CIRCUMSPECTION.

Nil admirari prope est res una, Numici, Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum.

Not to be lost in idle admiration is the only sure means of making and of preserving happiness.

l. HORACE.

CITIES.

Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

Cease to admire the smoke, wealth and noise of Rome.

m. HORACE.

Urbem lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.

He found the city of brick, and he left it of marble.

n. SUETONIUS.

COMPANIONS.

Comes jucundus in viâ pro vehiculo est.

A pleasant companion on a journey is as good as a carriage.

o. SYRUS.

COMPARISON.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt plura mala.

Some things are good, some are middling, the most are bad.

p. MARTIAL.

Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hædos
Nôram; sic parvis componere magna solebam.

Thus I knew that pups are like dogs, and kids like goats; so I used to compare great things with small.

q. VIRGIL.

COMPASSION.

Quemcumque miserum videris, hominem scias.

When you see a man in distress, recognize him as a fellow man.

r. SENECA.

Non ignara mali miseris succurere disco.

Having suffered, I know how to help those who are in distress.

s. VIRGIL.

COMPENSATION.

Ut sementem feceris, ita metes.

As thou sowest, so shalt thou reap.

t. CICERO.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum;
Multa recedentes adimunt.

The coming years bring many advantages with them; retiring they take away many.

u. HORACE.

Sæpe creat molles aspera spina rosas.

The prickly thorn often bears soft roses.

a. OVID.

Primo avulso, non deficit alter.

When the first is plucked a second will not be wanting.

b. VIRGIL.

COMPLAINT.

Apud novercam quærere.

Complain to your stepmother.

c. PLAUTUS.

CONCEALMENT.

Vitæ postscenia celant.

Men conceal the past scenes of their lives.

d. LUCRETIUS.

CONCISENESS.

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.

In laboring to be concise, I become obscure.

e. HORACE.

CONDITION.

Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum.

Nothing is more unendurable than a low-born man raised to high estate.

f. CLAUDIANUS.

CONFIDENCE.

Ultima talis erit quæ mea prima fides.

My last confidence will be like my first.

g. PROPERTIUS.

Nunquam tuta fides.

Confidence is nowhere safe.

h. VIRGIL.

CONQUEST.

Cede repugnanti; cedendo victor abibis.

Yield to him who opposes you; by yielding you conquer.

i. OVID.

Bis vincit qui se vincit in victoriâ.

He conquers twice who conquers himself in victory.

j. SYRUS.

CONSCIENCE.

Hic murus æneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ.

Be this thy brazen bulwark, to keep a clear conscience, and never turn pale with guilt.

k. HORACE.

Sic vive cum hominibus, tanquam Deus videat; sic loquere cum Deo, tanquam homines audiant.

Live with men as if God saw you; converse with God as if men heard you.

l. SENECA.

Neutiquam officium liberi esse hominis puto
Cum is nihil promereat, postulare id gratiæ apponi sibi.

No free man will ask as favour, what he cannot claim as reward.

m. TERENCE.

CONSOLATION.

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.

It is pleasant, when the sea runs high to view from land the great distress of another.

n. LUCRETIUS.

CONTENTION.

Ex magno certamine magnas excitari ferme iras.

Great contests generally excite great animosities.

o. LIVY.

Ducibus tantum de funere pugna est.

The chiefs contend only for their place of burial.

p. LUCAN.

Quod certaminibus ortum ultra metam durat.

That which arises from strife goes often beyond the mark.

q. VELL. PATERCULUS.

Nimium altercando veritas amittitur.

In excessive altercation, truth is lost.

r. SYRUS.

Ubi velis nolunt, ubi nolis volunt ultro:
Concessâ pudet ire viâ.

When you will, they won't; when you won't, they will: they are loath to walk in the lawful path.

s. TERENCE.

CONTENTMENT.

Levis est consolatio ex miseriâ aliorum.

The comfort derived from the misery of others is slight.

t. CICERO.

Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse Vixi; cras vel atrâ
Nube polum pater occupato,
Vel sole puro, non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est efficiet.

That man lives happy and in command of himself, who from day to day can say I have lived. Whether clouds obscure, or the sun illumines the following day, that which is past is beyond recall.

u. HORACE.

Nec vixit malè qui natus moriensque fefellit.

Nor has he spent his life badly who has passed it in privacy.

v. HORACE.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret. Nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto; multa petentibus
Desunt multa.

The more a man denies himself, the more he shall receive from heaven. Naked, I seek the camp of those who covet nothing: those who require much, are ever much in want.
a. HORACE.

Sit mihi quod nunc est, etiam minus ut mihi vivam
Quod superest ævi—si quid superesse volunt dii.

Let me possess what I now have, or even less, so that I may enjoy my remaining days, if Heaven grant any to remain.
b. HORACE.

Aliena nobis, nostra plus aliis placent.

The circumstances of others seem good to us, while ours seem good to others.
c. SYRUS.

Quoniam non potest id fieri, quod vis,
Id velis quod possit.

Since you cannot have what you wish, wish for what you can have.
d. TERENCE.

Vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
Jam sua.

Be happy ye, whose fortunes are already completed.
e. VIRGIL.

CONTRAST.

Ducis ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.

Adversity usually reveals the genius of the general, while good fortune conceals it.
f. HORACE.

Hoc ego tuque sumus: sed quod sum non potes esse:
Tu quod es, e populo quilibet esse potest.

Such are thou and I: but what I am thou canst not be; what thou art any one of the multitude may be.
g. MARTIAL.

Multos qui conflictari adversis videantur beatos; ac plerosque quamquam magnos per opes, miserrimos; si illi gravem fortunam constanter tolerant, hi prosperâ inconsulte utantur.

Many who seem to be struggling with adversity are happy; whilst some in the midst of riches are miserable; this is the case when the former bear the pressure with constancy, and the latter employ their wealth thoughtlessly
h. TACITUS.

CORRUPTION.

Malê verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex.

A corrupt judge does not carefully search for the truth.
i. HORACE.

Nec lex est æquior ulla,
Quam necis artificem arte perire sua.

Nor is there any law more just, than that he who has plotted death shall perish by his own plot.
j. OVID.

Corruptissimâ republicâ, plurimæ leges.

The more corrupt the state, the more laws.
k. TACITUS.

COURAGE.

Fortis vero, dolorem summum malum judicans; aut temperans, voluptatem summum bonum statuens, esse certe nullo modo potest.

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate, who considers pleasure the highest good.
l. CICERO.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.

Remember to be calm in adversity.
m. HORACE.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori:
Cœlo Musa beat.

The muse does not allow the praise-deserving hero to die: she enthrones him in the heavens.
n. HORACE.

Nil mortalibus arduum est:
Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.

Nothing is too high for the daring of mortals: we would storm heaven itself in our folly.
o. HORACE.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum
Si vis esse aliquis. Probitas laudatur et alget.

Dare to do something worthy of transportation and a prison, if you mean to be anybody. Virtue is praised and freezes.
p. JUVENAL.

In rebus asperis et tenui spe fortissima quæque consilia tutissima sunt.

In great straits and when hope is small, the boldest counsels are the safest.
q. LIVY.

Audendo magnus tegitur timor.

By daring, great fears are concealed.
r. LUCAN.

Stimulos dedit æmula virtus.

He was spurred on by rival valor.
s. LUCAN.

Qui sua metitur pondera ferre potest.

He who weighs his burdens, can bear them.
t. MARTIAL.

Animus tamen omnia vincit.
Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit,

Courage conquers all things: it even gives strength to the body.
a. OVID.

Audentem forsque Venusque juvant.

Fortune and Love befriend the bold.
b. OVID.

Leve fit quod bene fertur onus.

The burden which is well borne becomes light.
c. OVID.

Male vincetis, sed vincite.

You will hardly conquer, but conquer you must.
d. OVID.

Saucius ejurat pugnam gladiator, et idem
Immemor antiqui vulneris arma capit.

The wounded gladiator forswears all fighting, but soon forgetting his former wound resumes his arms.
e. OVID.

Teloque animus præstantior omni.

A spirit superior to every weapon.
f. OVID.

Bonus animus in malâ re, dimidium est mali.

Courage in danger is half the battle.
g. PLAUTUS.

Pluma haud interest, patronus an cliens probior sit
Homini, cui nulla in pectore est audacia.

It does not matter a feather whether a man be supported by patron or client, if he himself wants courage.
h. PLAUTUS.

Non solum taurus ferit uncis cornibus hostem,
Verum etiam instanti læsa repugnat ovis.

Not only does the bull attack its foe with its crooked horns, but the injured sheep will fight its assailant.
i. PROPERTIUS.

Quod si deficiant vires, audacia certe
Laus erit: in magnis et voluisse sat est.

Although strength should fail, the effort will deserve praise. In great enterprises the attempt is enough.
j. PROPERTIUS.

Fortuna opes auferre, non animum potest.

Fortune can take away riches, but not courage.
k. SENECA.

Serum est cavendi tempus in mediis malis.

The time for caution is past when we are in the midst of evils.
l. SENECA.

Virtus in astra tendit, in mortem timor.

Courage leads to heaven; fear, to death.
m. SENECA.

Adversis etenim frangi non esse virorum.

Brave men ought not to be cast down by adversity.
n. SILIUS ITALICUS.

Nemo timendo ad summum pervenit locum.

No one reaches a high position without daring.
o. SYRUS.

Fortes et strenuos etiam contra fortunam insistere, timidos et ignaros ad desperationem formidine properare.

The brave and bold persist even against fortune; the timid and cowardly rush to despair through fear alone.
p. TACITUS.

Si cadere necesse est, occurendum discrimini.

If we must fall, we should boldly meet the danger.
q. TACITUS.

Fortes fortuna adjuvat.

Fortune favors the brave.
r. TERENCE.

Audentes fortuna juvat.

Fortune helps the bold.
s. VIRGIL.

Exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus.

Small in number, but their valour tried in war, and glowing.
t. VIRGIL.

Macte novâ virtute, puer; sic itur ad astra.

Go on and increase in valor, O boy! this is the path to immortality.
u. VIRGIL.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra ardentior ito.

Do not yield to misfortunes, but meet them with fortitude.
v. VIRGIL.

COVETOUSNESS.

Multa petentibus desunt multa.

Those who covet much want much.
w. HORACE.

Quicquid servatur, cupimus magis: ipsaque furem
Cura vocat. Pauci, quod sinit alter, amant.

We covet what is guarded; the very care invokes the thief. Few love what they may have.
x. OVID.

Amittit merito proprium qui alienum appetit.

He deservedly loses his own property, who covets that of another.
y. PHÆDRUS.

COWARDS.

Nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit
Occurrat, mentemque domet respectus honesti.

Do not consider what you may do, but what it will become you to have done, and let the sense of honor subdue your mind.
a. Claudianus.

Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ.

To be conscious of no guilt, and to turn pale at no charge.
b. Horace.

Mater timidi flere not solet.

The mother of a coward does not often weep.
c. Nepos.

Conscia mens ut cuique sua est, ita concipit intra
Pectora pro facto spemque metumque suo.

According to the state of a man's conscience, so do hope and fear on account of his deeds arise in his mind.
d. Ovid.

Timidi est optare necem.

To wish for death is a coward's part.
e. Ovid.

Virtutis expers verbis jactans gloriam
Ignotos fallit, notis est derisui.

A coward boasting of his courage may deceive strangers, but he is a laughing-stock to those who know him.
f. Phædrus.

Nihil est miserius quam animus hominis conscius.

Nothing is more wretched than a guilty conscience.
g. Plautus.

Canis timidus vehementius latrat quam mordet.

A cowardly cur barks more fiercely than it bites.
h. Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Ignavissimus quisque, et ut res docuit, in periculo non ausurus, nimio verbis et linguâ feroces.

Every recreant who proved his timidity in the hour of danger, was afterwards boldest in word and tongue.
i. Tacitus.

CRIME.

Animi labes nec diuturnitate vanescere nec omnibus ullis elui potest.

Mental stains cannot be removed by time, nor washed away by any waters.
j. Cicero.

Deorum tela in impiorum mentibus figuntur.

The darts of the gods are fixed in the minds of the wicked.
k. Cicero.

Maxima illecebra est peccandi impunitatis spes.

The greatest incitement to sin is the hope of impunity.
l. Cicero.

Exemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi
Displicet auctori.

Every crime will bring remorse to the man who committed it.
m. Juvenal.

Multi committunt eadem diverso crimina fato;
Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

Many commit the same crimes with a very different result. One bears a cross for his crime; another a crown.
n. Juvenal.

Nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet.

For whoever meditates a crime is guilty of the deed.
o. Juvenal.

Nemo repente venit turpissimus.

No one ever became very wicked all at once.
p. Juvenal.

Se judice, nemo nocens absolvitur.

By his own verdict no guilty man is ever acquitted.
q. Juvenal.

Nullum scelus rationem habet.

No wickedness has any ground of reason.
r. Livy.

Quidquid multis peccatur inultum est.

The sins committed by many pass unpunished.
s. Lucan.

Solent occupationis spe vel impune quædam scelesta committi.

Wicked deeds are generally done, even with impunity, for the mere desire of occupation.
t. Ammianus Marcellinus.

Ars fit ubi a teneris crimen condiscitur annis.

Where crime is taught from early years, it becomes a part of nature.
u. Ovid.

Non bene cœlestes impia dextra colit.

The wicked right-hand cannot offer acceptable homage to the gods.
v. Ovid.

Pœna potest demi, culpa perennis est.

The punishment can be remitted; the crime is everlasting.
w. Ovid.

Dum ne ob male facta peream, parvi æstimo.

I esteem death a trifle, if not caused by guilt.

a. PLAUTUS.

Ad auctores redit
Sceleris coacti culpa.

The guilt of enforced crimes lies on those who impose them.

b. SENECA.

Cui prodest scelus,
Is fecit.

He who profits by crime, is guilty of it.

c. SENECA.

Dumque punitur scelus,
Crescit.

While crime is punished it yet increases.

d. SENECA.

Nefas nocere vel malo fratri puta.

Consider it a crime to injure a brother even if he be wicked.

e. SENECA.

Nullum caruit exemplo nefas.

No crime has been without a precedent.

f. SENECA.

Prosperum ac felix scelus
Virtus vocatur.

Successful crime is called virtue.

g. SENECA.

Qui non vetat peccare, cum possit, jubet.

He who does not prevent a crime when he can, encourages it.

h. SENECA.

Scelere velandum est scelus.

One crime has to be concealed by another.

i. SENECA.

Fatetur facinus is qui judicium fugit.

He who flees from trial confesses his guilt.

j. SYRUS.

CRUELTY.

Homo homini lupus.

Man is a wolf to man.

k. PLAUTUS.

D.

DANGER.

Tibi nullum periculum esse perspicio, quod quidem sejunctum sit ab omnium interitu.

I see no danger to which you are exposed, apart from the destruction of us all.

l. CICERO.

Quid quisque vitet nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.

Man is never watchful enough against dangers that threaten him every hour.

m. HORACE.

Citius venit periculum, cum contemnitur.

Danger comes the sooner when it is despised.

n. LABERIUS.

Nunquam est fidelis cum potente societas.

A partnership with men in power is never safe.

o. PHÆDRUS.

Contemptum periculorum assiduitas periclitandi dabit.

Constant exposure to dangers will breed contempt for them.

p. SENECA.

Caret periculo qui etiam tutus cavet.

He is safe from danger who is on his guard even when safe.

q. SYRUS.

DEATH.

Animoque supersunt
Jam prope post animam.

Their spirits survive their breath.

r. SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS.

Emori nolo: sed me esse mortuum nihil æstimo.

I do not wish to die: but I care not if I were dead.

s. CICERO.

Moriendum enim certe est: et id incertum, an eo ipso die.

We must certainly die; perhaps this very day.

t. CICERO.

Supremus ille dies non nostri extinctionem sed commutationem affert loci.

That last day does not bring extinction to us, but change of place.

u. CICERO.

Totus hic locus est contemnendus in nobis, non negligendus in nostris.

This place [the place of our sepulture] is wholly to be disregarded by us, but not to be neglected by our friends.

v. CICERO.

Undique enim ad inferos tantundem viæ est.

There are countless roads on all sides to the grave.

w. CICERO.

Vetat dominans ille in nobis deus, injussu hinc nos suo demigrare.

The divinity who rules within us, forbids us to leave this world without his command.

a. CICERO.

Omnia mors æquat.

Death levels all things.

b. CLAUDIANUS.

Mors ultima linea rerum est.

Death is the last limit of all things.

c. HORACE.

Omne capax movet urna nomen.

In the capacious urn of death, every name is shaken.

d. HORACE.

Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
Versatur urnâ serius, ocyus
Sors exitura.

We are all compelled to take the same road; from the urn of death shaken for all, sooner or later the lot must come forth.

e. HORACE.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.

Pale death with impartial step, knocks at the hut of the poor and the palaces of kings.

f. HORACE.

Autumnus libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.

Autumn is the harvest of greedy death.

g. JUVENAL.

Nascentes morimur, finisque ab origine pendet.

We begin to die as soon as we are born, and the end is linked to the beginning.

h. LUCRETIUS.

Hoc rogo, non furor est ne moriare mori?

This I ask, is it not madness to kill thyself in order to escape death?

i. MARTIAL.

Nec mihi mors gravis est posituro morte dolores.

Death is not grievous to me, for I shall lay aside my pains by death.

j. OVID.

Nil feret ad manes divitis umbra suos.

The rich man's shade will carry nothing to the grave.

k. OVID.

Quocumque adspicio, nihil est nisi mortis imago.

Wherever I look there is nothing but the image of death.

l. OVID.

Stulte, quid est somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis imago?
Longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.

Thou fool, what is sleep but the image of death? Fate will give an eternal rest.

m. OVID.

Ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo et suprema funera debet.

Man should ever look to his last day, and no one should be called happy before his funeral.

n. OVID.

Optima mors parca quæ venit aptâ die.

That death is best which comes appropriately at a ripe age.

o. PROPERTIUS.

Dies iste, quem tamquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis est.

This day, which thou fearest as thy last, is the birth-day of eternity.

p. SENECA.

Incertum est quo te loco mors expectet: itaque tu illam omni loco expecta.

It is uncertain in what place death may await thee; therefore expect it in any place.

q. SENECA.

Interim pœna est mori,
Sed sæpe donum; pluribus veniæ fuit.

Sometimes death is a punishment; often, a gift; it has been a favor to many.

r. SENECA.

Vitæ est avidus quisquis non vult
Mundo secum moriente mori.

That man must be very fond of life who is unwilling to die when the world reaches its last day.

s. SENECA.

Bis emori est alterius arbitrio mori.

To die at the command of another, is to die twice.

t. SYRUS.

Mori est felicis antequam mortem invocet.

It is a happy thing to die before you invite death.

u. SYRUS.

Honesta mors turpi vitâ potior.

An honorable death is better than a dishonorable life.

v. TACITUS.

Id cinerem aut Manes credis curare sepultos?

Do you think that the dead care for this?

w. VIRGIL.

Usque adeone mori miserum est?

Is it then so sad a thing to die?

x. VIRGIL.

DEBT.

Æs debitorem leve; grave inimicum facit.

A small debt makes a debtor; a heavy one an enemy.

a. Syrus.

Alienum æs homini ingenuo acerba est servitus.

Debt is a bitter slavery to the free-born.

b. Syrus.

DECEIT.

Improbi hominis est mendacio fallere.

It is the act of a bad man to deceive by falsehood.

c. Cicero.

Irrepit in hominum mentes dissimulatio.

Dissimulation creeps gradually into the minds of men.

d. Cicero.

Nam quæ voluptate, quasi mercede aliquâ, ad officium impellitur, ea non est virtus sed fallax imitatio simulatioque virtutis.

That which leads us to the performance of duty by offering pleasure as its reward, is not virtue, but a deceptive copy and imitation of virtue.

e. Cicero.

Decipimur specie recti.

We are deceived by an appearance of right.

f. Horace.

Incedimus per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.

We tread on fires covered by deceitful ashes.

g. Horace.

Curios simulant et Bacchanalia vivunt.

They affect to be Curii, and live like Bacchanals.

h. Juvenal.

Decipit
Frons prima multos; rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo.

The first appearance deceives many. The mind seldom perceives what has been carefully hidden.

i. Juvenal.

Fronti nulla fides.

Trust not to outward show.

j. Juvenal.

Calvo turpius est nihil comto.

There is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair.

k. Martial.

Habent insidias hominis blanditiæ mali.

The smooth speeches of the wicked are full of treachery.

l. Phædrus.

Non semper ea sunt quæ videntur; decipit
Frons prima multos.

Things are not always what they seem; first appearances deceive many.

m. Phædrus.

Alterâ manu fert lapidem, alterâ panem ostendat.

He carries a stone in one hand, and offers bread with the other.

n. Plautus.

Erras, me decipere haud potes.

No, you can't deceive me.

o. Plautus.

Nemo omnes, neminem omnes fefellerunt.

No one has deceived the whole world, nor has the whole world ever deceived any one.

p. Pliny the Younger.

Cætera fortunæ, non mea, turba fuit.

The rest of the crowd were friends of my fortune, not of me.

q. Ovid.

Furtum ingeniosus ad omne,
Qui facere assueret, patriæ non degener artis,
Candida de nigris, et de candentibus atra.

Skilled in every trick, a worthy heir of his paternal craft, he would make black look white, and white look black.

r. Ovid.

Impia sub dulce melle venena latent.

Deadly poisons are concealed under sweet honey.

s. Ovid.

Quam angusta innocentia est, ad legem bonum esse.

What narrow innocence it is, for one to be good only according to the law.

t. Seneca.

Turpe est aliud loqui, aliud sentire; quanto turpius aliud scribere, aliud sentire.

It is base to speak one thing, and think another, how much baser to write one thing and think another.

u. Seneca.

Non aliter vives in solitudine, aliter in foro.

You should not live one way in private, another in public.

v. Syrus.

Hinc nunc præmium est, qui recta prava faciunt.

There is a demand in these days, for men who can make wrong conduct appear right.

w. Terence.

DEEDS.

Dii pia facta vident.

The gods see the deeds of the righteous.

x. Ovid.

Ipse decor, recti facti si præmia desint,
Non movet.

Men do not value a good deed unless it brings a reward.
a. Ovid.

Nequam illud verbum 'st, Bene vult, nisi qui benefacit.

"He wishes well" is worthless, unless the deed go with it.
b. Plautus.

DEFENCE.

Hic est mucro defensionis meæ.

This is the point of my defense.
c. Cicero.

DELAY.

Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem,
Non ponebat enim rumores ante salutem.

One man by delay restored the state, for he preferred the public safety to idle report.
d. Ennius.

Tolle moras—semper nocuit differre paratis.

Away with delay—it always injures those who are prepared.
e. Lucan.

Longa mora est nobis omnis, quæ gaudia differt.

Every delay that postpones our joys, is long.
f. Ovid.

Miserum est opus,
Igitur demum fodere puteum, ubi sitis fauces tenet.

It is wretched business to be digging a well just as thirst is mastering you.
g. Plautus.

Dum deliberamus quando incipiendum, incipere jam serum fit.

Whilst we deliberate about beginning, it is already too late to begin.
h. Quintilian.

Quod ratio nequiit, sæpe sanavit mora.

What reason could not avoid, has often been cured by delay.
i. Seneca.

Pelle moras; brevis est magni fortuna favoris.

Away with delay; the chance of great fortune is short-lived.
j. Silius Italicus.

Da spatium tenuemque moram; male cuncta ministrat impetus.

Take time for deliberation; haste spoils everything.
k. Statius.

Deliberando sæpe perit occasio.

The opportunity is often lost by deliberating.
l. Syrus.

DESPAIR.

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.

Never despair while under the guidance and auspices of Teucer.
m. Horace.

Desperatio magnum ad honeste moriendum incitamentum.

Despair is a great incentive to honorable death.
n. Quintus Curtius Rufus.

DIGNITY.

Facilius crescit dignitas quam incipit.

Dignity increases more easily than it begins.
o. Seneca.

DISAGREEMENT.

In eâdem re, utilitas et turpitudo esse non potest.

Usefulness and baseness cannot exist in the same thing.
p. Cicero.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Usque adeo nulli sincera voluptas,
Solicitique aliquid lætis intervenit.

No one possesses unalloyed pleasure; there is some anxiety mingled with the joy.
q. Ovid.

DISCONTENT.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem,
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat? laudet diversâ sequentes.

How does it happen, Mæcenas, that no one is content with that lot in life which he has chosen, or which chance has thrown in his way, but praises those who follow a different course?
r. Horace.

DISCORD.

Discordia est ira acrior odio, intimo corde concepta.

Discord is anger more bitter than hatred, conceived in the inmost breast
s. Cicero.

DISGRACE.

Odiosum est enim, cum a prætereuntibus dicatur:—O domus antiqua, heu, quam dispari dominare domino.

It is disgraceful when the passers-by exclaim, "O ancient house! alas, how unlike is thy present master to thy former one."
t. Cicero.

Id demum est homini turpe, quod meruit pati.

That only is a disgrace to a man which he has deserved to suffer.
u. Phædrus.

Hominum immortalis est infamia;
Etiam tum vivit, cum esse credas mortuam.

Disgrace is immortal, and living even when one thinks it dead.

a. PLAUTUS.

DISSATISFACTION.

Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

A nameless something is always wanting to our incomplete fortune.

b. HORACE.

DOUBT.

Nil agit exemplum, litem quod lite resolvit.

The illustration which solves one difficulty by raising another, settles nothing.

c. HORACE.

Dum in dubio est animus, paulo momento huc illuc impellitur.

When the mind is in a state of uncertainty the smallest impulse directs it to either side.

d. TERENCE.

DUTY.

Pietas fundamentum est omnium virtutum.

The dutifulness of children is the foundation of all virtues.

e. CICERO.

Leve fit quod bene fertur onus.

That load becomes light which is cheerfully borne.

f. OVID.

E.

ECONOMY.

Magnum est vectigal parsimonia.

Economy is a great revenue.

g. CICERO.

ELOQUENCE.

In causâ facili cuivis licet esse diserto.

In an easy cause any man may be eloquent.

h. OVID.

ENJOYMENT.

Voluptas mentis (ut ita dicam) præstringit oculos, nec habet ullum cum virtute commercium.

Pleasure blinds (so to speak) the eyes of the mind, and has no fellowship with virtue.

i. CICERO.

Carpe diem, quam minime credula postero.

Enjoy the present day, trusting very little to the morrow.

j. HORACE.

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.

Let the fictitious sources of pleasure be as near as possible to the true.

k. HORACE.

Voluptates commendat rarior usus.

Our pleasures have a higher relish when they are rarely used.

l. JUVENAL.

Ride si sapis.

Be merry, if you are wise.

m. MARTIAL.

Bona malis paria non sunt, etiam pari numero; nec lætitia ulla minimo mærore pensanda.

The enjoyments of this life are not equal to its evils, even in number: there is no joy which can be weighed against the smallest degree of grief.

n. PLINY.

Tanto brevius omne, quanto felicius tempus.

The happier the time, the quicker it passes.

o. PLINY THE YOUNGER.

Dum licet inter nos igitur lætemur amantes;
Non satis est ullo tempore longus amor.

Let us enjoy pleasure while we can: pleasure is never long enough.

p. PROPERTIUS.

Diliguntur immodice sola quæ non licent; * * * * non nutrit ardorem concupiscendi, ubi frui licet.

Forbidden pleasures alone are loved immoderately; when lawful, they do not excite desire.

q. QUINTILIAN.

Modica voluptas laxat animos et temperat.

Moderate pleasure relaxes the spirit, and moderates it.

r. SENECA.

Sic præsentibus utaris voluptatibus ut futuris non noceas.

Enjoy present pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones.

s. SENECA.

ENMITY.

Occultæ inimicitiæ magis timendæ sunt quam apertæ.

Secret enmities are more to be feared than open ones.

a. CICERO.

ENVY.

Rabiem livoris acerbi
Nulla potest placare quies.

Nothing can allay the rage of biting envy.

b. CLAUDIANUS.

Cui placet alterius sua nimirum est odio sors.

He who envies another's lot is evidently dissatisfied with his own.

c. HORACE.

Ego si risi quod ineptus
Pastillos Rufillus olet, lividus et mordax videar?

If I smile at the strong perfumes of the silly Rufillus must I be regarded as envious and ill-natured?

d. HORACE.

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis.

The envious man grows lean at the sucess of his neighbor.

e. HORACE.

Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
Intra se positas; extinctus amabitur idem.

He whose excellence causes envy is consumed by his own splendor; yet he shall be revered when dead.

f. HORACE.

Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni
Tormentum majus.

The Sicilian tyrants never devised a greater punishment than envy.

g. JUVENAL.

A proximis quisque minime anteiri vult.

No man likes to be surpassed by those of his own level.

h. LIVY.

Cæca invidia est, nec quidquam aliud scit quam detractare virtutes.

Envy is blind and knows nothing except how to depreciate the excellencies of others.

i. LIVY.

Invidiam, tamquam ignem, summa petere.

Envy like fire soars upward.

j. LIVY.

Commune vitium in magnis liberisque civitatibus, ut invidia comes gloriæ sit.

It is a common vice in great and free states for envy to be the attendant of glory.

k. NEPOS.

Ingenium magni detractat livor Homeri.

Envy depreciates the genius of the great Homer.

l. OVID.

Pascitur in vivis livor; post fata quiescit.

Envy feeds on the living. It ceases when they are dead.

m. OVID.

Summa petit livor: perflant altissima venti.

Envy assails the noblest: the winds howl around the highest peaks.

n. OVID.

ERROR.

Cujusvis hominis est errare; nullius, nisi insipientis, in errore perseverare. Posteriores enim cogitationes (ut aiunt) sapientiores solent esse.

Any man may make a mistake; none but a fool will stick to it. Second thoughts are best, as the proverb says.

o. CICERO.

Culpa enim illa, bis ad eundem, vulgari reprehensa proverbio est.

To stumble twice against the same stone, is a proverbial disgrace.

p. CICERO.

Amabilis insania, et mentis gratissimus error.

A delightful insanity, and a most pleasing error of the mind.

q. HORACE.

Ille sinistrorsum hic detrorsum abit, unus utrique
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.

One goes to the right, the other to the left; both are wrong, but in different directions.

r. HORACE.

EVENTS.

Certis rebus certa signa præcurrunt.

Certain signs precede certain events.

s. CICERO.

Ex parvis sæpe magnarum momenta rerum pendent.

Events of great consequence often spring from trifling circumstances.

t. LIVY.

In tantâ inconstantiâ turbâque rerum nihil nisi quod preteriit certum est.

In the great inconstancy and crowd of events, nothing is certain except the past.

u. SENECA.

EVIL.

Omne malum nascens facile opprimitur; inveteratum fit plerumque robustius.

Every evil in the bud is easily crushed; as it grows older, it becomes stronger.

v. CICERO.

Quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas, quid intactum nefasti
Reliquimus?

What has this unfeeling age of ours left untried, what wickedness has it shunned?

w. HORACE.

Magna inter molles concordia.

There is great unanimity among the dissolute.

a. JUVENAL.

Fere fit malum malo aptissimum.

Evil is fittest to consort with evil.

b. LIVY.

Notissimum quodque malum maxime tolerabile.

The best known evil is the most tolerable.

c. LIVY.

Qui tegitur, majus creditur esse malum.

The evil which is concealed is thought to be greater than it really is.

d. MARTIAL.

Nullum magnum malum quod extremum est.

No evil is great, if it is the last.

e. NEPOS.

Genus est mortis male vivere.

An evil life is a kind of death.

f. OVID.

Mille mali species, mille salutis erunt.

There are a thousand forms of evil; there will be a thousand remedies.

g. OVID.

Omnia perversas possunt corrumpere mentes.

All things can corrupt perverse minds.

h. OVID.

Nemo non nostrum peccat. Homines sumus, non dei.

No one of us is without sin. We are men, not gods.

i. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Male partum male disperit.

Ill gotten is ill spent.

j. PLAUTUS.

Pulchrum ornatum turpes mores pejus cœno collinunt.

Bad conduct soils the finest ornament more than filth.

k. PLAUTUS.

Maledicus a malefico non distat nisi occasione.

An evil-speaker differs from an evil-doer only in the want of opportunity.

l. QUINTILIAN.

Per scelera semper sceleribus certum est iter.

The way to wickedness is always through wickedness.

m. SENECA.

Serum est cavendi tempus in mediis malis.

It is too late to be on our guard when we are in the midst of evils.

n. SENECA.

Solent suprema facere securos mala.

Desperate evils generally make men safe.

o. SENECA.

O cæca nocentum consilia!
O semper timidum scelus!

Oh, the blind councils of the guilty!
Oh, how cowardly is wickedness always!

p. STATIUS.

Nequitia pœna maxima ipsamet sui est.

Wickedness is its own greatest punishment.

q. SYRUS.

Paucorum improbitas universis calamitas.

The wickedness of a few is the calamity of all.

r. SYRUS.

Malorum facinorum ministri quasi exprobrantes aspiciuntur.

Partakers of evil deeds are regarded as reproaching them.

s. TACITUS.

Mala mens, malus animus.

A bad heart, bad designs.

t. TERENCE.

Nimia illæc licentia
Profecto evadet in aliquod magnum malum.

Excessive licentiousness will most certainly terminate in some great mischief.

u. TERENCE.

EXAMPLE.

Componitur orbis
Regis ad exemplum; nec sic inflectere sensus
Humanos edicta valent, quam vita regentis.

The people are fashioned according to the example of their kings; and edicts are of less power than the life of the ruler.

v. CLAUDIANUS.

Unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,
Cum facias pejora senex?

Whence do you derive the power and privilege of a parent, when you, though an old man, do worse things (than your child)?

w. JUVENAL.

Sua quisque exempla debet æquo animos pati.

Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he has himself given the example.

x. PHÆDRUS.

Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt. Longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.

Men trust rather their eyes than their ears. The effect of precept is slow and tedious, that of example is quick and effectual.

y. SENECA.

Inspicere tamquam in speculum in vitas omnium
Jubeo atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.

We should look at the lives of all as at a mirror, and take from others an example for ourselves.

z. TERENCE.

EXCESS.

Ne mente quidem recte uti possumus, multo cito et potione completi.

We cannot use the mind aright, when we are filled with excessive food and drink.

a. CICERO.

Quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat unâ,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

The body loaded by the excess of yesterday, depresses the mind also, and fixes to the ground this particle of divine breath.

b. HORACE.

Quicquid excessit modum
Pendit instabili loco.

Whatever exceeds its due bounds, is ever unstable.

c. SENECA.

EXCITABILITY.

Excitabat enim fluctus in simpulo.

He used to raise a storm in a teapot.

d. CICERO.

EXCUSE.

Quod exemplo fit, id etiam jure fieri putant.

Men think they may justly do that for which they have a precedent.

e. CICERO.

Malefacere qui vult numquam non causam invenit.

He who wishes to do wrong, is never without a reason.

f. SYRUS.

EXPECTATION.

Quisquis magna dedit, voluit sibi magna remitti.

Whoever makes great presents expects great presents in return.

g. MARTIAL.

EXPERIENCE.

Avidos vicinum funus et ægros
Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit,
Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe
Absterrent vitiis.

As a neighboring funeral terrifies sick misers, and fear obliges them to have some regard for themselves; so, the disgrace of others will often deter tender minds from vice.

h. HORACE.

Expertus metuit.

The man who has experience dreads it.

i. HORACE.

Stultorum eventus magister est.

Experience is the teacher of fools.

j. LIVY.

Semper enim ex aliis alia proseminat usus.

Experience is always sowing the seed of one thing after another.

k. LUCRETIUS.

Te de aliis quam alios de te suaviu'st.

It is sweeter to learn from the experience of others, than that others should learn from thee.

l. PLAUTUS.

Nam in omnibus fere minus valent præcepta quam experimenta.

In almost every thing, experience is more valuable than precept.

m. QUINTILIAN.

Felix quicumque dolore alterius disces posse cavere tuo.

Happy thou that learnest from another's griefs, not to subject thyself to the same.

n. TIBULLUS.

F.

FAILURE.

Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.

Many things fall between the cup and the lip.

o. LABERIUS.

Stat magni nominis umbra.

He stands the shadow of a mighty name.

p. LUCAN.

FAITH.

Cujuslibet tu fidem in pecuniâ perspiceres, Verere ei verba credere?

Do you fear to trust the word of a man, whose honesty you have seen in business?

q. TERENCE.

Experto crede.

Believe one who has tried it.

r. VIRGIL.

FALSITY.

Solent mendaces luere pœnas maleficii.

Liars generally pay the penalty of their guilt.

a. PHÆDRUS.

FAME.

Miserum est aliorum incumbere famæ.

It is a wretched thing to live on the fame of others.

b. JUVENAL.

Tanto major famae sitis est quam virtutis.

So much greater is the thirst for fame than for virtue.

c. JUVENAL.

Nolo virum facili redimit qui sanguine famam;
Hunc volo laudari qui sine morte potest.

I do not like the man who squanders life for fame; give me the man who living makes a name.

d. MARTIAL.

Si post fata venit gloria non propero.

If fame comes after death, I am in no hurry for it.

e. MARTIAL.

Immensum gloria calcar habet.

The love of fame gives an immense stimulus.

f. OVID.

Ingenio stimulos subdere fama solet.

The love of fame usually spurs on the mind.

g. OVID.

At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dici hic est.

It is pleasing to be pointed at with the finger and to have it said "There goes the man."

h. PERSIUS.

Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur.

The love of fame is the last weakness which even the wise resign.

i. TACITUS.

Modestiæ fama neque summis mortalibus spernenda est.

Modest fame is not to be despised by the highest characters.

j. TACITUS.

In tenui labor, sed tenuis non gloria.

The object of the labor was small, but not the fame.

k. VIRGIL.

FATE.

Nati sumus ad congregationem hominum et ad societatem communitatemque generis humani.

We have been born to associate with our fellow men, and to join in community with the human race.

l. CICERO.

Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Monarchs err, the people are punished.

m. HORACE.

Fata volentem ducunt, nolentem trahunt.

The fates lead the willing, and drag the unwilling.

n. HORACE.

In se magna ruunt: lætis hunc numina rebus
Crescendi posuere modum.

Mighty things haste to destruction: this limit have the gods assigned to human prosperity.

o. LUCAN.

Sed quo fata trahunt, virtus secura sequetur.

Whither the fates lead virtue will follow without fear.

p. LUCAN.

Nullo fata loco possis excludere.

From no place can you exclude the fates.

q. MARTIAL.

Geminos, horoscope, varo
Producis genio.

O natal star, thou producest twins of widely different character.

r. PERSIUS.

Sæpe calamitas solatium est nosse sortem suam.

It is often a comfort in misfortune to know our own fate.

s. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Multi ad fatum
Venere suum dum fata timent.

Many have reached their fate while dreading fate.

t. SENECA

Nemo fit fato nocens.

No one becomes guilty by fate.

u. SENECA.

Durate; miseros meliora sequentur.

Persevere; a better fate awaits the afflicted.

v. VIRGIL.

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis.

The mind of man is ignorant of fate and future destiny, and cannot keep within due bounds when elated by prosperity.

w. VIRGIL.

Quisque suos patimur manes,

We bear each one our own destiny.

x. VIRGIL.

Quocumque trahunt fata sequamur.

Wherever the fates lead us let us follow.

y. VIRGIL.

FAULTS.

Ea molestissime ferre homines debent quæ ipsorum culpâ ferenda sunt.

Men ought to be most annoyed by the sufferings which come from their own faults.

a. CICERO.

Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille est
Qui minimis urgetur.

No man is born without faults, he is best who has the fewest.

b. HORACE.

Amici vitium ni feras, prodis tuum.

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend, you betray your own.

c. SYRUS.

FEAR.

Crux est si metuas quod vincere nequeas.

It is tormenting to fear what you cannot overcome.

d. AUSONIUS.

In summo periculo timòr misericordiam non recipit.

In extreme danger fear feels no pity.

e. CÆSAR.

Timor non est diuturnus magister officii.

Fear is not a lasting teacher of duty.

f. CICERO.

Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti.

The miser acquires, yet fears to use his gains.

g. HORACE.

Quia me vestigia terrent
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

I am frightened at seeing all the footprints directed towards thy den, and none returning.

h. HORACE.

Fugiendo in media sæpe ruitur fata.

By flying, men often meet their fate.

i. LIVY.

Major ignotarum rerum est terror.

Apprehensions are greater in proportion as things are unknown.

j. LIVY.

Audendo magnus tegitur timor.

Great fear is concealed by a bold front.

k. LUCAN.

Multos in summa pericula misit
Venturi timor ipse mali.

The mere apprehension of a coming evil has put many into a situation of the utmost danger.

l. LUCAN.

Nam cupide conculcatur nimis ante metutum.

For what we once feared is now eagerly spurned.

m. LUCRETIUS.

Invisa potentia, atque miseranda vita eorum, qui se metui quam amari malunt.

The power is hateful, and the life is miserable, of those who wish to be feared rather than loved.

n. NEPOS.

Membra reformidant mollem quoque saucia tactum:
Vanaque sollicitis incutit umbra metum.

The wounded limb shrinks from the slightest touch; and a slight shadow alarms the nervous.

o. OVID.

Plus habet infestâ terra timoris aquâ.

The land has more objects to fear than the boisterous ocean.

p. OVID.

Quem metuit quisque, periisse cupit.

Every one wishes that the man whom he fears would perish.

q. OVID.

Terretur minimo pennæ stridore columba
Unguibus, accipiter, saucia facta tuis.

The dove, O hawk, that has once been wounded by thy talons, is frightened by the least movement of a wing.

r. OVID.

Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor.

The first thing that introduced a god into the world, was fear.

s. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Ad deteriora credenda proni metu.

Fear makes men believe the worst.

t. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Ubi explorari vera non possunt, falsa per metum augentur.

When the truth cannot be clearly made out, what is false is increased through fear.

u. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

In vota miseros ultimus cogit timor.

Fear of death drives the wretched to prayer.

v. SENECA.

Magnifica verba mors prope admota excutit.

Approaching death puts an end to boastful words.

w. SENECA.

Miserimum est timere, cum speres nihil.

It is a most wretched thing, still to fear when hope has left us.

x. SENECA.

Necesse est multos timeat, quem multi timent.

He must necessarily fear many, whom many fear.

a. SENECA.

(Attributed also to P. Syrus.)

O quam miserum est nescire mori!

Oh! what misery is it, not to know how to die.

b. SENECA.

Plura sunt quæ nos terrent, quam quæ premunt, et sæpius opinione quam re laboramus.

Our alarms are more than our dangers, and we suffer oftener in apprehension than in fact.

c. SENECA.

Quid tam ridiculum quam appetere mortem, cum vitam tibi inquietam feceris metu mortis.

What is so ridiculous as to seek death, when it is merely the fear of death that makes life miserable.

d. SENECA.

Qui timide rogat,
Docet negare.

He who begs timidly courts a refusal.

e. SENECA.

Si vultis nihil timere, cogitate omnia esse timenda.

If you wish to fear nothing, consider that everything is to be feared.

f. SENECA.

Minor est quam servus dominus qui servos timet.

The master who fears his slaves is inferior to his slaves.

g. SYRUS.

Stultum est timere quod vitare non potes.

It is foolish to fear what you cannot avoid.

h. SYRUS.

Etiam fortes viros subitis terreri.

Even the bravest men are frightened by sudden terrors.

i. TACITUS.

Cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?

Why should trembling seize the limbs before the trumpet sounds?

j. VIRGIL.

Degeneres animos timor arguit.

Fear is the proof of a degenerate mind.

k. VIRGIL.

Omnia tuta timens.

Fearing all things, even those which are safe.

l. VIRGIL.

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

I fear the Greeks, even when they bring gifts.

m. VIRGIL.

FICTION.

Hi narrata ferunt alio; mensuraque ficti
Crescit, et auditus aliquid novus adjicit auctor.

Some report elsewhere whatever is told them; the measure of fiction always increases, and each fresh narrator adds something to what he has heard.

n. OVID.

FIDELITY.

Barbaris ex fortunâ pendet fides.

The fidelity of barbarians depends on fortune.

o. LIVY.

Poscunt fidem secunda, at adversa exigunt.

Prosperity asks for fidelity; adversity exacts it.

p. SENECA.

Pretio parata vincitur pretio fides.

Fidelity bought with money is overcome by money.

q. SENECA.

FIRE.

Tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.

Your own property is concerned when your neighbor's house is on fire.

r. HORACE.

Igne quid utilius? si quis tamen urere tecta
Comparet audaces instruit igne manus.

What is more useful than fire? Yet if any one prepares to burn a house, it is with fire that he arms his daring hands.

s. OVID.

Parva sæpe scintilla contempta magnum excitavit incendium.

A spark neglected has often raised a conflagration.

t. QUINTIUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

FLATTERY.

Assentatio, vitiorum adjutrix, procul amoveatur.

Let flattery, the handmaid of the vices, be far removed (from friendship),

u. CICERO.

Adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici.

The skilful class of flatterers praise the discourse of an ignorant friend and the face of a deformed one.

v. JUVENAL.

Qui se laudari gaudent verbis subdolis,
Serâ dant pœnas turpes pœnitentiâ.

They who delight to be flattered, pay for their folly by a late repentance.

w. PHÆDRUS.

Formosis levitas semper amica fuit.

Fickleness has always befriended the beautiful.

a. PROPERTIUS.

Si vir es, suspice, etiam si decidunt, magna conantes.

If thou art a man, admire those who attempt great things, even though they fail.

b. SENECA.

Vitium fuit, nunc mos est, adsentatio.

Flattery was formerly a vice, it has now become the fashion.

c. SYRUS.

Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes.

Flatterers are the worst kind of enemies.

d. TACITUS.

FOLLY.

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.

Nothing is sillier than a silly laugh.

e. CATULLUS.

Clitellæ bovi sunt impositæ.

The pack-saddle has been put on the ox.

f. CICERO.

Est proprium stultitiæ aliorum vitia cernere, oblivisci suorum.

It is the peculiar quality of a fool to perceive the faults of others, and to forget his own.

g. CICERO.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

All places are filled with fools.

h. CICERO.

Adde cruorem
Stultitiæ, atque ignem gladio scrutare.

To your folly (of love) add bloodshed, and stir the fire with the sword.

i. HORACE.

Arma tenenti
Omnia dat qui justa negat.

He who refuses what is just, gives up everything to him who is armed.

j. LUCAN.

Quantum est in rebus inane!

How much folly there is in human affairs.

k. PERSIUS.

In pertusum ingerimus dicta dolium, operam ludimus.

We are pouring our words into a sieve, and lose our labor.

l. PLAUTUS.

Si stimulos pugnis cædis manibus plus dolet.

If you strike the goads with your fists, your hands suffer most.

m. PLAUTUS.

Stultus est qui fructus magnarum arborum spectat, altitudinem non metitur.

He is a fool who looks at the fruit of lofty trees, but does not measure their height.

n. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Inter cætera mala hoc quoque habet Stultitia, semper incipit vivere.

Among other evils folly has also this, that it is always beginning to live.

o. SENECA.

Quid est dementius quam bilem in homines collectam in res effundere.

What is more insane than to vent on senseless things the anger that is felt towards men?

p. SENECA.

Sera parsimonia in fundo est.

Frugality, when all is spent, comes too late.

q. SENECA.

Absentem tædit cum ebrio qui litigat.

He hurts the absent who quarrels with a drunken man.

r. SYRUS.

Improbe Neptunum accusat qui iterum naufragium facit.

He is foolish to blame the sea, who is shipwrecked twice.

s. SYRUS.

Miserum est tacere cogi, quod cupias loqui.

You are in a pitiable condition when you have to conceal what you wish to tell.

t. SYRUS.

Nam quæ inscitia est,
Adversum stimulum calces?

What ignorance to kick against the pricks!

u. TERENCE.

FORGETFULNESS.

Etiam oblivisci quod scis interdum expedit.

It is sometimes expedient to forget what you know.

v. SYRUS.

FORGIVENESS.

Æquum est
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.

It is right for him who asks forgiveness for his offenses to grant it to others.

w. HORACE.

Ignoscito sæpe alteri nunquam tibi.

Forgive others often, yourself never.

x. SYRUS.

FORTITUDE.

Suum cuique incommodum ferendum est, potius quam de alterius commodis detrahendum.

Every man should bear his own grievances rather than detract from the comforts of another.

y. CICERO.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ.

The man who is just and resolute will not be moved from his settled purpose, either by the misdirected rage of his fellow citizens, or by the threats of an imperious tyrant.
a. HORACE.

Ducimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum vitâ didicere magistrâ.

We deem those happy, who from the experience of life, have learned to bear its ills, without being overcome by them.
b. JUVENAL.

In re malâ animo si bono utâre, adjuvat.

Fortitude is a great help in distress.
c. PLAUTUS.

Quod malé fers, assuesce, feres bené.

Accustom yourself to what you bear ill, and you will bear it well.
d. SENECA.

Quod sors feret, feremus æquo animo.

Whatever chance shall bring, we will bear with equanimity.
e. TERENCE.

FORTUNE.

Si fortuna juvat, caveto tolli;
Si fortuna tonat, caveto mergi.

If fortune favours you, do not be elated; if she frowns do not despond.
f. AUSONIUS.

Fortunam nemo ab inconstantiâ et temeritate sejunget.

No one will separate fortune from inconstancy and rashness.
g. CICERO.

Suæ quemque fortunæ maxime pœnitet.

Everyone is dissatisfied with his own fortune.
h. CICERO.

Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia.

It is fortune, not wisdom, that rules man's life.
i. CICERO.

Eheu! quam brevibus pereunt ingentia causis.

Alas! by what slight means are great affairs brought to destruction.
j. CLAUDIANUS.

Tolluntur in altum
Ut lapsu graviore ruant.

They are raised to a great height that their fall may be the heavier.
k. CLAUDIANUS.

Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit subvertet; si minor, uret.

If a man's fortune does not fit him, it is like the shoe in the story; if too large it trips him up, if too small it pinches him.
l. HORACE.

Horæ
Momento cita mors venit aut victoria læta.

In a moment comes either death or joyful victory.
m. HORACE.

Quid quisque vitet, numquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.

Man can never provide against those dangers which may happen any hour.
n. HORACE.

Quo mihi fortunam, si non conceditur uti?

Of what use is a fortune to me, if I cannot use it?
o. HORACE.

Rem facias rem,
Recte si possis, si non, quocumque modo rem.

A fortune—make a fortune; by honest means if you can; if not, by any means make a fortune.
p. HORACE.

Sed tacitus pasci si posset corvus haberet
Plus dapis, et rixæ multo minus invidiæque.

If the crow had been satisfied to eat his prey in silence, he would have had more meat and less quarreling and envy.
q. HORACE.

Ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris.

Money lost is bewailed with unfeigned tears.
r. JUVENAL.

Quantum quisque suâ nummorum servat in arcâ,
Tantum habet et fidei.

A man has just so much credit as he has money in his possession.
s. JUVENAL.

Maximæ cuique fortunæ minime credendum est.

The least reliance can be placed even on the most exalted fortune.
t. LIVY.

Non temere incerta casuum reputat, quem fortuna numquam decepit.

He whom fortune has never deceived, rarely considers the uncertainty of human events.
u. LIVY.

Præterita magis reprehendi possunt quam corrigi.

What is past can be blamed more easily than it can be retrieved.
v. LIVY.

Raro simul hominibus bonam fortunam bonamque mentem dari.

Men are seldom blessed with good fortune and good sense at the same time.

a. LIVY.

Posteraque in dubio est fortunam quam vehat ætas.

It is doubtful what fortune to-morrow will bring.

b. LUCRETIUS.

Quivis beatus, versâ rotâ fortunæ, ante vesperum potest esse miserrimus.

Anyone who is prosperous may by the turn of fortune's wheel become most wretched before evening.

c. AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

Fortuna multis dat nimis, satis nulli.

Fortune gives too much to many, enough to none.

d. MARTIAL.

Casus ubique valet: semper tibi pendeat hamus,
Quo minime credas gurgite, piscis erit.

Luck affects everything; let your hook always be cast; in the stream where you least expect it, there will be a fish.

e. OVID.

Fortuna miserrima tuta est:
Nam timor eventus deterioris abest.

The most wretched fortune is safe; for there is no fear of anything worse.

f. OVID.

Major sum quam cui possit Fortuna nocere.

I am too high for Fortune to harm me.

g. OVID.

Cum fortuna manet, vultum servatis amici:
Cum cedit, turpi vertitis ora fugâ.

While fortune remains, you have a gay countenance, my friends: when she withdraws, you basely flee.

h. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Fortuna humana fingit artatque ut lubet.

Fortune moulds and circumscribes human affairs as she pleases.

i. PLAUTUS.

Nulli est homini perpetuum bonum.

No man has perpetual good fortune.

j. PLAUTUS.

Ut sunt humana, nihil est perpetuum datum.

As regards human affairs, nothing is pertual.

k. PLAUTUS.

Præsente fortunâ pejor est futuri metus.

Fear of the future is worse than one's present fortune.

l. QUINTILIAN.

Breves et mutabiles vices rerum sunt, et fortuna nunquam simpliciter indulget.

The fashions of human affairs are brief and changeable, and fortune never remains long indulgent.

m. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Minor in parvis Fortuna furit,
Leviusque ferit leviora deus.

Fortune is gentle to the lowly, and heaven strikes the humble with a light hand.

n. SENECA.

Quidquid in altum fortuna tulit, ruitura levat.

Whatever fortune has raised to a height, she has raised only to cast it down.

o. SENECA.

Quod non dedit fortuna non eripit.

Fortune cannot take away what she did not give.

p. SENECA.

Fortuna nimium quem favet, stultum facit.

When fortune favors a man too much, she makes him a fool.

q. SYRUS.

Fortuna vitrea est, tum cum splendet frangitur.

Fortune is like glass; when she shines, she is broken.

r. SYRUS.

Miserrima est fortuna quæ inimico caret.

That is a very wretched fortune which has no enemy.

s. SYRUS.

Omnibus nobis ut res dant sese, ita magni atque humiles sumus.

We all, according as our business prospers or fails, are elated or cast down.

t. TERENCE.

FREEDOM.

Libertas est potestas faciundi id quod jure liceat.

Liberty is the power of doing what the law permits.

u. CICERO.

Nulla enim minantis auctoritas apud liberos est.

To freemen, threats are impotent.

v. CICERO.

Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credet
Servitutem. Nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam sub rege pio.

That man is deceived who thinks it slavery to live under an excellent prince. Never does liberty appear in a more gracious form. than under a pious king.

w. CLAUDIANUS.

Ea libertas est quæ pectus purum et firmum gestitat.

That is true liberty which bears a pure and firm breast.

a. ENNIUS.

Civitas ea autem in libertate est posita, quæ suis stat viribus, non ex alieno arbitrio pendet.

That state alone is free which rests upon its own strength and depends not upon the arbitrary will of another.

b. LIVY.

Libertas ultima mundi
Quo steterit feriendi loco.

The remaining liberty of the world was to be destroyed in the place where it stood.

c. LUCAN.

Non bene, crede mihi, servo servitur amico;
Sit liber, dominus qui volet esse meus.

Service cannot be expected from a friend in service; let him be a freeman who wishes to be my master.

d. MARTIAL.

An quisquam est alius liber, nisi ducere vitam
Cui licet, ut voluit?

Is any man free except the one who can pass his life as he pleases?

e. PERSIUS.

Libertatem naturâ etiam mutis animalibus datam.

Liberty is given by nature even to mute animals.

f. TACITUS.

FRIENDSHIP.

Secundas res splendidiores facit amicitia, et adversas partiens communicansque leviores.

Friendship makes prosperity brighter, while it lightens adversity by sharing its griefs and anxieties.

g. CICERO.

Vulgo dicitur multos modios salis semel edendos esse, ut amicitia munus expletum sit.

It is a common saying that many pecks of salt must be eaten, before the duties of friendship can be discharged.

h. CICERO.

Novos amicos dum paras, veteres cole.

Whilst you seek new friendships, cultivate the old.

i. HERMES.

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici;
Expertus metuit.

To have a great man for an intimate friend seems pleasant to those who have never tried it; those who have, fear it.

j. HORACE.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

While I keep my senses I shall prefer nothing to a pleasant friend.

k. HORACE.

Par nobile fratrum.

A noble pair of brothers.

l. HORACE.

Amicum ita habeas, posse ut fieri hunc inimicum scias.

Treat your friend as if you know that he will one day become your enemy.

m. LABERIUS.

Nulla fides regni sociis omnisque potestas
Impatiens consortis erit.

There is no friendship between those associated in power; he who rules will always be impatient of an associate.

n. LUCAN.

Se non fortunæ sed hominibus solere esse amicum.

He was the friend not of fortune, but of men.

o. NEPOS.

Scilicet ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus aurum,
Tempore in duro est inspicienda fides.

As the yellow gold is tried in the fire, so the faith of friendship must be seen in adversity.

p. OVID.

Vulgus amicitias utilitate probat.

The vulgar herd estimate friendship by its advantages.

q. OVID.

Hospes nullus tam in amici hospitium diverti potest,
Quin ubi triduum continuum fuerit jam odiosus siet.

No one can be so welcome a guest, that he will not become an annoyance when he has stayed three continuous days in a friend's house.

r PLAUTUS.

Nihil homini amico est opportuno amicius.

There is nothing more friendly than a friend in need.

s. PLAUTUS.

Quod tuum 'st meum'st; omne meum est autem tuum.

What is thine is mine, and all mine is thine.

t. PLAUTUS.

Idem velle et idem nolle ea demum firma amicitia est.

To desire the same things and to reject the same things, constitutes true friendship.

u. SALLUST.

Amicitia semper prodest, amor etiam aliquando nocet.

Friendship always benefits; love sometimes injures.

a. SENECA.

Nullius boni sine sociis jucunda possessio est.

No possession is gratifying without a companion.

b. SENECA.

Omnes amicos habere operosum est; satis est inimicos non habere.

It is a thing almost impracticable to have all men your friends; it is enough if you have no enemies.

c. SENECA.

Post amicitiam credendum est, ante amicitiam judicandum.

After forming a friendship you must render implicit faith; before that period you may use your judgment.

d. SENECA.

Qui sibi amicus est, scito hunc amicum omnibus esse.

He who is his own friend is a friend to all men.

e. SENECA.

Amici vitium ni feras, prodis tuum.

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend you betray your own.

f. SYRUS.

Amicum lædere ne joco quidem licet.

A friend must not be injured even in jest.

g. SYRUS.

Amicum perdere est damnorum maximum.

To lose a friend is the greatest of all losses.

h. SYRUS.

Secrete amicos admone, lauda palam.

Reprove your friends in secret, praise them openly.

i. SYRUS

FUTURITY.

Aliquod crastinus dies ad cogitandum dabit.

To-morrow will give some food for thought.

j. CICERO.

Quod est ante pedes nemo spectat: cœli scrutantur plagas.

No one sees what is before his feet: we all gaze at the stars.

k. CICERO.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere.

Do not ask what will happen to-morrow.

l. HORACE.

Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.

He who is not ready to-day, will be less so to-morrow.

m. OVID.

Vive sine invidiâ, mollesque inglorius annos
Exige; amicitias et tibi junge pares.

May you live unenvied, and pass many pleasant years unknown to fame; and also have congenial friends.

n. OVID.

Cum altera lux venit
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultrâ.

When another day has arrived, we will find that we have consumed our yesterday's to-morrow; another morrow will urge on our years, and still be a little beyond us.

o. PERSIUS.

Festo die si quid prodegeris,
Profesto egere liceat nisi perpeceris.

Feast to-day makes fast to-morrow.

p. PLAUTUS.

G.

GAMING.

Aleator quantum in arte melior tanto est nequior.

The gambler is more wicked as he is a greater proficient in his art.

q. SYRUS.

GENEROSITY.

Conveniens est homini hominem servare voluptas,
Et melius nullâ quæritur arte favor.

It is a pleasure appropriate to man, for him to save a fellowman, and gratitude is acquired in no better way.

r. OVID.

Repente liberalis stultis gratus est,
Verum peritis irritos tendit dolos.

A man that suddenly becomes generous may please fools, but he vainly lays snares for the wise.
a. PHÆDRUS.

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

To spare the lowly and subdue the proud.
b. VIRGIL.

GENIUS.

Ut sæpe summa ingenia in occulto latent.

How often men of the greatest genius are lost in obscurity.
c. PLAUTUS.

Ingenio stat sine morte decus.

The honors of genius are eternal.
d. PROPERTIUS.

Nullum maguum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ fuit.

There has never been any great genius without a spice of madness.
e. SENECA.

Nullum sæculum magnis ingeniis clusum est.

No age is shut against great genius.
f. SENECA.

GENTLENESS.

Peraget tranquilla potestas
Quod violenta nequit; mandataque fortius urget
Imperia quies.

Power can do by gentleness that which violence fails to accomplish; and calmness best enforces the imperial mandate.
g. CLAUDIANUS.

At caret insidiis hominum, quia mitis, hirundo.

The swallow is not ensnared by men because of its gentle nature.
h. OVID.

Re ipsâ repperi
Facilitate nihil esse homini melius neque clementiâ.

I have found by experience that nothing is more useful to man than gentleness and affability.
i. TERENCE.

GIFTS.

Quidquid præcipies esto brevis.

Whatever advice you give, be short.
j. HORACE.

Statim daret, ne differendo videretur negare.

He would give at once, lest by delaying he should seem to deny the favor.
k. NEPOS.

Acceptissima semper munera sunt auctor quæ pretiosa facit.

Those gifts are ever the most acceptable which the giver makes precious.
l. OVID.

Majestatem res data dantis habet.

The gift derives its value from the rank of the giver.
m. OVID.

Res est ingeniosa dare.

To give is a noble thing.
n. OVID.

GLORY.

Gloria virtutem tanquam umbra sequitur.

Glory follows virtue as if it were its shadow.
o. CICERO.

Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis.

Glory drags all men along, low as well as high, bound captive at the wheels of her glittering car.
p. HORACE.

Cineri gloria sera est.

Glory paid to our ashes comes too late.
q. MARTIAL.

Nisi utile est quod facimus, stulta est gloria.

Unless what we do is useful, our glory is vain.
r. PHÆDRUS.

Magnum iter adscendo; sed dat mihi gloria vires.

I am climbing a difficult road; but the glory gives me strength.
s. PROPERTIUS.

Heu, quam difficilis gloriæ custodia est.

Alas! how difficult it is to retain glory!
t. SYRUS.

GLUTTONY.

Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

A stomach that is seldom empty despises common food.
u. HORACE.

GOD.

Nihil est quod deus efficere non possit.

There is nothing which God cannot do.
v. CICERO.

Valet ima summis
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens.

God can change the lowest to the highest, abase the proud, and raise the humble.
w. HORACE.

Estne Dei sedes nisi terra et pontus et aër
Et cœlum et virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quoqcumque moveris.

Is there any other seat of the Divinity than the earth, sea, air; the heavens, and virtuous minds? why do we seek God elsewhere? He is whatever you see; he is wherever you move.

a. LUCAN.

Exemplumque dei quisque est in imagine parvâ.

Everyone is in a small way the image of God.

b. LUCRETIUS.

Nihil ita sublime est, supraque pericula tendit
Non sit ut inferius suppositumque deo.

Nothing is so high and above all danger that it is not below and in the power of God.

c. OVID.

Sed tamen ut fuso taurorum sanguine centum,
Sic capitur minimo thuris honore deus.

As God is propitiated by the blood of a hundred bulls, so also is he by the smallest offering of incense.

d. OVID.

Est profecto Deus qui quæ nos gerimus auditque et videt.

There is indeed a God that hears and sees whatever we do.

e. PLAUTUS.

Quidquid nos meliores beatosque facturum est, aut in aperto aut in proximo posuit.

Whatever will make us better and happier God has placed either openly before us, or very close to us.

f. SENECA.

GODS, THE

Omnia fanda, nefanda, malo permista furore,
Justificam nobis mentem avertere deorum.

The confounding of all right and wrong, in wild fury, has averted from us the gracious favor of the gods.

g. CATULLUS.

Quid datur â divis felici optatius horâ?

What is there given by the gods more desirable than a happy hour?

h. CATULLUS.

O dii immortales! ubinam gentium sumus?

Ye immortal gods! where in the world are we?

i. CICERO.

Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

Nor let a god come in, unless the difficulty be worthy of such an intervention.

j. HORACE.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A dis plura feret.

The more we deny ourselves, the more the gods supply our wants.

k. HORACE.

Scire, deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet.

Thou oughtest to know, since thou livest near the gods.

l. HORACE.

Nam pro jucundi saptissima quæque dabunt dii,
Carior est illis homo quam sibi.

For the gods, instead of what is most pleasing, will give what is most proper. Man is dearer to them than he is to himself.

m. JUVENAL.

Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus,
Et certam præsens vix habet hora fidem.

The powers above seem to sport with human affairs, so that we can scarcely be assured of the hour which is passing.

n. OVID.

Cui homini dii propitii sunt aliquid objiciunt lucri.

The gods give that man some profit to whom they are propitious.

o. PLAUTUS.

Dî nos quasi pilas homines habent.

The gods play games with men as balls.

p. PLAUTUS.

Mundus est ingens deorum omnium templum.

The world is the mighty temple of the gods.

q. SENECA.

Desine fata deûm flecti sperare precando.

Cease to think that the decrees of the gods can be changed by prayers.

r. VIRGIL.

GOLD.

Aurum per medios ire satellites
Et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
Ictu fulmineo.

Gold loves to make its way through guards, and breaks through barriers of stone more easily than the lightning's bolt.

s. HORACE.

Auro pulsa fides, auro venalia jura,
Aurum lex sequitur, mox sine lege pudor.

By gold all good faith has been banished; by gold our rights are abused; the law itself is influenced by gold, and soon there will be an end of every modest restraint.

t. PROPERTIUS.

Aurum omnes victâ pietate colunt.

All men worship gold, all other reverence being done away.

u. PROPERTIUS.

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?

Accursed thirst for gold! what dost thou not compel mortals to do?
a. VIRGIL.

GOODNESS.

Ergo hoc proprium est animi bene constituti, et lætari bonis rebus, et dolere contrariis.

This is a proof a well-trained mind, to rejoice in what is good, and to grieve at the opposite.
b. CICERO.

Homines ad deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.

Men in no way approach so nearly to the gods as in doing good to men.
c. CICERO.

Vir bonus est quis?
Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat.

Who is a good man? He who keeps the decrees of the fathers, and both human and divine laws.
d. HORACE.

Rari quippe boni: numero vix sunt totidem quot
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili.

The good, alas! are few: they are scarcely as many as the gates of Thebes or the mouths of the Nile.
e. JUVENAL.

Si veris magna paratur
Fama bonis, et si successu nuda remoto
Inspicitur virtus, quicquid landamus in ullo
Majorum, fortuna fuit.

If honest fame awaits the truly good; if setting aside the ultimate success excellence alone is to be considered, then was his fortune as proud as any to be found in the records of our ancestry.
f. LUCAN.

Esse quam videri bonus malebat.

He preferred to be good, rather than to seem so.
g. SALLUST.

Bonitas non est pessimis esse meliorem.

It is not goodness to be better than the very worst.
h. SENECA.

GOVERNMENT.

Non posse bene geri rempublicam multorum imperiis.

A commonwealth cannot be well conducted under the command of many.
i. NEPOS.

Nullum imperium tutum, nisi benevolentiâ munitum.

No government is safe, unless it be fortified by goodwill.
j. NEPOS

Invisa nunquam imperia retinentur diu.

A hated government does not last long.
k. SENECA.

Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperâsset.

In the opinion of all men he would have been regarded as capable of governing, if he had never governed.
l. TACITUS.

Et errat longé meâ quidem sententiâ
Qui imperium credit gravius esse aut stabilius,
Vi quod fit, quam illud quod amicitiâ adjungitur.

It is a great error in my opinion, to believe that a government is more firm or assured, when it is supported by force, than when founded on affection.
m. TERENCE.

Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

This shall be thy work: to impose conditions of peace, to spare the lowly, and to overthrow the proud.
n. VIRGIL.

GRATITUDE.

Gratus animus est una virtus non solum maximâ, sed etiam mater virtutum omnium reliquarum.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.
o. CICERO.

Gratia pro rebus merito debetur inemtis.

Thanks are justly due for things got without purchase.
p. OVID.

Non est diuturna possessio in quam gladio ducimus; beneficiorum gratia sempiterna est.

That possession which we gain by the sword is not lasting: gratitude for benefits is eternal.
q. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Qui gratus futurus est statim dum accipit de reddendo cogitet.

Let the man, who would be grateful, think of repaying a kindness, even while receiving it.
r. SENECA.

GREATNESS.

Nemo vir magnus aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.

No man was ever great without divine inspiration.
s. CICERO.

Nec census nec clarum nomen avorum,
Sed probitas magnos ingeniumque facit.

Not wealth nor ancestry, but honorable conduct and a noble disposition make men great.

a. Ovid.

GRIEF.

Nullus dolor est quem non longinquitas temporis minuat ac molliat.

There is no grief which time does not lessen and soften.

b. Cicero.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

What impropriety or limit can there be in our grief for a man so beloved?

c. Horace.

Ponamus nimios gemitûs: flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere major.

Let us moderate our sorrows. The grief of a man should not exceed proper bounds, but be in proportion to the blow he has received.

d. Juvenal.

Illa dolet vere qui sine teste dolet.

She grieves sincerely who grieves unseen.

e. Martial.

Strangulat inclusus dolor, atque exæstuat intus,
Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas.

Suppressed grief suffocates, it rages within the breast, and is forced to multiply its strength.

f. Ovid.

Dolore affici, sed resistere tamen.

To be affected by grief, but still to resist it.

g. Pliny.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

Light griefs are communicative, great ones stupefy.

h. Seneca.

Levis est dolor qui capere consilium potest.

That grief is light which can take counsel.

i. Seneca.

Plus dolet quam necesse est, qui ante dolet quam necesse est.

He grieves more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary.

j. Seneca.

GUILT.

In ipsa dubitatione facinus inest, etiamsi ad id non pervenerint.

Guilt is present in the very hesitation, even though the deed be not committed.

k. Cicero.

Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat habetur.

Every vice makes its guilt the more conspicuous in proportion to the rank of the offender.

l. Juvenal.

Ingenia humana sunt ad suam cuique levandam culpam nimio plus facunda.

Men's minds are too ingenious in palliating guilt in themselves.

m. Livy.

Facinus quos inquinat æquat.

Those whom guilt stains it equals.

n. Lucan.

Heu! quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu.

Alas! how difficult it is to prevent the countenance from betraying guilt.

o. Ovid.

Haud est nocens, quicumque non sponte est nocens.

He is not guilty who is not guilty of his own free will.

p. Seneca.

Multa trepidus solet
Detegere vultus.

The fearful face usually betrays great guilt.

q. Seneca.

HABIT.

Consuetudo quasi altera natura.

Habit is, as it were, a second nature.

r. Cicero.

Quod crebro videt non miratur, etiamsi cur fiat nescit. Quod ante non vidit, id si evenerit, ostentum esse censet.

A man does not wonder at what he sees frequently, even though he be ignorant of the reason. If anything happens which he has not seen before, he calls it a prodigy.

s. Cicero.

Abeunt studia in mores.

Pursuits become habits.

t. Ovid.

Morem fecerat usus.

Habit had made the custom,

u. Ovid.

Nil consuetudine majus.

Nothing is stronger than habit.

v. Ovid.

Frangas enim citius quam corrigas quæ in pravum induerunt.

Where evil habits are once settled, they are more easily broken than mended.

w. Quintilian.

Consuetudo naturâ potentior est.

Habit is stronger than nature.

x. Quintus Curtius Rufus.

H.

HATRED.

Magna pars vulgi levis
Odit scelus spectatque.

Most of the giddy rabble hate the evil deed they come to see.
a. SENECA.

Id agas tuo te merito ne quis oderit.

Take care that no one hates you justly.
b. SYRUS.

Accerima proximorum odio.

The hatred of relatives is the most violent.
c. TACITUS.

Proprium humani ingenii est, odisse quem læseris.

It is human nature to hate those whom we have injured.
d. TACITUS.

HEAVEN.

Non est ad astra mollis e terris via.

The ascent from earth to heaven is not easy.
e. SENECA.

HELP.

Alterum alterius auxilio eget.

The one needs the other's help.
f. SALLUST.

HESITATION.

Si possem, sanior essem.
Sed trahit invitam nova vis; aliudque Cupido,
Mens aliud. Video meliora, proboque:
Deteriora sequor.

If it were in my power, I would be wiser; but a newly felt power carries me off in spite of myself; love leads me one way, my understanding another. I see and approve the right, and yet pursue the wrong.
g. OVID.

Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.

He follows his father with unequal steps.
h. VIRGIL.

HISTORY.

Historia, testis temporum, lux veritatis vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis.

History is the witness of the times, the torch of truth, the life of memory, the teacher of life, the messenger of antiquity.
i. CICERO.

Præcipium munus annalium reor, ne vir tutes sileantur, utque pravis dictis, factisque ex posteritate et infamiâ metus sit.

The principal office of history I take to be this. to prevent virtuous actions from being forgotten, and that evil words and deeds should fear an infamous reputation with posterity.
j. TACITUS.

HOME.

Nullus est locus domesticâ sede jucundior

There is no place more delightful than one's own fireside.
k. CICERO.

HONESTY.

Omnia quæ vindicaris in altero, tibi ipsi vehementer fugienda sunt.

Everything that thou reprovest in another, thou must most carefully avoid in thyself.
l. CICERO.

Probitas laudatur et alget.

Honesty is praised and freezes.
m. JUVENAL.

Semper bonus homo tiro est.

An honest man is always a child.
n. MARTIAL.

Causa paupertatis plerisque probitas est.

Honesty is to many the cause of poverty.
o. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

HONOR.

Turpe quid ausurus, te sine teste time.

When about to commit a base deed, respect thyself, though there is no witness.
p. AUSONIUS.

Nulla est laus ibi esse integrum, ubi nemo est, qui aut possit aut conetur rumpere.

There is no praise in being upright, where no one can, or tries to, corrupt you.
q. CICERO.

Semper in fide quid senseris, non quid dixeris, cogitandum.

In honorable dealing you should consider what you intended, not what you said or thought.
r. CICERO.

Quantum quisque suâ numnorum condit in arcâ,
Tantum habet et fidei.

Every man's credit is proportioned to the money which he has in his chest.
a. JUVENAL.

Summun crede nefas, animum præferre pudori.
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

Believe it to be the greatest of all infamies, to prefer your existence to your honor, and for the sake of life to lose every inducement to live.
b. JUVENAL.

Quod pulcherrimum idem tutissimum est.

What is honorable is also safest.
c. LIVY.

Suum cuique decus posteritas rependit,

Posterity gives to every man his true honor.
d. TACITUS.

HOPE.

Ægroto dum anima est, spes est.

To the sick, while there is life there is hope.
e. CICERO.

Maxima illecebra est peccandi impunitatis spes.

The hope of impunity is the greatest inducement to do wrong.
f. CICERO.

Et res non semper, spes mihi semper adest.

My hopes are not always realized, but I always hope.
g. OVID.

Ego spem pretio non emo.

I do not buy hope with money.
h. TERENCE.

Verum putes haud ægrè, quod valdè expetas.

You believe that easily, which you hope for earnestly.
i. TERENCE.

Speravimus ista
Dum fortuna fuit.

Such hopes I had while fortune was kind.
j. VIRGIL.

HUMILITY.

Parvum parva decent.

Humble things become the humble.
k. HORACE.

Da locum melioribus.

Give place to your betters.
l. TERENCE.

HUNGER.

Socratem audio dicentem, cibi condimentum esse famem, potionis sitim.

I hear Socrates saying that the best seasoning for food is hunger; for drink, thirst.
m. CICERO.

Græculus esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.

Bid the hungry Greek go to heaven. He will go.
n. JUVENAL.

Nec rationem patitur, nec æquitate mitigatur nec ulla prece flectitur, populus esuriens.

A hungry people listens not to reason, nor cares for justice, nor is bent by any prayers.
o. SENECA.

HYPOCRISY.

Nulli jactantius mœrent quam qui maxime lætautur.

None grieve so ostentatiously as those who rejoice most in heart.
p. TACITUS.

I.

IDLENESS.

Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.
Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus benè vivere; quod petis hic est.

They change their sky not their mind who cross the sea. A busy idleness possesses us; we seek a happy life, with ships and carriages: the object of our search is present with us.
q. HORACE.

IGNORANCE.

Causarum ignoratio in re novâ mirationem facit.

In extraordinary events ignorance of their causes produces astonishment.
r. CICERO.

Ignoratione rerum bonarum et malarum maxime hominum vita vexatur.

Through ignorance of what is good and what is bad, the life of men is greatly perplexed.
s. CICERO.

Nec me pudet, ut ipsos, fateri nescire quod nesciam.

I am not ashamed, as some men are, to confess my ignorance of what I do not know.

a. CICERO.

Qui ex errore imperitæ multitudinis pendet, hic in magnis viris non est habendus.

He who hangs on the errors of the ignorant multitude, must not be counted among great men.

b. CICERO.

O miseras hominum mentes! oh, pectora cæca!

How wretched are the minds of men, and how blind their understandings.

c. LUCRETIUS.

Proh superi! quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ,
Noctis habent.

Heavens! what thick darkness pervades the minds of men.

d. OVID.

Quantum animis erroris inest!

What ignorance there is in human minds

e. OVID.

Quod latet ignotum est; ignoti nulla cupido.

What is hid is unknown: for what is unknown there is no desire.

f. OVID.

Etiam illud quod scies nesciveris;
Ne videris quod videris.

Know not what you know, and see not what you see.

g. PLAUTUS.

Illi mors gravis incubat qui notus nimis omnibus ignotus moritur sibi.

Death presses heavily on that man, who, being but too well known to others, dies in ignorance of himself.

h. SENECA.

Quid crastina volveret ætas,
Scire nefas homini.

Man is not allowed to know what will happen to-morrow.

i. STATIUS.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico.

Everything unknown is magnified.

j. TACITUS.

Ita me Dii ament, ast ubi sim nescio.

As God loves me, I know not where I am.

k. TERENCE.

Namque inscitia est,
Adversum stimulum calces.

It is consummate ignorance to kick against the spur.

l. TERENCE.

IMAGINATION.

Delphinum appingit sylvis, in fluctibus aprum.

He paints a dolphin in the woods, and a boar in the waves.

m. HORACE.

Muscæo contingens cemeta lepore.

Gently touching with the charm of poetry.

n. LUCRETIUS.

IMITATION.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari,
Ceratis ope Dædaleâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

He who studies to imitate the poet Pindar, relies on artificial wings fastened on with wax, and is sure to give his name to a glassy sea.

o. HORACE.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.

I would advise him who wishes to imitate well, to look closely into life and manners, and thereby to learn to express them with truth.

p. HORACE.

Dociles imitandis
Turpidis et pravis omnes sumus.

We are all easily taught to imitate what is base and depraved.

q. JUVENAL.

IMMORTALITY.

Nemo unquam sine magnâ spe immortalitatis se pro patriâ offerret ad mortem.

No one could ever meet death for his country without the hope of immortality.

r. CICERO.

Sic itur ad astra.

Thus do we reach the stars (immortality).

s. VIRGIL.

IMPOSSIBILITY.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum

Every man cannot go to Corinth.

t. HORACE.

IMPRUDENCE.

Beneficium accipere, libertatem est vendere

To accept a favor is to sell one's freedom.

u. SYRUS.

Invitat culpam qui delictum præterit.

He who overlooks a fault, invites the commission of another.

v. SYRUS.

INDEPENDENCE.

Meo sum pauper in aere.

I am in debt to nobody but myself.
a. HORACE.

Pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetet usus.

He is not poor who has the use of necessary things.
b. HORACE.

INDOLENCE.

Homines nihil agendo discunt male agere.

Men by doing nothing, learn to do ill.
c CATO.

Piger scribendi ferre laborem;
Scribendi recte, nam ut multum nil moror.

Too indolent to bear the toil of writing; I mean of writing well; I say nothing about quantity.
d. HORACE.

Vitanda est improba syren—desidia.

That destructive syren, sloth, is ever to be avoided.
e. HORACE.

Variam semper dant otia mentem.

An idle life always produces varied inclinations.
f. LUCAN.

Cernis ut ignavum corrumpant otia corpus
Ut capiant vitium ni moveantur aquæ.

Thou see'st how sloth wastes the sluggish body, as water is corrupted unless it moves.
g. OVID.

Tardo amico nihil est quidquam iniquius.

Nothing is more annoying than a tardy friend.
h. PLAUTUS.

Difficultatis patrocinia præteximus segnitiæ.

We excuse our sloth under the pretext of difficulty,
i. QUINTILIAN.

Blandoque veneno
Desidiæ virtus paullatim evicta senescit.

Valor gradually overpowered by the delicious poison of sloth, grows torpid.
j. SILIUS ITALICUS.

Utque alios industria, ita hunc ignavia ad famam protulerat.

Other men have acquired fame by industry, but this man by indolence.
k. TACITUS.

INDUSTRY.

Diligentia cum omnibus in rebus, in causis defendendis plurimum valet. Hæc præcipue colenda est nobis: hæc semper adhibenda; hæc nihil est quod non assequatur.

Diligence has very great power in everything, particularly in defending cases in court: we must cultivate it carefully, and always attend to it. There is nothing which it does not accomplish.
l. CICERO.

Malo mihi male quam molliter esse.

I would rather be sick than idle.
m. SENECA.

Vitia otii negotio discutienda sunt.

The vices of sloth are only to be shaken off by occupation.
n. SENECA.

INGRATITUDE.

Nil homine terra pejus ingrato creat.

Earth produces nothing worse than an ungrateful man.
o. AUSONIUS.

Nihil amas, cum ingratum amas.

You love a nothing when you love an ingrate.
p. PLAUTUS.

Ut acerbum est, pro benefactis cum mali messem metas.

How bitter it is to reap a harvest of evil for good that you have done.
q. PLAUTUS.

Ingratus unus miseris omnibus nocet.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are in suffering.
r. SYRUS.

Beneficia usque eo læta sunt dum videntur exsolvi posse; ubi multum antevenere pro gratiâ odium redditur.

Benefits are acceptable, while the receiver thinks he may return them; but once exceeding that, hatred is given instead of thanks.
s. TACITUS.

INHERITANCE.

Major hæreditas venit unicuique nostrum a jure et legibus quam a parentibus.

A greater inheritance comes to each of us from our rights and laws, than from our parents.
t. CICERO.

In prolem dilata ruunt perjuria patris, et pœnam merito filius ore luit.

The father's perjury is visited on both father and son.
u. CLAUDIANUS.

INJUSTICE.

Habet aliquid ex iniquo omne magnum exemplum, quod contra singulos, utilitate publicâ rependitur.

Every striking example has some injustice connected with it: individuals suffer while the public are benefited.

a. TACITUS.

INQUIRY.

Dixerit e multis aliquis: Quid virus in anguem
Adjicis? et rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?

Some of the crowd will say, Why do you attribute poison to the serpent? And, do you open the sheep-fold to the rabid wolf?

b. OVID.

INQUISITIVENESS.

Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.

Shun the inquisitive person, for he is also a talker.

c. HORACE.

Incitantur enim homines ad agnoscenda quæ differuntur.

Our inquisitive disposition is excited by having its gratification deferred.

d. PLINY THE YOUNGER.

INSANITY.

O major tandem parcas, insane, minori.

Oh! thou who art greatly mad, deign to spare me who am less mad.

e. HORACE.

Omnes stultos insanire.

All fools are insane.

f. HORACE.

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.

He appears mad indeed but to a few, because the majority is infected with the same disease.

g. HORACE.

I demens! et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.

Go, madman! rush over the wildest Alps, that you may please children, and be made the subject of declamation.

h. JUVENAL.

Necesse est cum insanientibus furere, nisi relinqueris solus.

It is necessary to be mad with the insane, unless you would be left quite alone.

i. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Hei mihi, insanire me ajunt, ultro cum ipsi insaniunt.

They call me mad, while they are all mad themselves.

j. PLAUTUS.

Insanus omnis furere credit ceteros.

Every mad man thinks all other men mad.

k. SYRUS.

INSTRUCTION.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam.

Instruction enlarges the natural powers of the mind.

l. HORACE.

Adde, quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse fervos.

To be instructed in the arts, softens the manners and makes men gentle.

m. OVID.

Domi habuit unde disceret.

He need not go away from home for instruction.

n. TERENCE.

INSULT.

Quid facis tibi,
Injuriæ qui addideris contumeliam?

What wilt thou do to thyself, who hast added insult to injury?

o. PHÆDRUS.

Sæpe satius fuit dissimulare quam ulcisci.

It is often better not to see an insult than to avenge it.

p. SENECA.

INTEMPERANCE.

Libidinosa etenim et intemperans adolescentia effœtum corpus tradit senectuti.

A sensual and intemperate youth hands over a wornout body to old age.

q. CICERO.

Quid non ebrietas designat? Operta recludit;
Spes jubet esse ratas; in prælia trudit inermem

What does drunkenness not accomplish? It discloses secrets; it ratifies hopes, and urges even the unarmed to battle.

r. HORACE.

Nihil aliud est ebrietas quam voluntaria insania.

Drunkenness is nothing but voluntary madness.

s. SENECA.

J.

JESTING.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

Nonsense, now and then, is pleasant.

a. HORACE.

Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.

The shame is not in having sported, but in not having broken off the sport.

b. HORACE.

Si quid dictum est per jocum,
Non æquum est id serio provortier.

If anything is spoken in jest, it is not fair to take it in earnest.

c. PLAUTUS.

Asperæ facetiæ, ubi nimis ex vero traxere,
Acram sui memoriam relinquunt.

A bitter jest when it comes too near the the truth, leaves a sharp sting behind it.

d. TACITUS.

JUDGMENT.

Tuo tibi judicio est utendum. Virtutis et vitiorum grave ipsius conscientia pondus est; quâ sublatâ jacent omnia.

You must use your own judgment on yourself. Great is the weight of conscience in deciding on your own virtues and vices; if that be taken away, all is lost.

e. CICERO.

Sequitur superbos ultor a tergo Deus.

An avenging God closely follows the haughty.

f. SENECA.

JUSTICE.

Cavendum est ne major pœna quam culpa sit; et ne iisdem de causis alii plectantur, alii ne appellentur quidem.

Care should be taken that the punishment does not exceed the guilt; and also that some men do not suffer for offenees for which others are not even indicted.

g. CICERO.

Fundamenta justitiæ sunt, ut ne cui noceatur, deinde ut communi utilitati serviatur.

The foundations of justice are that no one shall suffer wrong; then, that the public good be promoted.

h. CICERO.

Justitia est obtemperatio scriptis legibus.

Justice is obedience to the written laws.

i.

Justitia suum cuique distribuit.

Justice renders to every one his due.

j. CICERO.

Meminerimus etiam adversus infimos justitiam esse servandam.

Let us remember that justice must be observed even to the lowest.

k. CICERO.

Diis proximus ille est
Quem ratio non ira movet: qui factor rependens
Consilio punire potest.

He is next to the gods, whom reason, and not passion impels; and who, after weighing the facts, can measure the punishment with discretion.

l. CLAUDIANUS.

Observantior æqui
Fit populus, nec ferre negat, cum viderit ipsum
Auctorem parere sibi.

The people become more observant of justice, and do not refuse to submit to the laws, when they see them obeyed by their enactor.

m. CLAUDIANUS.

Ne scuticâ dignum horribili sectere flagello.

Do not pursue with the terrible scourge him who deserves a slight whip.

n. HORACE.

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

Justice, though moving with tardy pace, has seldom failed to overtake the wicked in their flight.

o. HORACE.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

The verdict acquits the raven, but condemns the dove.

p. JUVENAL.

Hominem improbum non accusari tutius est quam absolvi.

It is safer that a bad man should not be accused, than that he should be acquitted.

q. LIVY.

Judicis officium est ut res ita tempora rerum
Quærere.

The judge's duty is to inquire about the time, as well as the facts.

r. OVID.

Paucite paucarum diffundere crimen in omnes.

Do not lay on the multitude the blame that is due to a few.

a. OVID.

Si quoties homines peccant sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.

If Jupiter hurled his thunderbolt as often as men sinned, he would soon be out of thunderbolts.

b. OVID.

Qui statuit aliquid, parte inauditâ alterâ,
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus fuerit.

He who decides a case without hearing the other side, though he decide justly, cannot be considered just.

c. SENECA.

Si judicas, cognosce; si regnas, jube.

If you judge, investigate; if you reign, command.

SENECA.

Bonis nocet quisquis pepercerit malis.

He hurts the good who spares the bad.

e. SYRUS.

Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.

The judge is condemned when the guilty is acquitted.

f. SYRUS.

Initia magistratuum nostrorum meliora, ferme finis inclinat.

Our magistrates discharge their duties best at the beginning; and fall off toward the end.

g. TACITUS.

Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo.

With his own sword do I stab this man.

h. TERENCE.

Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere divos.

Being admonished learn justice and despise not the gods.

i. VIRGIL.

K.

KINDNESS.

Sed tamen difficile dictu est, quantopere conciliat animos hominum comitas affabilitasque sermonis.

It is difficult to tell how much men's minds are conciliated by a kind manner and gentle speech.

j. CICERO.

Sola deos æquat clementia nobis.

Clemency alone makes us equal to the gods.

k. CLAUDIANUS.

Bene si amico feceris ne pigeat fecisse,
Ut potius pudeat si non feceris.

If you have done your friend a kindness, do not regret it; rather regret if you have not done it.

l. PLAUTUS.

Bonis quod benefit haud perit.

Kindness to the good is never lost.

m. PLAUTUS.

Nemini credo, qui large blandus est dives pauperi.

I trust no rich man who is officiously kind to a poor man.

n. PLAUTUS.

Ubicumque homo est, ibi beneficio locus est.

Wherever there is a human being, there is an opportunity for a kindness.

o. SENECA.

Bis gratum est, quod dato opus est, ultro si offeras.

If what must be given is given willingly the kindness is doubled.

p. SYRUS.

Inopi beneficium bis dat, qui dat celeriter.

He confers a double kindness on a poor man who gives quickly.

q. SYRUS.

Pars beneficii est, quod petitur, si cito neges.

It is kindness to immediately refuse, what you intend to deny.

r. SYRUS.

KNOWLEDGE.

Animi cultus quasi quidam humanitatis cibus.

The cultivation of the mind is a kind of food supplied for the soul of man.

s. CICERO.

Nam non solum scire aliquid, artis est, sed quædam ars etiam docendi.

Not only is there an art in knowing a thing, but also a certain art in teaching it.

t. CICERO.

Nec enim ignorare deus potest, quâ mente quisque sit.

God cannot be ignorant of a man's character.

u. CICERO.

Nescire autem quid ante quam natus sis acciderit, id est semper esse puerum.

Not to know what happened before one was born, is always to be a child.

a. Cicero.

Nec scire fas est omnia.

One cannot know everything.

b. Horace.

Serviet eternum qui parvo nesciet uti.

He will always be a slave, who does not know how to live upon a little.

c. Horace.

Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum.

If you know anything better than this candidly impart it; if not, use this with me.

d. Horace.

Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.

All desire knowledge, but no one is willing to pay the price.

e. Juvenal.

Et teneo melius ista quam meum nomen.

I know all that better than my own name.

f. Martial.

Intus et in cute novi hominem,

I know the man within and without.

g. Persius.

Usque adeone
Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc, sciat alter?

Is therefore your knowledge to pass for nothing unless others know that you possess it?

h. Persius.

Plus scire satius est, quam loqui.

It is well for one to know more than he says.

i. Plautus.

Cogi qui potest, nescit mori.

He who can be forced (to act against his will), does not know how to die.

j. Seneca.

L.

LABOR.

Arbores serit diligens agricola, quarum adspiciet baccam ipse numquam,

The diligent farmer plants trees, of which he himself will never see the fruit.

k. Cicero.

Jucundi acti labores.

Labors passed are pleasant.

l. Cicero.

Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.

Life gives nothing to men without great labor.

m. Horace.

Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit.

He who would reach the desired goal must, while a boy, suffer and labor much and bear both heat and cold.

n. Horace.

Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.

Thinking that nothing was done, if any thing remained to do.

o. Lucan.

Labor est etiam ipsa voluptas.

Labor is itself a pleasure.

p. Lucretius.

Stultus labor est ineptiarum.

Labor bestowed on trifles is silly.

q. Martial.

Dum vires annique sinunt, tolerate labores.
Jam veniet tacito curva senecta pede.

While strength and years permit, endure labor: soon bent old age will come with silent foot.

r. Ovid.

Facilis descensus averni;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est.

The descent into hell is easy, but to recall your steps, and re-ascend to the upper air, this is labor, this is work.

s. Virgil.

Labor omnia vincit.

Labor conquers everything.

t. Virgil.

LANDSCAPE.

Nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.

Now every field and every tree is in bloom. The woods are in full leaf, and the year in its highest beauty.

u. Virgil.

LAUGHTER.

Quid rides?
Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.

Why do you laugh? Change but the name, and the story is told of yourself.
a. HORACE.

Citharœdus
Ridetur chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem.

The musician who always plays on the same string, is laughed at.
b. HORACE.

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.

Nothing is more silly than silly laughter.
c. MARTIAL.

Nimium risus pretium est, si probitatis impendio constat.

A laugh costs too much when bought at the expense of virtue.
d. QUINTILIAN.

LAW.

Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt?

Of what use are laws, inoperative through public immorality?
e. HORACE.

Nulla fere causa est in quâ non femina litem
Moverit.

There is scarcely a law-suit unless a woman is the cause of it.
f. JUVENAL.

Nulla manus belli, mutato judice, pura est.

Neither side is guiltless, if its adversary is appointed judge.
g. LUCAN.

Certis * * * * legibus omnia parent.

All things obey fixed laws.
h. LUCRETIUS.

Sunt superis sua jura.

The gods have their own laws.
i. OVID.

Nescis tu quam meticulosa res sit ire ad judicem.

You little know what a ticklish thing it is to go to law.
j. PLAUTUS.

Jus summum sæpe summa est malitia.

The strictest law sometimes becomes the severest injustice.
k. TERENCE.

Quod vos jus cogit, id voluntate impetret.

What the law insists upon, let it have of your own free will.
l. TERENCE.

LEARNING.

Nosse velint omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.

All wish to be learned, but no one is willing to pay the price.
m. JUVENAL.

Homo doctus in se semper divitias habet.

The learned man always has riches in himself.
n. PHÆDRUS.

Dediscit animus sero quod didicit diu.

The mind unlearns with difficulty what it was long in learning.
o. SENECA.

Homines, dum docent, discunt.

Men learn while they teach.
p. SENECA.

Nunquam nimis dicitur, quod nunquam satis discitur.

That is never too often said which is never sufficiently learned.
q. SENECA.

Bonum est fugienda aspicere in alieno malo.

It is well to learn from the misfortunes of others what should be avoided.
r. SYRUS.

Discipulus est priori posterior dies.

Each day is the scholar of yesterday.
s. SYRUS.

LIBERTY.

Rarâ temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.

Such being the happiness of the times, that you may think as you wish, and speak as you think.
t. TACITUS.

LICENSE.

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æque potestas.

Painters and poets have equal license in regard to every thing.
u. HORACE.

Quicquid multis peccatur, inultum est.

All go free when multitudes offend.
v. LUCAN.

Deteriores omnes sumus licentiâ.

We are all worse for license.
w. TERENCE.

LIFE.

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,
Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.

He is now travelling the darksome path to that land from which, they say, no one ever returns.
x. CATULLUS.

Brevis a naturâ nobis vita data est; at memoria bene reditæ vitæ sempiterna.

The life given us by nature is short; but the memory of a well-spent life is eternal.

a. CICERO.

Esse oportet ut vivas, non vivere ut edas.

Thou should'st eat to live; not live to eat.

b. CICERO.

Natura dedit usuram vitæ tanquam pecuniæ, nullâ præstitutâ die.

Nature has lent us life at interest, like money, and has fixed no day for its payment.

c. CICERO.

Nemo parum diu vixit, qui virtutis perfectæ perfecto functus est munere.

No one has lived a short life who has performed its duties with unblemished character.

d. CICERO.

Quoniam diu vixisse denegatur, aliquid faciamus quo possimus ostendere nos vixisse.

Since long life is denied us, we should do something to show that we have lived.

e. CICERO.

Vivimus exiguo melius, natura beatis
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.

Men live best upon a little; nature has given to all the privilege of being happy, if they but knew how to use her gifts.

f. CLAUDIANUS.

Vitâ cedat uti conviva satur.

Let him take leave of life, like a satiated guest.

g. HORACE.

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

The short space of life forbids us to lay plans requiring a long time for their accomplishment.

h. HORACE.

Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

He who postpones the hour of living as he ought, is like the rustic who waits for the river to pass along (before he crosses); but it glides on and will glide on forever.

i. HORACE.

Vitaque mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu.

Life is given to no one for a lasting possession, to all for use.

j. LUCRETIUS.

Hoc est vivere bis
Vitâ posse priori frui.

It is to live twice when you can enjoy (the recollection of) your former life.

k. MARTIAL.

Non est vivere, sed valere vita.

Life is not mere living, but the enjoyment of health.

l. MARTIAL.

Id quoque, quod vivam, munus habere dei.

This also, that I live, I consider a gift of God.

m. OVID.

Vive sine invidiâ mollesque inglorios annos
Exige, et amicitias tibi junge pares.

Live without envy, pray for placid and inglorious years, and form friendships with your equals.

n. OVID.

Vita ipsa quâ fruimur brevis est.

The very life which we enjoy is short.

o. SALLUST.

Ante senectutem curavi ut bene viverem, in senectute (curo) ut bene moriar; bene autem mori est libenter mori.

Before old age I took care to live well; in old age I take care to die well; but to die well is to die willingly.

p. SENECA.

Atqui vivere, militare est.

But life is a warfare.

q. SENECA.

Elige eum, cujus tibi placuit et vita et oratio.

Choose that man whose life, as well as eloquence, you can approve.

r. SENECA.

Exigua pars est vitæ quam nos vivimus.

The part of life which we really like, is short.

s. SENECA.

Non domus hoc corpus sed hospitium et quidem breve.

This body is not a home, but an inn; and that only for a short time.

t. SENECA.

Non est ut diu vivamus curandum est, sed ut satis.

Our care should be not to live long, but to live enough.

u. SENECA.

Non vivere bonum est, sed bene vivere.

To live is not a blessing, but to live well.

v. SENECA.

Prima quæ vitam dedit hora, carpit.

The hour which gives us life, begins to take it away.

w. SENECA.

Propera vivere et singulos dies singulas vitas puta.

Make haste to live, and consider each day a life.

x. SENECA.

Rebus parvis alta præstatur quies.

In humble life there is great repose.

a. SENECA.

Si ad naturam vivas, nunquam eris pauper; si ad opinionem, numquam dives.

If you live according to nature, you never will be poor; if, according to the world's caprice, you will never be rich.

b. SENECA.

Qui mente novissimus exit
Lucis amor.

The love of life, the last that lingers in the mind.

c. STATIUS.

O vita misero longa! felici brevis!

O life! long to the wretched, short to the happy.

d. SYRUS.

Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem
Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda.

The father himself did not wish the farmer's life to be easy; he was the first to cultivate the soil by art, inciting the human heart by anxiety.

e. VIRGIL.

LOSS.

Periere mores, jus, decus, pietas, fides,
Et qui redire nescit, cum perit, pudor.

We have lost morals, justice, honor, piety and faith, and that sense of shame which, once lost, can never be restored.

f. SENECA.

LOVE.

Quis legem det amantibus?
Major lex amor est sibi.

What law can bind lovers? Love is their supreme law.

g. BOETHIUS.

Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem.

It is difficult at once to relinquish a long cherished love.

h. CATULLUS.

Mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

What woman says to her fond lover, should be written on air or the swift water.

i. CATULLUS.

Nihilo sese plus quam alterum homo diligat.

Let man not love himself more than his neighbor.

j. CICERO.

Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.

Happy and thrice happy are they who enjoy an uninterrupted union, and whose love, unbroken by any complaints shall not dissolve until the last day.

k. HORACE.

Si sine amore, jocisque
Nil est jucundum, vivas in amore jocisque.

If nothing is delightful without love and jokes, then live in love and jokes.

l. HORACE.

Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur.

To love and to be wise is scarcely granted to a god.

m. LABERIUS.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum posse dicere: non amo te.

I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I say why; I can only say this, "I do not love thee."

n. MARTIAL.

Credula res amor est.

Love is a credulous thing.

o. OVID.

Hei mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

Ah me! love cannot be cured by herbs.

p. OVID.

Meminerunt omnia amantes.

Lovers remember everything.

q. OVID.

Militat omnis amasius.

Every lover is a soldier.

r. OVID.

Moribus et formâ conciliandus amor.

Love must be attracted by beauty of mind and body.

s. OVID.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in uno sede morantur,
Majestas et amor.

Majesty and love do not well agree, nor do they live together.

t. OVID.

Otia si tollas, periere
Cupidinis arcus.

If you give up your quiet life, the bow of Cupid will lose its power.

u. OVID.

Qui finem quæris amoris,
(Credit amor rebus) res age; tutus eris.

If thou wishest to put an end to love, attend to business (love yields to employment;) then thou wilt be safe.

v. OVID.

Qui non vult fieri desidiosus, amet.

Let the man who does not wish to be idle, fall in love.

a. Ovid.

Quicquid Amor jussit non est contemnere tutum.
Regnat, et in dominos jus habet ille deos.

It is not safe to despise what Love commands. He reigns supreme, and rules the mighty gods.

b. Ovid.

Res est soliciti plena timoris amor.

Love is a thing full of anxious fears.

c. Ovid.

Ut ameris, amabilis esto.

To be loved, be lovable.

d. Ovid.

Vanescitque absens, et novus intrat amor.

Absent love vanishes and a new one takes its place.

e. Ovid.

Amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus.

Love abounds in honey and poison.

f. Plautus.

Auro contra cedo modestum amatorem.

Find me a reasonable lover against his weight in gold.

g. Plautus.

Bonum est, pauxillum amare sane; insane non bonum est.

It is good to love moderately; immoderately, it is not good.

h. Plautus.

Qui in amore præcipitavit pejus perit, quam si saxo saliat.

He who falls in love meets a worse fate than he who leaps from a rock.

i. Plautus.

Scilicet insano nemo in amore videt.

Everybody in love is blind.

j. Propertius.

Amor timere neminem verus potest.

True love can fear no one.

k. Seneca.

Non potest amor cum timore misceri;

Love cannot be mixed with fear.

l. Seneca.

Nulla vis major pietate verâ est.

No power is greater than true affection (for parents).

m. Seneca.

Odit verus amor nec patitur moras.

True love hates and will not bear delay.

n. Seneca.

Qui amicus est amat, qui amat non utique amicus est. Itaque, amicitia semper prodest: amor etiam aliquando nocet.

He who is a friend must love; but he who loves is not therefore a friend. Friendship, consequently, always profits; love sometimes does harm.

o. Seneca.

Si vis amari, ama.

If you wish to be loved, love.

p. Seneca.

Amor animi arbitrio sumitur, non ponitur.

Love is in our power, but not to lay it aside.

q. Syrus.

Cogas amantem irasci, amare si velis,

You must make a lover angry if you wish him to love.

r. Syrus.

Pessimum veri affectus venenum sua cuique utilitas.

Self-interest is the bane of all true affection.

s. Tacitus.

Amantium iræ amoris integratio est.

Quarrels of lovers renew their love.

t. Terence.

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

Love conquers all things; let us yield to love.

u. Virgil.

Quis fallere possit amantem?

Who can deceive a lover?

v. Virgil.

Vulnus alit venis, et cæca carpitur igni.

She nourishes the poison in her veins, and is consumed by the hidden fire.

w. Virgil.

LUCK.

Felix ille tamen corvo quoque rarior albo.

A lucky man is rarer than a white crow.

x. Juvenal.

Insperata accidunt magis sæpe quam quæ speres.

Things unhoped for happen oftener than things we desire.

y. Plautus.

LUXURY.

Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala; sævior armis Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.

Now we are suffering the evils of a long peace. Luxury, more destructive than war, has engrossed us, and avenges the vanquished world.

z. Juvenal.

M.

MAN.

Homo ad duas res, ad intelligendum et ad agendum, est natus.

Man was born for two things—thinking and acting.

a. CICERO.

Homo homini aut deus aut lupus.

Man is to man either a god or a wolf.

b. ERASMUS.

Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede æquum est.

Every man should measure himself by his own standard.

c. HORACE.

Os homini sublime dedit cœlumque tueri.

God gave man an upright countenance to survey the heavens.

d. HORACE.

Consilia res magis dant hominibus quam homines rebus.

Men's plans should be regulated by the circumstances, not circumstances by the plans.

e. LIVY.

Hominem pagina nostra sapit.

Our page relates to man.

f. MARTIAL.

Mille hominum species et rerum discolor usus;
Velle suum cuique est nec voto vivitur uno.

There are a thousand kinds of men, and their sense of things is various: each has his own inclination, nor do all live for the same object.

g. PERSIUS.

Homo vitæ commodatus, non donatus est.

Man has been lent, not given, to life.

h. SYRUS.

Homo sum, et humani a me nil alienum puto.

I am a man, and nothing which relates to man can be a matter of unconcern to me.

i. TERENCE.

Ut homo est, ita morem geras.

As the man is, so should you conduct yourself.

j. TERENCE.

MANNERS.

Pulcrum ornatum turpes mores pejus cœno collinunt,
Lepidi mores turpem ornatum facile factis comprobant.

Evil manners soil a fine dress more than mud; good manners, by their deeds, easily adorn a humble garb.

k. PLAUTUS.

Quæ fuerant vitia mores sunt.

What once were vices, are now the manners of the day.

l. SENECA.

Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.

Obsequiousness begets friends; truth, hatred.

m. TERENCE.

MARRIAGE.

Prima societas in ipso conjugio est: proxima in liberis; deinde una domus, communia omnia.

The first bond of society is marriage; the next, our children; then the whole family, and all things in common.

n. CICERO.

Si qua voles apte nubere, nube pari.

If thou wouldst marry wisely, marry thy equal.

o. OVID.

Non id videndum, conjugum ut bonis bona
At ut ingenium congruat et mores moribus;
Probitas, pudorque virgini dos optima est.

In marriage the relative proportion of property is not so much to be considered, as the union of mind and similarity of disposition. Chastity and modesty form the best dowry of a virgin.

p. TERENCE.

MEDICINE.

Ægri quia non omnes convalescunt, idcirco ars nulla medicina est.

Because all the sick do not recover, therefore medicine is not an art.

q. CICERO.

Vulnera nisi tacta tractataque sanari non possunt.

Wounds cannot be cured unless they are probed.

r. LIVY.

Aëre non certo corpora languor habet.

Sickness seizes the body from bad ventilation.

a. Ovid.

Corpora vix ferro quædam sanantur acuto!
Auxilium multis succus et herba fuit.

Some bodies are scarcely healed by the knife; many are healed by potions and herbs.

b. Ovid.

Dulcia non ferimus; succo renovamus amaro.

We do not bear sweets; we are recruited by a bitter potion.

c. Ovid.

Tempore ducetur longo fortasse cicatrix,
Horrent admotas vulnera cruda manus.

The wound will perhaps be cured in the process of time, but it shrinks from the touch while it is fresh.

d. Ovid.

Medicus nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio.

A physician is nothing but a consoler of the mind.

e. Petronius Arbiter.

Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit.

It is part of the cure to wish to be cured.

f. Seneca.

Crudelem medicum intemperans æger facit.

A disorderly patient makes the physician cruel.

g. Syrus.

Graviora quædam sunt remedia periculis.

Some remedies are worse than the disease.

h. Syrus.

Ægrescitque medendo.

The medicine increases the disease.

i. Virgil.

MEMORY.

Memoria est thesaurus ominum rerum et custos.

Memory is the treasury and guardian of all things.

j. Cicero.

Vita enim mortuorum in memoriâ vivorum est posita.

The life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living.

k. Cicero.

Patriâ quis exul se quoque fugit.

What exile from his country is able to escape from himself?

l. Horace.

At cum longa dies sedavit vulnera mentis,
Intempestive qui fovet illa novat.

When time has assuaged the wounds of the mind, he who unseasonably reminds us of them, opens them afresh.

m. Ovid.

Parsque est meminisse doloris.

A part of the pain is memory.

n. Ovid.

Impensa monumenti supervacua est: memoria nostra durabit, si vitâ meruimus.

The erection of a monument is superfluous; the memory of us will last, if we have deserved it in our lives.

o. Pliny the Younger.

Facetiarum apud præpotentes in longum memoria est.

The powerful hold in deep remembrance an ill-timed pleasantry.

p. Tacitus.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit;
Durate et rebus vosmet servate secundis.

Perhaps the remembrance of these things will prove a source of future pleasure.
(Be of stout heart, and preserve yourselves for better times.)

q. Virgil.

Quique sui memores alios fecêre merendo.

These who have ensured their remembrance by their deserts.

r. Virgil.

Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma,
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.

If ye despise the human race, and mortal arms, yet remember that there is a God who is mindful of right and wrong.

s. Virgil.

MERCY.

Mortem misericors sæpe pro vitâ dabit.

Mercy often inflicts death.

t. Seneca.

Pulchrum est vitam donare minori.

It is noble to grant life to the vanquished.

u. Statius.

MERIT.

Virtute ambire oportet, non favitoribus.
Sat habet favitorum semper, qui recte facit.

We should try to succeed by merit, not by favor. He who does well will always have patrons enough.

v. Plautus.

MIND.

Frons est animi janua.

The forehead is the gate of the mind.

w. Cicero.

In animo perturbato, sicut in corpore, sanitas esse non potest.

In a disturbed mind, as in a body in the same state, health cannot exist.

a. CICERO.

Morbi perniciores pluresque animi quam corporis.

The diseases of the mind are more and more destructive than those of the body.

b. CICERO.

Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat.

A mind that is charmed by false appearances refuses better things.

c. HORACE.

Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Superfluous advice is not retained by the full mind.

d. HORACE.

Quæ lædunt oculum festinas demere; si quid
Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum.

If anything affects your eye, you hasten to have it removed; if anything affects your mind, you postpone the cure for a year.

e. HORACE.

Cum corpore mentem
Crescere sentimus pariterque senescere.

We plainly perceive that the mind strengthens and decays with the body.

f. LUCRETIUS.

Corpore sed mens est ægro magis ægra; malique
In circumspectu stat sine fine sui.

The mind is sicker than the sick body; in contemplation of its sufferings it becomes hopeless.

g. OVID.

Mensque pati durum sustinet ægra nihil.

The sick mind cannot bear anything harsh.

h. OVID.

Mens sola loco non exulat.

The mind alone cannot be exiled.

i. OVID.

Vitiant artus ægræ contagia mentis.

Diseases of the mind impair the bodily powers.

j. OVID.

Animus quod perdidit optat,
Atque in præteritâ se totus imagine versat.

The mind wishes for what it has missed, and occupies itself with retrospective contemplation.

k. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Animus æquus optimum est ærumnæ condimentum.

A well-balanced mind is the best remedy against affliction.

l. PLAUTUS.

Habet cerebrum sensus arcem; hic mentis est regimen.

The brain is the citadel of the senses: this guides the principle of thought.

m. PLINY THE ELDER.

MISFORTUNE.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

Cheerless poverty has no harder trial than this, that it makes men the subject of ridicule.

n. JUVENAL.

Adversæ res admonent religionum.

Adversity reminds men of religion.

o. LIVY.

Væ victis!

Woe to the vanquished.

p. LIVY.

Non est paupertas, Nestor, habere nihil.

To have nothing is not poverty.

q. MARTIAL.

Rebus in angustis facile est contemnere vitam;
Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.

In adversity it is easy to despise life; he is truly brave who can endure a wretched life.

r. MARTIAL.

Horrea formicæ tendunt ad inania nunquam,
Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.

Ants do not bend their ways to empty barns, so no friend will visit the place of departed wealth.

s. OVID.

Quem si non tenuit magnis tamen excidit ausis.

If he did not succeed, he at least failed in a glorious undertaking.

t. OVID.

Quicumque amisit dignitatem pristinam
Ignavis etiam jocus est in casu gravi.

Whoever has fallen from his former high estate is in his calamity the scorn even of the base.

u. PHÆDRUS.

Calamitas virtutis occasio est.

Calamity is virtue's opportunity.

v. SENECA.

Viri infelices, procul amici.

When men are unfortunate, their friends are distant.

w. SENECA.

Bonum est fugienda adspicere in alieno malo.

It is good to see in the misfortunes of others what we should avoid.

x. SYRUS.

MODESTY.

Maximum ornamentum amicitiæ tollit, qui ex eâ tollit verecundiam.

He takes the greatest ornament from friendship, who takes modesty from it.

a. CICERO.

Adolescentem verecundum esse decet.

Modesty becomes a young man.

b. PLAUTUS.

Modestè tamen et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne quod plurisque accidit, damnent quæ non intelligunt.

We should speak modestly and circumspectly of such great men, lest we should fall into the faults of many, who condemn what they do not understand.

c. QUINTILIAN.

Saltabat melius quam necesse est probæ.

She danced much better than became a modest woman.

d. SALLUST.

Nemo beneficia in calendario scribit.

Nobody makes an entry of his good deeds in his day-book.

e. SENECA.

Redire cum perit nescit pudor.

When modesty is once extinguished, it knows not a return.

f. SENECA.

Erubuit: salva res est.

He blushes: all is safe.

g. TERENCE.

MONEY.

Nec quicquam acrius quam pecuniæ damnum stimulat.

Nothing stings more deeply than the loss of money.

h. LIVY.

Pecuniam in loco negligere maximum est lucrum.

To dispise money on some occasions is a very great gain.

i. TERENCE.

MONUMENT.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

I have erected a monument more lasting than brass.

j. HORACE.

MOURNING.

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.

If you wish me to weep, you must mourn first yourself.

k. HORACE.

MUSIC.

Id haud paullo est verius quam quod Platoni nostro placet qui, musicorum cantibus, ait, mutatis mutari civitatum status.

This saying is much more certain than that of Plato who says that a change in the songs of musicians can change the state of commonwealths.

l. CICERO.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Many heroes lived before Agamemnon, but they are all unmourned, and consigned to oblivion, because they had no bard to sing their praises.

m. HORACE.

Etiam singulorum fatigatio quamlibet se rudi modulatione solatur.

Men, even when alone, lighten their labors by song, however rude it may be.

n. QUINTILIAN.

N.

NATURE.

Meliora sunt ea quæ naturâ quam illa quæ arte perfecta sunt.

Things perfected by nature are better than those finished by art.

o. CICERO.

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurrit.

You may turn nature out of doors with violence, but she will still return.

p. HORACE.

Natura vero nihil hominibus brevitate vitæ præstitit melius.

Nature has given man no better thing than shortness of life.

q. PLINY THE ELDER.

Ut natura dedit, sic omnis recta figura.

Every form as nature made it, is correct.

r. PROPERTIUS.

Natura semina scientiæ nobis dedit, scientiam non dedit.

Nature has given us the seeds of knowledge, not knowledge itself.

s. SENECA.

NECESSITY.

Necessitatis inventa sunt antiquiora quam voluptatis.

The inventions of necessity are older than those of pleasure.
a. Cicero.

Æquâ lege necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imos.

Necessity takes impartially the highest and the lowest.
b. Horace.

Necessitas ultimum et maximum telum est.

Necessity is the last and strongest weapon.
c. Livy.

Discite quam parvo liceat producere vitam,
Et quantum natura petat.

Learn on how little man may live, and how small a portion nature requires.
d. Lucan.

Magister artis ingeniique largitor venter.

The belly is the teacher of art and the bestower of genius.
e. Persius.

Efficacior omni arte imminens necessitas.

Necessity when threatening is more powerful than device of man.
f. Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Ingens telum necessitas.

Necessity is a powerful weapon.
g. Seneca.

Necessitas plus posse quam pietas solet.

Necessity has greater power than duty.
h. Seneca.

O.

OBEDIENCE.

Qui modeste paret, videtur qui aliquando imperet dignus esse.

He who obeys with modesty, appears worthy of being some day a commander.
i. Cicero.

Ibit eo quo vis qui zonam perdidit.

The man who has lost his purse will go wherever you wish.
j. Horace.

OPINION.

Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.

All men do not, in fine, admire or love the same thing.
k. Horace.

Piper, non homo.

He is pepper, not a man.
l. Petronius Arbiter.

Nequam hominis ego parvi pendo gratiam.

I set little value on the esteem of a worthless man.
m. Plautus.

Quot homines, tot sententiæ.

As many men, so many opinions.
n. Terence.

Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.

The uncertain multitude is divided by opposite opinions.
o. Virgil.

ORATORY.

Is enim est eloquens, qui et humilia subtiliter, et magna graviter, et mediocria temperate potest dicere.

He is the eloquent man who can treat humble subjects with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately.
p. Cicero.

Intererit multum Davusne loquatur an heros.

It makes a great difference whether Davus or a hero speaks.
q. Horace.

Oratorem autem instituimus illum perfectum, qui esse nisi vir bonus non potest.

According to my definition no man can be a perfect orator, unless he is a good man.
r. Quintilian.

ORDER.

Nihil ordinatum est, quod præcipitatur et properat.

Nothing is well-ordered that is hasty and precipitate.
s. Seneca.

OVERSIGHT.

Multorum te etiam oculi et aures non sentientem, sicuti adhuc fecerunt, speculabuntur atque custodient.

Without your knowledge, the eyes and ears of many will see and watch you, as they have done already.
t. Cicero.

P.

PAIN.

Quid te exempla juvat spinis è pluribus una.

What does it avail you, if of many thorns only one be removed?

a. JUVENAL.

PARTIALITY.

Deos fortioribus adesse.

The gods are on the side of the stronger.

b. TACITUS.

PATIENCE.

Durum! sed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

It is hard! But what cannot be removed, becomes lighter through patience.

c. HORACE.

Æquo animo pœnam, qui meruere, ferant.

Let those who have deserved their punishment, bear it patiently.

d. OVID.

Sua quisque exempla debet æquo animo pati.

Every one ought to bear patiently the results of his own conduct.

e. PHÆDRUS.

Nihil tam acerbum est in quo non æquus animus solatium inveniat.

There is nothing so disagreeable, that a patient mind cannot find some solace for it.

f. SENECA.

Nec tamen fugisse cavendo
Adversa egregium, quam perdomuisse ferendo.

To avoid misfortunes by our watchfulness, is not so noble as to overcome them by patience.

g. SILIUS ITALICUS.

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

Persevere and preserve yourselves for better circumstances.

h. VIRGIL.

Superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.

Every misfortune is to be subdued by patience.

i. VIRGIL.

PATRIOTISM.

Cum tempus necessitasque postulat, decertandum manu est, et mors servituti turpidinique anteponenda.

When time and need require, we should resist with all our might, and prefer death to slavery and disgrace.

j. CICERO.

Nihil ex omnibus rebus humanis est præclarius aut præstantius quam de republicâ bene mereri.

Of all human things nothing is more honorable or more excellent than to deserve well of one's country.

k. CICERO.

O fortunata mors quæ, naturæ debita, pro patriâ potissimum redita!

O happy death, which though due to nature is most nobly given for our country.

l. CICERO.

Patria est communis omnium parens.

Our country is the common parent of all.

m. CICERO.

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.

It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.

n. HORACE.

Non ille pro charis amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire.

He dares for his country or his friends to die.

o. HORACE.

Nullum est imperium tutum nisi benevolentiâ munitum.

No government is safe unless protected by the good-will of the people.

p. NEPOS.

Amor patriæ ratione valentior.

The love of country is more powerful than reason itself.

q. OVID.

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.

Our native land charms us with inexpressible sweetness, and never allows us to forget that we belong to it.

r. OVID.

Patria est ubicumque vir fortis sedem elegerit.

A brave man's country is wherever he chooses his abode.

s. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Non exercitus, neque thesauri, præsidia regni sunt, verum amici.

The safety of a kingdom is not its armies, nor its treasures, but its friends.

t. SALLUST.

Præferre patriam liberis regem decet.

A king should prefer his country to his children.

u. SENECA.

Servare cives, major est virtus patriæ patri.

To preserve the life of citizens, is the greatest virtue in the father of his country.

a. SENECA.

PEACE.

Mars gravior sub pace latet.

A severe war lurks under the show of peace.

b. CLAUDIANUS.

Nec sidera pacem
Semper habent.

Nor is heaven always at peace.

c. CLAUDIANUS.

Sævis inter se convenit ursis.

Savage bears keep at peace with one another.

d. JUVENAL.

Paritur pax bello.

Peace is obtained by war.

e. NEPOS.

Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras.

Fair peace becomes men; ferocious anger belongs to beasts.

f. OVID.

Sævis pax quæritur armis.

Peace is sought by cruel war.

g. STATIUS.

Miseram pacem vel bello benè mutari.

A peace may be so wretched as not to be ill exchanged for war.

h. TACITUS.

Solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant.

They make a desert and call it peace.

i. TACITUS.

PERCEPTION.

Utilium sagax rerum.

Sagacious in making useful discoveries.

j. HORACE.

Segnius homines bona quam mala sentiunt.

Men have less lively perception of good than of evil.

k. LIVY.

PERSEVERANCE.

Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

A leech does not quit the skin until it is full of blood.

l. HORACE.

PERSPICUITY.

Perspicuitas enim argumentatione elevatur.

Clearness is often obscured by discussion.

m. CICERO.

PHILOSOPHY.

Fuge magna, licet sub paupere tecto
Reges et regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.

Avoid greatness; in a cottage there may be more real happiness, than kings or their favorites enjoy.

n. HORACE.

Quod satis est cui contigit, nihil amplius optet.

Let him who has enough ask for nothing more.

o. HORACE.

Quo me cumque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.

Wherever the storm carries me, I go a willing guest.

p. HORACE.

Sperne voluptates; nocet empta dolore voluptas.

Despise pleasures; pleasures bought by pain is injurious.

q. HORACE.

Vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui
Quæ vos ad cælum fertis rumore secundo.

I live and am like a king, since I have abandoned those pleasures which you by your praises extol to the skies.

r. HORACE.

Quod sit esse velit, nihilque malit.

He is willing to be what he is, and sees nothing preferable.

s. MARTIAL.

Habeas ut nactus: nota mala res optima est.

Keep what you have got; the known evil is best.

t. PLAUTUS.

Philosophia stemma non inspicit. Platonem non accipit nobilem philosophia, sed fecit.

Philosophy does not look into pedigree. She did not receive Plato as noble, but she made him such.

u. SENECA.

Injuriarum remedium est oblivio.

The remedy for wrongs is to forget them.

v. SYRUS.

Etiam quæ sibi quisque timebat
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

What each man feared would happen to himself, did not trouble him when he saw that it would ruin another.

w. VIRGIL.

PLACE.

Mitius exilium faciunt loca.

The place makes the banishment more bearable.

x. OVID.

PLEASURE.

Quod licet ingratum est; quod non licet acrius urit.

What is lawful is undesirable; what is unlawful is very attractive.

a. HORACE.

Voluptates commendat rarior usus.

Rare indulgence produces greater pleasure.

b. JUVENAL.

Prævalent illicita.

Things forbidden have a secret charm.

c. TACITUS.

PLIABILITY.

Argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ.

Thou canst mould him into any shape like soft clay.

d. HORACE.

Turpe est aliud loqui, aliud sentire : quanto turpius aliud scribere, aliud sentire.

It is dishonorable to say one thing and think another; how much more dishonorable to write one thing and think another.

e. SENECA.

POETRY.

Semper enim audivi poetam bonum neminem sine inflammatione animorum existere posse, et sine quodam afflatu quasi furoris.

I have always heard that no true poet can exist without the spirit being on fire, and without, as it were, an inspiration of passion.

f. CICERO.

Nonumque prematur in annum.

Let your poem be kept nine years.

g. HORACE.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.

It is not enough that poetry is agreeable. it should also be interesting.

h. HORACE.

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.

But if there are many brilliancies in the poem, a few faults will not trouble me.

i. HORACE.

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Verses devoid of substance, melodious trifles.

j. HORACE.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis.

Thy verses are as pleasing to me, O divine poet, as sleep is to the wearied.

k. VIRGIL.

POETS.

Adhuc neminem cognovi poetam, qui sibi non optimus videretur.

I have never yet known a poet who did not think himself super-excellent.

l. CICERO.

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.

The man is either mad or he is making verses.

m. HORACE.

Disjecta membra poetæ.

The scattered remnants of the poet.

n. HORACE.

Genus irritabile vatum.

The irritable tribe of poets.

o. HORACE.

Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.

Neither men, nor gods, nor booksellers' shelves permit poets to be in the second rank.

p. HORACE.

Non scribit ille, cujus carmina nemo legit.

He does not write whose verses no one reads.

q. MARTIAL.

Carmina lætum
Sunt opus et pacem mentis habere volunt.

The poet's labors are a work of joy, and require peace of mind.

r. OVID.

POISON.

Venenum in auro libitur.

Poison is drunk out of gold.

s. SENECA.

POVERTY.

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.

They do not easily rise whose abilities are repressed by poverty at home.

t. JUVENAL.

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

The traveller without money will sing before the robber.

u. JUVENAL.

Paupertas fugitur, totoque arcessitur orbe.

Poverty is shunned and persecuted all over the globe.

v. LUCAN.

Bonæ mentis soror est paupertas.

Poverty is the sister of a sound mind.

w. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Inops, potentem dum vult imitari, perit.

The poor trying to imitate the powerful, perish.

a. PHÆDRUS.

In principatu commutando civium
Nil præter domini nomen mutant pauperes.

In a change of government the poor change nothing but the name of their masters.

b. PHÆDRUS.

Palam mutire plebeio periculum est.

It is dangerous for a plebeian to grumble in public.

c. PHÆDRUS.

Non qui parum habet, sed qui plus cupit, pauper est.

Not he who has little, but he who wishes for more, is poor.

d. SENECA.

POWER.

Fit in dominatu servitus, in servitute dominatus.

He is sometimes slave who should be master; and sometimes master who should be slave.

e. CICERO.

Obruat illud malè partum, male retentum, male gestum imperium.

Perish that power which has been obtained by evil means, retained by evil means, and administered by evil means.

f. CICERO.

Et qui nolunt occidere quemquam
Posse volunt.

Those who do not wish to kill any one, wish they had the power.

g. JUVENAL.

A cane non magno sæpe tenetur aper.

The wild boar is often held by a small dog.

h. OVID.

Imperium facile iis artibus retinetur, quibus initio partum est.

Power is easily retained by those means by which it was acquired.

i. SALLUST.

Minimum decet liberè cui multum licet.

He who has great power should use it lightly.

j. SENECA.

Quod non potest vult posse, qui nimium potest.

He who is too powerful, is still aiming at that degree of power which is unattainable.

k. SENECA.

Malè imperando summum imperium amittitur.

The highest power may be lost by misrule.

l. SYRUS.

Cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior est.

Lust of power is the most flagrant of all the passions.

m. TACITUS.

Imperium cupientibus nihil medium inter summa et præcipitia.

In the struggle between those seeking power there is no middle course.

n. TACITUS.

Imperium flagitio acquisitum nemo unquam bonis artibus exercuit.

Power acquired by guilt was never used for a good purpose.

o. TACITUS.

Potentiam cautis quam acribus consiliis tutius haberi.

Power is more safely retained by cautious than by severe councils.

p. TACITUS.

Suspectum semper invisumque dominantibus qui proximus destinaretur.

Rulers always hate and suspect the next in succession.

q. TACITUS.

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

If I cannot influence the gods, I shall move all hell.

r. VIRGIL.

PRAISE.

Trahimur omnes laudis studio, et optimus quisque maxime gloriâ ducitur.

We are all excited by the love of praise, and the noblest are most influenced by glory.

s. CICERO.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

To please great men is not the last degree of praise.

t. HORACE.

Id facere laus est quod decet, non quod licet.

He deserves praise who does not what he may, but what he ought.

u. SENECA.

Tacent, satis laudant.

Their silence is sufficient praise.

v. TERENCE.

PRAYER.

Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

Our prayers should be for a sound mind in a healthy body.

w. JUVENAL.

PREFERENCE.

Verum illud est vulgo quod dici solet;
Omnes sibi malle melius esse quam alteri.

The common saying is true, that we all would rather have matters go well with ourselves than with others.
a. TERENCE.

PREJUDICE.

Vulgus ex veritate pauca, ex opinione muta æstimat.

The rabble estimate few things according to their real value, most things according to their prejudices.
b. CICERO.

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

So much evil was bigotry able to accomplish.
c. LUCRETIUS.

PREPARATION.

In omnibus negotiis prius quam aggrediare, adhibenda est præparatio diligens.

In all matters, before beginning, a diligent preparation should be made.
d. CICERO.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem, bene preparatum
Pectus.

A well prepared mind hopes in adversity and fears in prosperity.
e. HORACE.

PRIDE.

Inquinat egregios adjuncta superbia mores.

The noblest character is stained by the addition of pride.
f. CLAUDIANUS.

Quid prodest, Pontice, longo
Sanguine censeri, pictosque ostendere vultus
Majorum.

Of what advantage is it to you, Ponticus, to quote your remote ancestors, and to exhibit their portraits?
g. JUVENAL.

PROOF.

Pluris est oculatus testis unus, quam auriti decem.
Qui audiunt, audita dicunt; qui vident, plane sciunt.

One eye witness is of more weight than ten hear-says. Those who hear, speak of what they have heard; those who see, know beyond mistake.
h. PLAUTUS.

PROPHECY.

Bene qui conjiciet, vatem hunc perhibebo optimum.

I shall always consider the best guesser the best prophet.
i. CICERO.

PROPRIETY.

Quod est, eo decet uti: et quicquid agas, agere pro viribus.

What one has, one ought to use: and whatever he does he should do with all his might.
j. CICERO.

Munditiis capimur: non sine lege capilli.

We are charmed by neatness of person; let not thy hair be out of order.
k. OVID.

Nam genus et proavus et quæ non fecimus ipsi
Vix ea nostra voco.

Birth and ancestry, and that which we have not ourselves achieved, we can scarcely call our own.
l. OVID.

PROSPERITY.

In rebus prosperis, superbiam, fastidium arrogantiamque magno opere fugiamus.

In prosperity let us most carefully avoid pride, disdain and arrogance.
m. CICERO.

Ut adversas res, secundas immoderate ferre, levitatis est.

It shows a weak mind not to bear prosperity as well as adversity with moderation.
n. CICERO.

Est quoddam prodire tenus si non datur ultrà.

It is something to proceed thus far, if it is not permitted to go farther.
o. HORACE.

Felix se nescit amari.

The prosperous man does not know whether he is loved.
p. LUCAN.

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos.

Whilst you are prosperous you will count many friends.
q. OVID.

Si numeres anno soles et nubila toto,
Invenies nitidum sæpius isse diem.

If you count the sunny and the cloudy days of the whole year, you will find that the sunshine predominates.
r. OVID.

Est felicibus difficilis miseriarum vera æstimatio.

The prosperous cannot easily form a right idea of misery.
s. QUINTILIAN.

Res secundæ valent commutare naturam, et raro quisquam erga bona sua satis cautus est.

Prosperity can change man's nature; and seldom is anyone cautious enough to resist the effects of good fortune.
t. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

PROVERB.

Hac quoque de causâ, si te proverbia tangunt,
Mense malos Maio nubere vulgus ait.

For this reason, if you believe proverbs, let me tell you the common one: "It is unlucky to marry in May."
a. Ovid.

PROVIDENCE.

Deus haec fortasse benignâ
Reducet in sedem vice.

Perhaps Providence by some happy change will restore these things to their proper places.
b. Horace.

Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus, et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.

The lofty pine is oftenest shaken by the winds; high towers fall with a heavier crash; and the lightning strikes the highest mountains.
c. Horace.

Sperat quidem animus: quo eveniat, diis in manu est.

The mind is hopeful; success is in God's hand. (Man proposes, God disposes.)
d. Plautus.

Deus quædam munera universo humano generi dedit, a quibus excluditur nemo.

God has given some gifts to the whole human race, from which no one is excluded.
e. Seneca.

Et sceleratis sol oritur.

The sun shines even on the wicked.
f. Seneca.

PRUDENCE.

Multis terribilis, caveto multos.

If thou art terrible to many, then beware of many.
g. Ausonius.

Ita enim finitima sunt falsa veris ut in præcipitem locum non debeat se sapiens committere.

So near is falsehood to truth that a wise man would do well not to trust himself on the narrow edge.
h. Cicero.

Malo indisertam prudentiam, quam loquacem stultitiam.

I prefer silent prudence to loquacious folly.
i. Cicero.

Non est ab homine nunquam sobrio postulanda prudentia.

Prudence must not be expected from a man who is never sober.
j. Cicero.

Parvi enim sunt foris arma, nisi est consilium domi.

An army abroad is of little use unless there are prudent counsels at home.
k. Cicero.

Principum munus est resistere levitati multitudinis.

It is the duty of the nobles to oppose the fickleness of the multitude.
l. Cicero.

Prudentia est verum expectandarum fugiendarumque scientia.

Prudence is the knowledge of things to be sought, and those to be shunned.
m. Cicero.

Prudens in flammam ne manum injicio.

The prudent man does not put his hand into the fire.
n. Hieron, Junior.

Melius non tangere, clamo.

Better not touch me, I exclaim.
o. Horace.

Mitte sectare rosa quo locorum
Sera movetur.

Do not search for the place where the last rose of summer lingers.
p. Horace.

Nescit vox missa reverti.

A word once escaped can never be recalled.
q. Horace.

Arbore dejecto quivis ligna colligit.

When a tree is down everybody gathers wood.
r. Juvenal.

Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.

No protecting power is wanting, if prudence be used.
s. Juvenal.

Rarus venit in cœnacula miles.

The plundering soldier rarely visits the garret.
t. Juvenal.

Cede repugnanti, cedendo victor abibis.

Yield to the opposer; by yielding you will come off victor.
u. Ovid.

Crede mihi; miseros prudentia prima relinquit.

Believe me; it is prudence that first forsakes the wretched.
v. Ovid.

Intra fortunam quisque debet manere suam.

Every man should stay within his own fortune.
w. Ovid.

Modus omnibus in rebus, soror, optimum est habitu;
Nimia omnia nimium exhibent negotium hominibus ex se.

In everything the middle course is best: all things in excess bring trouble to men.
a. PLAUTUS.

Omnes bonos bonasque accurare addecet,
Suspicionem et culpam ut ab se segregent.

All good men and women should be on their guard to avoid guilt and even the suspicion of it.
b. PLAUTUS.

Viam qui nescit quâ deveniat ad mare
Eum oportet amnem quærere comitem sibi.

He who does not know his way to the sea should take a river for his guide.
c. PLAUTUS.

Alter remus aquas, alter mihi radat arenas.

Let one oar strike the water, the other scrape the sand.
d. PROPERTIUS.

Omnes homines, qui de rebus dubiis consultant, ab odio, amicitiâ, irâ atque misericordiâ vacuos esse decet.

All who deliberate on important matters, ought to be uninfluenced by hatred, friendship, anger or compassion.
e. SALLUST.

Extrema primo nemo tentavit loco.

No one tries extreme remedies at first.
f. SENECA.

Latere semper patere, quod latuit diu.

Leave in concealment what has long been concealed.
g. SENECA.

Post malam segetem serendum est.

After a bad crop, you should instantly begin to sow.
h. SENECA.

Caret periculo, qui etiam tutus cavet.

He is free from danger, who, even when safe, is on his guard.
i. SYRUS.

Consilio melius vinces quam iracundiâ.

You will conquer more surely by prudence than by passion.
j. SYRUS.

Deliberandum est diu, quod statuendum semel.

That should be considered long which can be decided but once.
k. SYRUS.

Difficilem oportet aurem habere crimina.

One should not lend a ready ear to criminal charges.
l. SYRUS.

Plura consilio quam vi perficimus.

We accomplish more by prudence than by force.
m. TACITUS.

Ratio et consilium, propriæ ducis artes.

Forethought and prudence are the proper qualities of a leader.
n. TACITUS.

Omnia prius verbis experiri quam armis sapientem decet.

It becomes a wise man to try negotiation before arms.
o. TERENCE.

Laudato ingentia rura,
Exiguum colito.

Praise a large demain, cultivate a small estate.
p. VIRGIL.

Litus ama: * * * altum alii teneant.

Keep close to the shore: let others venture on the deep.
q. VIRGIL.

PUNISHMENT.

Culpam pœna premit comes.

Punishment follows close on crime.
r. HORACE.

Estque pati pœnas quam meruisse minus.

It is less to suffer punishment than to deserve it.
s. OVID.

Nec ulla major pœna nequitiæ est, quam quod sibi et suis displicet.

There is no greater punishment of wickedness than that it is dissatisfied with itself and its deeds.
t. SENECA.

Quod antecedit tempus, maxima venturi supplicii pars est.

The time that precedes punishment is the severest part of it.
u. SENECA.

Habet aliquid ex iniquo omne magnum exemplum, quod contra singulos, utilitate publicâ rependitus.

Every great example of punishment has in it some injustice, but the suffering individual is compensated by the public good.
v. TACITUS.

Punitis ingeniis, gliscit auctoritas.

When men of talents are punished, authority is strengthened.
w. TACITUS.

Sera tamen tacitis pœna venit pedibus.

Punishment, though late, comes on with silent step.
x. TIBULLUS.

Q.

QUALITY.

Non numero hæc judicantur sed pondere.

These things are not judged of by their number, but by their weight.

a. CICERO.

R.

RASHNESS.

Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

The human race afraid of nothing, rushes on through every crime.

b. HORACE.

Non semper temeritas est felix.

Rashness is not always fortunate.

c. LIVY.

Paucis temeritas est bono, multis malo.

Rashness brings success to few, misfortune to many.

d. PHÆDRUS.

REASON.

Domina omnium et regina ratio.

Reason is the mistress and queen of all things.

e. CICERO.

Plus apud nos vera ratio valeat quam vulgi opinio.

Reason shall prevail with me more than popular opinion.

f. CICERO.

Plus ratio quam vis cæca valere solet.

Reason can generally do more than blind force.

g. GALLUS.

Quid nobis certius ipsis
Sensibus esse potest? quî vera ac falso notemus.

What can give us more sure knowledge than our senses? How else can we distinguish between the true and the false?

h. LUCRETIUS.

Nihil potest esse diuturnum cui non subest ratio.

Nothing can be lasting when reason does not rule.

i. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

REBELLION.

Seditiosissimus quisque ignavus.

The most seditious is the most cowardly.

j. TACITUS.

Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor omnia ministrat.

The rude rabble are enraged; now firebrands and stones fly; fury supplies them with arms.

k. VIRGIL.

REGRET.

Ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris.

The loss of money is deplored with real tears.

l. JUVENAL.

RELIGION.

Deos placatos pietas efficiet et sanctitas.

Piety and holiness of life will propitiate the gods.

m. CICERO.

Res sacros non modo manibus attingi, se ne cogitatione quidem violari fas fuit.

Things sacred should not only not be touched with the hands, but not violated in thought.

n. CICERO.

Nihil enim in speciem fallacius est quam prava religio.

Nothing is more deceitful in appearance than false religion.

o. LIVY.

Quantum religio potuit suadere malorum!

How many evils has religion caused!

p. LUCRETIUS.

Scilicet adversis probitas exercita rebus
Tristi materiam tempore laudis habet.

Righteousness tried by adversity has good grounds for glorying in its sorrow.

q. OVID.

Animus hoc habet argumentum divinitatis suæ, quod illum divina delectant.

The soul has this proof of its divinity; that divine things delight it.

a. SENECA.

Nulla res carius constat quam quæ precibus empta est.

Nothing costs so much as what is bought by prayers.

b. SENECA.

REPENTANCE.

Quem pœnitet peccâsse, pœne est innocuus.

He who is sorry for having sinned is almost innocent.

c. SENECA.

Velox consilium sequitur pœnitentiâ.

Repentance follows hasty counsels.

d. SYRUS.

REPETITION.

Occidet miseros crambe repetitâ magistros.

Repetition, like re-hashed cabbage, kills the school-masters.

e. JUVENAL.

REPUTATION.

Damnum appellandum est cum malâ famâ lucrum.

Gain at the expense of reputation should be called loss.

f. SYRUS.

RESIGNATION.

Pereant amici, dum unà inimici intercidant.

Let our friends perish, provided that our enemies fall at the same time.

g. CICERO.

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.

Believe that each day which shines upon you is the last.

h. HORACE.

Summam nec metuas diem, nec optes.

You should neither fear nor wish for your last day.

i. MARTIAL.

Placato possum non miser esse deo.

If God be appeased, I cannot be wretched.

j. OVID.

Placeat homini quidquid deo placuit.

Let that please man which has pleased God.

k. SENECA.

Unum est levamentum malorum pati et necessitatibus suis obsequi.

One alleviation in misfortune is to endure and submit to necessity.

l. SENECA.

Vitæ est avidus quisquis non vult
Mundo secum pereunte mori.

He is greedy of life who is not willing to die when the world is perishing around him.

m. SENECA.

Quoniam id fieri quod vis non potest
Id velis quod possis.

As you cannot do what you wish, you should wish what you can do.

n. TERENCE.

Quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic dii voluistis) habeo.

That day I shall always recollect with grief; with reverence also, for the gods so willed it.

o. VIRGIL.

RESISTANCE.

Insitâ hominibus naturâ violentiæ resistere.

To resist violence is implanted in the nature of man.

p. TACITUS.

RESPONSIBILITY.

Culpam majorum posteri luunt.

Posterity pay for the sins of their fathers.

q. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

REST.

Homines quamvis in turbidis rebus sint, tamen, si modo homines sunt, interdum animis relaxantur.

Men, in whatever anxiety they may be, if they are men, sometimes indulge in relaxation.

r. CICERO.

Da requiem; requietus ager bene credita reddit.

Take rest; a field that has rested gives a bountiful crop.

s. OVID.

Detur aliquando otium
Quiesque fessis.

Let the weary at length possess quiet rest.

t. SENECA.

Arcum intensio frangit, animum remissio.

Straining breaks the bow, and relaxation relieves the mind.

u. SYRUS.

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

God has given us this repose.

v. VIRGIL.

RETALIATION.

Ab alio expectes, alteri quod feceris.

You may expect from one person what you have done to another.

w. LABERIUS.

REVENGE.

Minuti
Semper et infirma est animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio.

Revenge is always the weak pleasure of a little and narrow mind.
a. JUVENAL.

Sæpe intereunt aliis meditantes necem.

Those who plot the destruction of others often fall themselves.
b. PHÆDRUS.

Inhumanum verbum est ultio.

Revenge is an inhuman word.
c. SENECA.

Malevolus animus abditos dentes habet.

The malevolent have hidden teeth.
d. SYRUS.

Odia in longum jaciens, quæ reconderet, auctaque promeret.

Laying aside his resentment, he stores it up, to bring it forward with increased bitterness.
e. TACITUS.

REWARD.

Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas?

For who will embrace even virtue itself, if you take away its rewards?
f. JUVENAL.

Acer et ad palmæ per se cursurus honores,
Si tamen horteris fortius ibit equus.

The spirited horse, which will of itself strive to beat in the race, will run still more swiftly if encouraged.
g. OVID.

Acta deos nunquam mortalia fallunt.

The deeds of men never escape the gods.
h. OVID.

RICHES.

Fortunam reverenter habe, quicumque
Dives ab exili progrediere loco.

Whoever thou art that hast suddenly become rich from great poverty, use thy good fortune with moderation.
i. AUSONIUS.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
Majorumque fames.

Increasing wealth is attended by care and by the desire of greater increase.
j. HORACE.

Et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algâ est.

Noble descent and worth, unless united with wealth, are esteemed no more than seaweed.
k. HORACE.

Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique.

Riches either serve or govern the possessor.
l. HORACE.

Licet superbus ambules pecuniæ,
Fortuna non mutat genus.

Though you strut proud of your money, yet fortune has not changed your birth.
m. HORACE.

Nescio quid curtæ semper abest rei.

Something is always wanting to our imperfect fortune.
n. HORACE.

Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina, humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent.

For everthing divine and human, virtue, fame and honor, now obey the alluring influence of riches.
o. HORACE.

Dives fieri qui vult
Et cito vult fieri.

He who wishes to become rich wishes to become so immediately.
p. JUVENAL.

Misera est magni custodia censûs.

The care of a large estate is an unpleasant thing.
q. JUVENAL.

Non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,
Sed vitio cæci propter patrimonia vivunt.

Some men do not get estates for the purpose of enjoying life, but, blinded with error, they live only for their estates.
r. JUVENAL.

Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ Fortunâ.

Common sense among men of fortune is rare.
s. JUVENAL.

Facile est momento quo quis velit, cedere possessione magnæ fortunæ; facere et parare eam, difficile atque arduum est.

It is easy at any moment to resign the possession of a great fortune; to acquire it is difficult and arduous.
t. LIVY.

Nihil est periculosius in hominibus mutatâ subito fortunâ.

Nothing is more dangerous to men than a sudden change of fortune.
u. QUINTILIAN.

Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ.

Every one is the artificer of his own fortune.
v. SALLUST.

Aurea rumpunt tecta quietem.

Golden roofs break men's rest.
w. SENECA.

Is maxime divitiis utitur, qui minime divitiis indiget.

He makes the best use of riches, who needs them least.

a. SENECA.

Multis parâsse divitias non finis miseriarum fuit, sed mutatio. Non est in rebus vitium sed in animo.

The acquisition of wealth with many was not an end, but a change of their miseries. The fault, however, is not in the riches but in the mind.

b. SENECA.

Repente dives nemo factus est bonus.

No good man ever became suddenly rich.

c. SYRUS.

RIDICULE.

Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumquesecat res.

Ridicule often cuts the (gordian) knot more effectively than the severity of satire.

d. HORACE.

RISK.

Nil enim prodest quod lædere non posset idem.

There is nothing profitable which cannot also injure.

e. OVID.

Necesse est facere sumptum, qui quærit lucrum.

He who seeks for gain, must be at some expense.

f. PLAUTUS.

Si quis mutuum quid dederit, sit pro proprio perditum;
Cum repetas, inimicum amicum beneficio invenis tuo.
Si mage exigere cupias, duarum rerum exoritur optio;
Vel illud, quod credideris perdas, vel illum amicum amiseris.

What you lend is lost; when you ask for it back, you may find a friend made an enemy by your kindness. If you begin to press him further, you have the choice of two things—either to lose your loan or lose your friend.

g. PLAUTUS.

ROYALTY.

An nescis longos regibus esse manus?

Knowest thou not that kings have long hands?

h. OVID.

Est aliquid validâ sceptra tenere manu.

It is something to hold the sceptre with a firm hand.

i. OVID.

Sit piger ad pœnas princeps, ad præmia velox.

A monarch should be slow to punish, swift to reward.

j. OVID.

Ars prima regni posse te invidiam pati.

The first art to be learned by a ruler is to endure envy.

k. SENECA.

Omne sub regno graviore regnum est.

Every monarch is subject to a mightier one.

l. SENECA.

RUMOR.

Vana quoque ad veros accessit fama timores.

Idle rumors were also added to well-founded apprehensions.

m. LUCAN.

Nam inimici famam non ita ut nata est ferunt.

Enemies carry a report in a form different from the original.

n. PLAUTUS.

Haud semper erret fama; aliquando et elegit.

Rumor does not always err; it sometimes even elects a man.

o. TACITUS.

Mobilitate viget, et vires acquirit eundo.

It flourishes by its very activity, and gains new strength by its movements.

p. VIRGIL.

S.

SATIETY.

Omnibus in rebus voluptatibus maximis fastidium finitimum est.

In everything satiety closely follows the greatest pleasures.

q. CICERO.

Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Everything that is superfluous overflows from the full bosom.

r. HORACE.

Fecit statim, ut fit, fastidium copia.

Satiety, as is generally the case, immediately begot loathing.

s. LIVY.

Continuis voluptatibus vicina satietas.

Satiety is a neighbor to continued pleasures.

a. QUINTILIAN.

Nam id arbitror
Adprime in vitâ esse utile ut nequid nimis.

I hold this to be the rule of life, "Too much of anything is bad."

b. TERENCE.

SATIRE.

Difficile est satiram non scribere.

It is difficult not to write satire.

c. JUVENAL.

SATISFACTION.

Ohe!
Jam satis est.

Now, that's enough.

d. HORACE.

Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.

The people hiss me, but I applaud myself at home, when I contemplate the money in my chest.

e. HORACE.

Qua positus fueris in statione, mane.

Stay in that station in which you have been placed.

f. OVID.

Si animus est æquus tibi satis habes, qui bene vitam colas.

If you are content, you have enough to live comfortably.

g. PLAUTUS.

Sufficit ad id, Natura quod poscit.

We have enough for what nature requires.

h. SENECA.

SEA, THE

Mare quidem commune cert 'est omnibus.

The sea is certainly common to all.

i. PLAUTUS.

Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

A few swimming in the vast deep.

j. VIRGIL.

SECRECY.

Arcanum neque tu scrutaveris ullius unquam, commissumve teges et vino tortus et irâ.

Never inquire into another man's secret; but conceal that which is intrusted to you, though pressed both by wine and anger to reveal it.

k. HORACE.

Alium silere quod voles, primus sile.

If you wish another to keep your secret, first keep it yourself.

l. SENECA.

Eo magis præfulgebat quod non videbatur.

He shone with the greater splendor, because he was not seen.

m. TACITUS.

Tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.

The secret wound still lives within the breast.

n. VIRGIL.

SELF-ESTEEM.

Huic maxime putamus malo fuisse nimiam opinionem ingenii atque virtutis.

In our opinion, what chiefly led to his misfortunes was too high an opinion of his own talents and valor.

o. NEPOS.

Homine imperito nunquam quidquid injustius,
Qui nisi quod ipse facit nihil rectum putat.

Nothing can be more unjust than the ignorant man, who thinks that nothing is well done unless done by himself.

p. TERENCE.

SELFISHNESS.

Esto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi pauper amicis.

Be, as many now are, luxurious to yourself, parsimonious to your friends.

q. JUVENAL.

Nitimur in vetitum semper, cupimusque negata.

We are always striving for things forbidden, and coveting those denied us.

r. OVID.

Hac re videre nostra mala non possumus;
Alii simul delinquunt, censores sumus.

Hence we cannot see our own faults; when others transgress, we become censors.

s. PHÆDRUS.

Omnes sibi malle melius esse quam alteri.

Each one wishes for his own advantage, rather than that of others.

t. TERENCE.

SELF-LOVE.

Nemo in sese tentat descendere.

No man attempts to descend into his own bosom.

u. PERSIUS.

SERENITY.

In animi securitate vitam beatam ponimus.

We think a happy life consists in tranquility of mind.

v. CICERO.

Altissima quæque flumina minimo sono labuntur.

The deepest rivers flow with least sound.

w. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

SHAME.

Male parta, male dilabuntur.

What is dishonorably got, is dishonorably squandered.

a. CICERO.

Negligere quid de se quisque sentiat, non solum arrogantis est, sed etiam omnino dissoluti.

To disregard what the world thinks of us is not only arrogant but utterly shameless.

b. CICERO.

Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.

It is the false shame of fools that hides ulcered sores.

c. HORACE.

Omnia Græcè!
Cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latinè.

Everything is Greek, when it is more shameful to be ignorant of Latin.

d. JUVENAL.

Næ simul pudere quod non oportet cœperit; quod oportet non pudebit.

As soon as she (woman) begins to be ashamed of what she ought not, she will not be ashamed of what she ought.

LIVY.

Pessimus quidem pudor vel est parsimoniæ vel frugalitatis.

The worst kind of shame is being ashamed of frugality or poverty.

f. LIVY.

Turpe est in patriâ peregrinari, et in iis rebus quæ ad patriam pertinent hospitem esse.

It is shameful for a man to be a foreigner in his own country, and a stranger to her affairs and interests.

g. MINUTIUS.

Pudet hæc oppropria nobis et dici potuisse et non potuisse repelli.

I am not ashamed that these reproaches can be cast upon us, and that they cannot be repelled.

h. OVID.

Nam ego illum periisse duco, cui quidem periit pudor.

I count him lost, who is lost to shame

i. PLAUTUS.

Domini pudet non servitutis.

I am ashamed of my master and not of my servitude.

j. SENECA.

SICKNESS.

Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit.

The wish to be cured is a part of the cure.

k. SENECA.

SILENCE.

Rarus sermo illis et magna libido tacendi.

Their conversation was brief, and their desire was to be silent.

l. JUVENAL.

Exigua est virtus, præstare silentia rebus;
At contra gravis est culpa, tacenda loqui.

To be silent is but a small virtue; but it is a serious fault to reveal secrets.

m. OVID.

Tacere multis discitur vitæ malis.

Silence is learned by the many misfortunes of life.

n. SENECA.

SIN.

Cui peccare licet peccat minus. Ipsa potestas
Semina nequitiæ languidiora facit.

He who has it in his power to commit sin, is less inclined to do so. The very idea of being able, weakens the desire.

o. OVID.

Omnes mali sumus. Quidquid itaque in alio reprehenditur, id unusquisque in suo sinu inveniet.

We are all sinful. Therefore whatever we blame in another we shall find in our own bosoms.

p. SENECA.

SKILL.

Materiam superabat opus.

The workmanship surpassed the materials.

q. OVID.

SLANDER.

Homines qui gestant, quique auscultant crimina,
Si meo arbitratu liceat, omnes pendeant,
Gestores linguis, auditores auribus.

Your tittle-tattlers, and those who listen to slander, by my good will should all be hanged—the former by their tongues, the latter by the ears.

r. PLAUTUS.

SLAVERY.

Nimia libertas et populis et privatis in nimiam servitutem cadit.

Excessive liberty leads both nations and individuals into excessive slavery.

s. CICERO.

Beneficium accipere libertatem vendere est.

To receive a benefit is to sell your liberty.

t. LABERIUS.

Nemo liber est, qui corpori servit.

No man is free who is a slave to the flesh.

u. SENECA.

SLEEP.

Et idem
Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus;
Verum opere longo fas est obrepere somnum.

I, too, am indignant when the worthy Homer nods; yet in a long work it is allowable for sleep to creep over the writer.
a. HORACE.

Alliciant somnos tempus motusque merumque.

Time, motion and wine cause sleep.
b. OVID.

SORROW.

Stultum est in luctu capillum sibi evellere, quasi calvitio mæror levaretur.

It is foolish to pluck out one's hair for sorrow, as if grief could be assuaged by baldness.
c. CICERO.

Oderunt hilarem tristes tristemque jocosi.

The sorrowful dislike the gay, and the gay the sorrowful.
d. HORACE.

Nulla dies mærore caret.

There is no day without sorrow.
e. SENECA.

SPEECH.

Lingua mali pars pessima servi.

The tongue is the vile slave's vilest part.
f. JUVENAL.

Sæpe tacens vocem verbaque vultus habet.

The silent countenance often speaks.
g. OVID.

Negatas artifex sequi voces.

He attempts to use language which he does not know.
h. PERSIUS.

Sermoni huic obsonas.

You drown him by your talk.
i. PLAUTUS.

Talis hominibus est oratio qualis vita.

Men's conversation is like their life.
j. SENECA.

Sæpius locutum, nunquam me tacuisse pœnitet.

I have often regretted having spoken, never having kept silent.
k. SYRUS.

Sermo animi est imago; qualis vir, talis et oratio est.

Conversation is the image of the mind; as the man, so is his language.
l. SYRUS.

Vox faucibus hæsit.

My voice stuck in my throat.
m. VIRGIL.

SPENDING.

Non tibi illud apparere si sumas potest.

If you spend a thing you cannot have it.
n. PLAUTUS.

SPIRITUALITY.

Deus est in pectore nostro.

There is a divinity within our breast.
o. OVID.

Est deus in nobis, et sunt commercia cœli. Sedibus ætheriis spiritus ille venit.

There is a god within us, and we have intercourse with heaven. That spirit comes from abodes on high.
p. OVID.

STRENGTH.

Nihil tam firmum est cui periculum non sit etiam ab invalido.

Nothing is strong that may not be endangered even by the weak.
q. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Plus potest qui plus valet.

The stronger always succeeds.
r. PLAUTUS.

STUDY.

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.

These (literary) studies are the food of youth, and consolation of age; they adorn prosperity, and are the comfort and refuge of adversity; they are pleasant at home, and are no incumbrance abroad; they accompany us at night, in our travels, and in our rural retreats.
s. CICERO.

STYLE.

Aliter scribimus quod eos solos quibus mittimus, aliter quod multos lecturos putamus.

We use one style, when we think that only those to whom we write will read our letters; and another, when many will read them.
t. CICERO.

SUCCESS.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

He has carried every point, who has mingled the useful with the agreeable.
u. HORACE.

Successus improborum plures allicit.

The success of the wicked entices many more.
v. PHÆDRUS.

Honesta quædam scelera successus facit.

Success makes some crimes honorable.
w. SENECA.

Nullus cunctationi locus est in eo consilio quod non potest laudari nisi peractum.

There is no room for hesitation in any enterprise which can be justified only by success.

a. TACITUS.

Non equidem invideo; miror magis.

Indeed, I do not envy your fortune; I rather am surprised at it.

b. VIRGIL.

SUFFERING.

Ratio in angustis facile est contemnere vitam;
Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.

It is easy in adversity to despise death; he has real fortitude who bears his sufferings.

c. MARTIAL.

Leniter ex merito quidquid patiare ferendum est,
Quæ venit indigne pœna dolenda venit.

What is deservedly suffered must be borne with calmness, but when the pain is unmerited, the grief is resistless.

d. OVID.

Levia perpessi sumus
Si flenda patimur.

We have suffered lightly, if we have suffered what we should weep for.

e. SENECA.

Magis exurunt
Quos secretæ lacerant curæ.

They suffer not whom secret cares torment.

f. SENECA.

SUFFRAGE.

Nam ego in istâ sum sententiâ, quâ te fuisse semper scio, nihil ut fuerit in suffragiis voce melius.

I am of the opinion which you have always held, that "viva voce" voting at elections is the best method.

g. CICERO.

Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor.

I court not the votes of the fickle mob.

h. HORACE.

SUPERSTITION.

Accedit etiam mors, quæ quasi saxum Tantalo semper impendit: tum superstitio, quâ qui est imbutus quietus esse numquam potest.

Death approaches, which is always impending like the stone over Tantalus: then comes superstition with which he who is imbued can never have peace of mind.

i. CICERO.

Superstitio, in quâ inest inanis timor Dei; religio, quæ Dei pio cultu continetur.

There is in superstition a senseless fear of God; religion consists in the pious worship of God.

j. CICERO.

Superstitione tollendâ religio non tollitur.

Religion is not removed by removing superstition.

k. CICERO.

Minimis etiam rebus prava religio inserit deos.

A foolish superstition introduces the influences of the gods even in the smallest matters.

l. LIVY.

SUSCEPTIBILITY.

Quem res plus nimis delectavere secundæ
Mutatæ quatient.

The man who most enjoys prosperity, will most acutely feel adversity.

m. HORACE.

SUSPICION.

Paullum distare videtur
Suspectus vereque reus.

The suspected and the really guilty seem to differ but slightly.

n. AUSONIUS.

Cautus enim metuit foveam lupus, accipiterque
Suspectos laqueos, et opertum milvius hamum.

The wolf dreads the pitfall, the hawk suspects the snare, and the kite the covered hook.

o. HORACE.

Ad tristem partem strenua est suspicio.

The losing side is full of suspicion.

p. SYRUS.

Omnes, quibus res sunt minus
Secundæ, magis sunt, nescio quomodo,
Suspiciosi; ad contumeliam omnia accipiunt magis;
Propter suam impotentiam se credunt negligi.

All persons as they become less prosperous, are the more suspicious. They take everything as an affront; and from their conscious weakness, presume that they are neglected.

q. TERENCE.

SWEARING.

Juvavi linguâ, mentem injuratam gero.

I have sworn with my tongue, but my mind is unsworn.

r. CICERO.

In totum jurare, nisi ubi necesse est, gravi viro parum convenit.

To swear, except when necessary, is unbecoming to an honorable man.

s. QUINTILIAN.

T.

TALENTS.

Magni est ingenii revocare mentem a sensibus, et cogitationem a consuetudine abducere.

It is a proof of great talents to recall the mind from the senses, and to separate thought from habit.

a. CICERO.

TASTE.

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.

Requiring, with various tastes, things very unlike.

b. HORACE.

Fastidientis est stomachi multa degustare.

It proves a squeamish stomach to taste of many things.

c. SENECA.

TEACHING.

Quod enim munus reipublicæ afferre majus, meliusve possumus, quam si docemus atque erudimus juventutem?

What greater or better gift can we offer the republic, than to teach and instruct our youth?

d. CICERO.

TEARS.

Hinc illæ lacrymæ.

Hence these tears.

e. HORACE.

Est quædam flere voluptas;
Expletur lacrymis egeriturque dolor.

It is some relief to weep; grief is satisfied and carried off by tears.

f. OVID.

Interdum lacrymæ pondera vocis habent.

Tears are sometimes as weighty as words.

g. OVID.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Tears are due to human misery, and human sufferings touch the mind.

h. VIRGIL.

TEMPERANCE.

Est in aquâ dulci non invidiosa voluptas.

There is no small pleasure in pure water.

i. OVID.

Bonarum rerum consuetudo pessima est.

The too constant use even of good things is hurtful.

j. SYRUS.

THOUGHT.

Vivere est cogitare.

To think is to live.

k. CICERO.

TIME.

Opinionum enim commenta delet dies; naturæ judicia confirmat.

Time destroys the groundless conceits of men; it confirms decisions founded on reality.

l. CICERO.

Quid non longa valebit permutare dies?

What will not length of time be able to change?

m. CLAUDIANUS.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?

What does not destructive time destroy?

n. HORACE.

Quidquid sub terrâ est, in apricum proferet ætas;
Defodiet condetque nitentia.

Time will bring to light whatever is hidden; it will cover up and conceal what is now shining in splendor.

o. HORACE.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.

Each passing year robs us of some possession.

p. HORACE.

Tempus edax rerum.

Time that devours all things.

q. HORACE.

Truditur dies die.

One day is pressed on by another.

r. HORACE.

Nondum omnium dierum sol occidit.

The sun of all my days has not yet set.

s. LIVY.

Volat hora per orbem.

The hours fly along in a circle.

t. LUCRETIUS.

Caducis
Percussu crebo saxa cavantur aquis.

Stones are hollowed out by the constant dropping of water.

u. OVID.

Labitur occulte, fallitque volubilis ætas,
Ut celer admissis labitur amnis aquis.

Time steals on and escapes us, like the swift river that glides on with rapid stream.

v. OVID.

Temporis ars medicina fere est.

Time is generally the best medicine.
a. Ovid.

Utendum est ætate; cito pede labitur ætas.

We must improve our time; time goes with rapid foot.
b. Ovid.

Longissimus dies cito conditur.

The longest day soon comes to an end.
c. Pliny the Younger.

Infinita est velocitas temporis quæ magis apparet respicientibus.

The swiftness of time is infinite, which is still more evident to those who look back upon the past.
d. Seneca.

Nullum ad nocendum tempus angustum est malis.

No time is too short for the wicked to injure their neighbors.
e. Seneca.

Omnis nimium longa properanti mora est.

Every delay is too long to one who is in a hurry.
f. Seneca.

Quidquid cœpit, et desinit.

Whatever begins, also ends.
g. Seneca.

Quod ratio non quit sæpe sanavit mora.

Time often heals what reason cannot.
h. Seneca.

Volat ambiguis
Mobilis alis hora.

The swift hour flies on double wings.
i. Seneca.

Scelera impetu, bona consilia morâ valescunt.

Crimes succeed by sudden despatch; honest counsels gain vigor by delay.
j. Tacitus.

TRAINING.

Viamque insiste domandi
Dum faciles animi juvenum, dum mobilis ætas.

Take the course of a strong rule, while the mind of youth is flexible and impressible.
k. Virgil.

TREACHERY.

Nemo unquam sapiens proditori credendum putavit.

No wise man ever thought that a traitor should be trusted.
l. Cicero.

Ipsa se fraus, etiamsi initio cautior fuerit, detegit.

Treachery, though at first very cautious, in the end betrays itself.
m. Livy.

TRIFLES.

Levitatis est inanem aucupari rumorem.

His is a trifling character who seeks for fame through silly reports.
n. Cicero.

Hæc nugæ seria ducent
In mala.

These trifles will lead to serious mischief.
o. Horace.

Ut vellem his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
Tempora sævitiæ.

Would to heaven he had given up to trifles like these all the time which he devoted to cruelty.
p. Juvenal.

Dare pondus idonea fumo.

Fit to give weight to smoke.
q. Persius.

Magno conatu magnas nugas.

By great efforts obtain great trifles.
r. Terence.

TROUBLE.

Hoc scito nimio celerius
Venire quod molestum est, quam id quod cupide petas.

Know this, that troubles come swifter than the things we desire.
s. Plautus.

TRUTH.

Judicis est semper in causis verum sequi.

It is a judge's duty in all trials to follow truth.
t. Cicero.

Naturâ inest mentibus nostris insatiabilis quædam cupiditas veri videndi.

Our minds possess by nature an insatiable desire to know the truth.
u. Cicero.

Nihil est veritatis luce dulcius.

Nothing is more delightful than the light of truth.
v. Cicero.

Qui semel a veritate deflexit, hic non majore religione ad perjurium quam ad mendacium perduci consuevit.

He who has once deviated from the truth, usually commits perjury with as little scruple as he would tell a lie.
w. Cicero.

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

My cares and my inquiries are for decency and truth, and in this I am wholly occupied.
x. Horace.

Ridentem dicere verum,
Quid vetat.

What forbids a man to speak the truth in a laughing way?
a. HORACE.

Qui non liberè veritatem pronunciat, proditor est veritatis.

He who does not speak the truth freely, is a betrayer of the truth.
b. INST. EPIL.

Veritatem laborare nimis sæpe, aiunt, extingui nunquam.

It is said that truth is often eclipsed but never extinguished.
c. LIVY.

Pericula veritati sæpe contigua.

Truth is often attended with danger.
d. AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

Veritatis absolutus sermo ac semper est simplex.

The language of truth is unadorned and always simple.
e. AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

Non opus est verbis, credite rebus ait.

There is no need of words; believe facts.
f. OVID.

Ego verum amo, verum volo mihi dici; mendacem odi.

I love truth and wish to have it always spoken to me: I hate a liar.
g. PLAUTUS.

Dum omnia quærimus, aliquando ad verum, ubi minime expectavimus, perveminus.

While we are examining into everything we sometimes find truth where we least expected it.
h. QUINTILIAN.

Veritas nunquam perit.

Truth never perishes.
i. SENECA.

Veritas odit moras.

Truth hates delays.
j. SENECA.

Veritatem dies aperit.

Time discovers truth.
k. SENECA.

Veritatis simplex oratio est.

The language of truth is simple.
l. SENECA.

Veritas visû et morâ, falsa festinatione et incertis valescunt.

Truth is confirmed by inspection and delay: falsehood by haste and uncertainty.
m. TACITUS.

TYRANNY.

Quid violentius aure tyranni?

What is more cruel than a tyrant's ear?
n. JUVENAL.

Gaudetque viam fecisse ruinâ.

He rejoices to have made his way by ruin.
o. LUCAN.

Omnes habentur et dicuntur tyranni, qui potestate sunt perpetuâ, in eâ civitate quae libertate usa est.

All men are held and called tyrants, who possess perpetual power, in a state which once enjoyed freedom.
p. NEPOS.

U.

UBIQUITY.

Nusquam est, qui ubique est.

He who is everywhere is nowhere.
q. SENECA.

UNCERTAINTY.

Quis scit, an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora Di superi?

Who knows whether the gods will add tomorrow to the present hour?
r. HORACE.

Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus,
Et certam præsens vix habet hora fidem.

Heaven makes sport of human affairs, and the present hour gives no sure promise of the next.
s. OVID.

Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo:
Et subito casu, quæ valuere, ruunt.

All human things hang on a slender thread: the strongest fall with a sudden crash.
t. OVID.

UNHAPPINESS.

Graviora quæ patiantur videntur jam hominibus quam quæ metuant.

Present sufferings seem far greater to men than those they merely dread.

a. LIVY.

Ego esse miserun credo, cui placet nemo.

I believe that man to be wretched whom none can please.

b. MARTIAL.

Miserias properant suas
Audire miseri.

The wretched hasten to hear of their own miseries.

c. SENECA.

Plus impetus majorem constantiam penes miseros.

There is more violence as well as perseverance among the wretched.

d. TACITUS.

UNIFORMITY.

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

From first to last a man should maintain his character and in all things be consistent.

e. HORACE.

Cantilenam eandem canis.

You are harping on the same string.

f. TERENCE.

UNION.

Etenim omnes artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quâdam inter se continentur.

All the arts which belong to polished life have some common tie, and are connected as it were by some relationship.

g. CICERO.

Concordiâ res parvæ cresunt, discordiâ maximæ dilabantur.

By union the smallest states thrive, by discord the greatest are destroyed.

h. SALLUST.

Auxilia humilia firma consensus facit.

Union gives strength to the humble.

i. SYRUS.

Quo res cunque cadant, unum et commune periculum,
Una salus ambobus erit.

Whatever may be the issue we shall share one common danger, one safety.

j. VIRGIL.

VANITY.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus.

What will this boaster produce worthy of this mouthing? The mountains are in labor; a ridiculous mouse will be born.

k. HORACE.

Qui genus suum
Aliena laudat.

He who boasts of his descent, praises the deeds of another.

l. SENECA.

VENERATION.

Præceptores suos adolescens veneratur ac suspicit.

The young venerate and look up to their teachers.

m. SENECA.

VICE.

Velocius ac citius nos
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica magnis
Cum subeant animos auctoribus.

We are more speedily and fatally corrupted by domestic examples of vice, when they impress our minds by high authority.

n. HORACE.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

No man ever became utterly depraved in an instant.

o. JUVENAL.

Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.

To spare persons, to lash vices.

p. MARTIAL.

Amici vitium si feras, facis tuum.

If you share the crime of your friend, you make it your own.

q. SYRUS.

Neque femina amissâ pudicitiâ alia abnuerit.

When a woman has lost her chastity, she will shrink from no crime.

a. TACITUS.

Alitur vitium vivitque tegendo.

Vice thrives and lives by concealment.

b. VIRGIL.

VIRTUE.

Accipere quam facere injuriam præstat.

It is better to receive than to do a wrong.

c. CICERO.

Est haec sæculi labes quædam et macula virtuti invidere, velle ipsum florem dignitatis infringere.

It is the stain and disgrace of the age to envy virtue, and to be anxious to crush the very flower of dignity.

d. CICERO.

Honor est præmium virtutis.

Honor is the reward of virtue.

e. CICERO.

In virtute sunt multi adscensus.

In the approach to virtue there are many steps.

f. CICERO.

Nam ut quisque est vir optimus, ita difficillime esse alios improbos suspicatur.

The more virtuous any man is, the less easily does he suspect others to be vicious.

g. CICERO.

Nec vero habere virtutem satis est, quasi artem aliquam, nisi utare.

It is not enough merely to possess virtue, as if it were an art; it should be practised.

h. CICERO.

Nihil est, mihi crede, virtute formosius, nihil pulchrius, nihil amabilius.

Nothing, believe me, is more beautiful than virtue; nothing fairer; nothing more lovely.

i. CICERO.

Vacare culpâ magnum est solatium.

To be free from fault is a great comfort.

j. CICERO.

Vera laus uni virtuti debetur.

True praise is due to virtue alone.

k. CICERO.

Virtus in usu sui tota posita est.

The whole of its virtue consists in its practice.

l. CICERO.

Virtute enim ipsâ non tam multi prætidi esse, quam videri volunt.

Fewer possess virtue, than those who wish us to believe that they possess it.

m. CICERO.

Virtutem nemo unquam acceptam deo retulit.

No one ever acknowledged having received virtue from a god.

n. CICERO.

Ipsa quidem virtus præmium sibi.

Virtue is indeed its own reward.

o. CLAUDIANUS.

Vile latens virtus.

Virtue when concealed is a worthless thing.

p. CLAUDIANUS.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.

The good hate sin because they love virtue.

q. HORACE.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit.

Unless the vessel be pure, whatever you put in will turn sour.

r. HORACE.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

Tolerant only to virtue and her friends.

s. HORACE.

Virtus est medium vitiorum et utriusque reductum.

Virtue is a medium between two vices, and is at a distance from both.

t. HORACE.

Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientiâ prima.

Virtue consists in avoiding vice, and is the highest wisdom.

u. HORACE.

Virtutem incolumem adimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus.

We hate virtue when it is safe, when removed from our sight we diligently seek it.

v. HORACE.

Major famæ sitis est quam
Virtutis: quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam
Præmia si tollas.

The thirst for fame is greater than that for virtue; for who would embrace virtue itself if you take away its rewards?

w. JUVENAL.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

Virtue is the only and true nobility.

x. JUVENAL.

Semita certè
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.

The only path to a tranquil life is through virtue.

y. JUVENAL.

Virtus laudatur et alget.

Virtue is praised and freezes.

z. JUVENAL.

Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ.

Let them (the wicked) see the beauty of virtue, and pine at having forsaken her.

a. JUVENAL.

Vivendum est recte; cum propter plurima tum his
Præcipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum
Contemnas; nam lingua mali pars pessima servi.

You should live virtuously for many reasons, but particularly that you may despise the tongues of your slaves. The tongue is the worst part of a bad servant.

b. JUVENAL.

Magnos homines virtute metimur non fortunâ.

We estimate great men by their virtue not by their success.

c. NEPOS.

Dummodo morata recte veniat, dotata est satis.

Provided a woman be well principled, she has dowry enough.

d. PLAUTUS.

Quam ad probos propinquitate proxime te adjunxeris,
Tam optimum est.

The more closely you can unite yourself with the virtuous, so much the better.

e. PLAUTUS.

Qui per virtutem peritat, non interit.

He who dies for virtue, does not perish.

f. PLAUTUS.

Virtus, etiamsi quosdam impetus a naturâ sumit, tamen perficienda doctrinâ est.

Although virtue receives some of its excellencies from nature, yet it is perfected by education.

g. QUINTILIAN.

Nihil tam alte natura constituit quo virtus non possit eniti.

Nature has placed nothing so high that virtue cannot reach it.

h. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Divitiarum et formæ gloria fluxa atque fragilis; virtus clara æternaque habetur.

The glory of riches and of beauty is frail and transitory; virtue remains bright and eternal.

i. SALLUST.

Sine virtute esse amicitia nullo pacto potest; quæ autem inter bonos amicitia dicitur hæc inter malos factio est.

There can be no friendship without virtue; for that intimacy, which among good men is called friendship, becomes faction among the bad.

j. SALLUST.

Facilis est ad beatam vitam via; inite modo, ipsis dis bene juvantibus.

The path to a happy life is easy: only enter it boldly with the favor of the gods.

k. SENECA.

Nunquam potest non esse virtuti locus.

There must ever be a place for virtue.

l. SENECA.

Virtute retro ire non licet.

Virtue is not allowed to go backward.

m. SENECA.

Explorant adversa viros. Perque aspera dura
Nititur ad laudem virtus interrita clivo.

Adversity tries men; but virtue struggles after fame regardless of the adverse heights.

n. SILIUS ITALICUS.

Puras Deus non plenas adspicit manus.

God looks at pure, not full, hands.

o. SYRUS.

Stat sua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ; sed famam extendere factis
Hoc virtutis opus.

Every man has his appointed day; life is brief and irrevocable; but it is the work of virtue to extend our fame by our deeds.

p. VIRGIL.

W.

WANT.

Semper avarus eget.

The miser is ever in want.

q. HORACE.

Tam deest avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.

The miser is as much in want of what he has, as of what he has not.

r. SYRUS.

WAR.

Veni, vidi, vici.

I came, I saw, I conquered.

s. JULIUS CÆSAR.

Delenda est Carthago.

Carthage must be destroyed.

t. CATO.

Bellum autem ita suscipiatur, ut nihil aliud, nisi pax, quæsita videatur.

Let war be so carried on that no other object may seem to be sought but the acquisition of peace.

a. CICERO.

Silent leges inter arma.

The law is silent during war.

b. CICERO.

Ducis ingenium res
Adversae nudare solent, celare secundae.

Adversity reveals the skill of a general, prosperity conceals it.

c. HORACE.

Alta sedent civilis vulnera dextræ.

The wounds of civil war are deeply felt.

d. LUCAN.

Non tam portas intrare patentes
Quam fregisse juvat; nec tam patiente colono
Arva premi, quam si ferro populetur et igni;
Concessâ pudet ire viâ.

The conqueror is not so much pleased by entering into open gates, as by forcing his way. He desires not the fields to be cultivated by the patient husbandman; he would have them laid waste by fire and sword. It would be his shame to go by a way already opened.

e. LUCAN.

Omnibus hostes
Reddite nos populis—civile avertite vellum.

Make us enemies of every people on earth, but prevent a civil war.

f. LUCAN.

Rara fides probitasque viris qui castra sequuntur.

Good faith and probity are rarely found among the followers of the camp.

g. LUCAN.

Nihil in bello oportet contemni.

Nothing should be despised in war.

h. NEPOS.

Adjuvat in bello pacatæ ramus olivæ.

In war the olive branch of peace is of use.

i. OVID.

Fortuna belli semper ancipiti in loco est.

The fortune of war is always doubtful.

j. SENECA.

Facilior inter malos consensus ad bellum quam in pace ad concordiam.

The wicked find it easier to unite for war, than for concord in peace.

k. TACITUS.

Miseram pacem vel bello bene mutari.

Even war is better than a wretched peace.

l. TACITUS.

Nec quies gentium sine armis, nec arma sine stipendiis, nec stipendia sine tributis.

There can be no tranquillity of nations without troops, no troops without pay, no pay without taxes.

m. TACITUS.

Ratio et consilium propriæ ducis artes.

The proper qualities of a general are judgment and deliberation.

n. TACITUS.

Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat?

Who asks whether the enemy were defeated by strategy or valor?

o. VIRGIL.

Sævit amor ferri et scelerata insania belli.

The love of arms and the mad wickedness of war are raging.

p. VIRGIL.

Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.

The only safety for the conquered is to expect no safety.

q. VIRGIL.

WEAKNESS.

Nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum.

I only feel, but want the power to paint.

r. JUVENAL.

Alieno in loco
Haud stabile regnum est.

The throne of another is not stable for thee.

s. SENECA.

WEALTH.

Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat.

All powerful money gives birth and beauty.

t. HORACE.

In pretio pretium nunc est: dat census honores,
Census amicitias; pauper ubique jacit.

Money now-a-days is money; money brings office; money gains friends: everywhere the poor man is down.

u. OVID.

Opum furiata cupido.

The ungovernable passion for wealth.

v. OVID.

Paucis carior est fides quam pecunia.

Few set a higher value on good faith, than on money.

w. SALLUST.

WINE.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum.

Whom has not the inspiring bowl made eloquent.

x. HORACE.

Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat?

Who prates of war or want after his wine?

a. HORACE.

Spes donare novas largus, amaraque
Curarum eluere efficax.

Mighty to inspire new hopes, and able to drown the bitterness of cares.

b. HORACE.

WISDOM.

Malo indisertam prudentiam quam stultitiam loquacem.

I prefer the wisdom of the uneducated to the folly of the loquacious.

c. CICERO.

Quis nam igitur liber? Sapiens qui sibi imperiosus.

Who then is free? The wise man who can govern himself.

d. HORACE.

Sapere aude.

Dare to be wise.

e. HORACE.

Victrix fortunæ sapientia.

Wisdom is the conqueror of fortune.

f. JUVENAL.

Non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere "vivam."
Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

It is not, believe me, the act of a wise man to say, "I will live." To-morrow's life is too late; live to-day.

g. MARTIAL.

Quisquis plus justo non sapit, ille sapit.

Whoever is not too wise, is wise.

h. MARTIAL.

Festinare nocet, nocet et cunctatio sæpe;
Tempore quæque suo qui facit, ille sapit.

It is injurious to hasten, and delay is often injurious. That man is wise who does everything in its proper time.

i. OVID.

Feliciter sapit qui alieno periculo sapit.

He gains wisdom in a happy way, who gains it by another's experience.

j. PLAUTUS.

Nemo solus sapit.

No man is the only wise man.

k. PLAUTUS.

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.

No one is wise at all times.

l. PLINY THE ELDER.

Satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum.

Enough eloquence, little wisdom.

m. SALLUST.

Melius in malis sapimus, secunda rectum auferunt.

We become wiser by adversity; prosperity destroys our appreciation of the right.

n. SENECA.

Nulli sapere casu obtigit.

No man was ever wise by chance.

o. SENECA.

Dictum sapienti sat est.

A word to the wise is enough.

p. TERENCE.

Isthuc est sapere non quod ante pedes modo est
Videre sed etiam illa, quæ futura sunt Prospicere.

True wisdom consists not in seeing what is immediately before our eyes, but in foreseeing what is to come.

q. TERENCE.

WIT.

O quantum est subitis casibus ingenium.

What quick wit is found in sudden straits.

r. MARTIAL.

WOMAN.

Nulla fere causa est, in quâ non fœmina litem.

There are few disputes in life, which do not originate with a woman.

s. JUVENAL.

Parvis mobilis rebus animus muliebris.

A woman's mind is affected by the meanest gifts.

t. LIVY.

Mulieri nimio male facere melius est onus, quam bene.

A woman finds it much easier to do ill than well.

u. PLAUTUS.

Multa sunt mulierum vitia, sed hoc e multis maximum,
Cum sibi nimis placent, nimisque operam dant ut placeant viris.

Women have many faults, but of the many this is the greatest, that they please themselves too much, and give too little attention to pleasing the men.

v. PLAUTUS.

Aut amat aut odit mulier, nihil est tertium.

A woman either loves or hates, she knows no medium.

w. SYRUS.

Novi ingenium mulierum;
Nolunt ubi velis, ubi nolis cupiunt ultro.

I know the nature of women. When you will, they will not; when you will not, they come of their own accord.

x. TERENCE.

Varium et mutabile semper,
Fœmina.

A woman is always changeable and capricious.
a. VIRGIL.

WORDS.

Verbaque dicuntur dictis contraria verbis.

The same words imply a different meaning.
b. OVID.

WORK.

Ardua molimur; sed nulla nisi ardua virtus.

I attempt a different work; but there is no excellence without difficulty.
c. OVID.

WRITING.

Sæpe stilum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi sint
Scripturus.

Often turn the stile [correct with care], if you expect to write anything worthy of being read twice.
d. HORACE.

Scribendi recte sapere et principium et fons.

Good sense is the foundation and source of good writing.
e. HORACE.

Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam
Viribus.

Ye who write, choose a subject suited to your abilities.
f. HORACE.

Tantum series junctura pollet.

Of so much force are system and connection.
g. HORACE.

Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

Where there are many beauties in a work, I shall not cavil at a few faults proceeding either from negligence or from the imperfection of our nature.
h. HORACE.

Tenet insanabile multo
Scribendi cocoëthes, et ægro in corde senescit.

An incurable itch for scribbling takes possession of many, and grows inveterate in their insane breasts.
i. JUVENAL.

Scripta ferunt annos; scriptis Agamemnone nosti,
Et quisquis contra vel simul arma tulit.

Writings survive the years; it is by writings that you know Agamemnon, and those who fought for or against him.
j. OVID.

Y.

YIELDING.

Cogi qui potest nescit mori.

The man who can be compelled knows not how to die.
k. SENECA.

YOUTH.

Prima commendatio proficiscitur a modestiâ, tum pietate in parentes, tum in suos benevolentiâ.

The chief recommendation (in a young man) is modesty, then dutiful conduct towards parents, then affection for kindred.
l. CICERO.

Teneris, heu, lubrica moribus ætas!

Alas! the slippery nature of tender youth.
m. CLAUDIANUS.

Nil dictu fœdum visuque hæc limina tangat
Intra quæ puer est.

Let nothing foul to either eye or ear reach those doors within which dwells a boy.
n. JUVENAL.

Parentes objurgatione digni sunt, qui nolunt liberos suos severâ lege proficere.

Parents deserve reproof when they refuse to benefit their children by severe discipline.
o. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Juvenile vitium regere non posse impetum.

It is the fault of youth that it cannot govern its own violence.
p. SENECA.

Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere, satius esse credo, quam metu.

It is better to keep children to their duty by a sense of honor and by kindness than by fear.
q. TERENCE.

Ut quisque suum vult esse, ita est.

As each one wishes his children to be, so they are.
r. TERENCE.

APPENDIX.

QUOTABLE MISCELLANY.

I.

PROVERBS AND MOTTOES—LATIN, FRENCH, ETC.

II.

LATIN LAW TERMS AND PHRASES IN COMMON USE.

III.

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II.

CONCORDANCE TO ENGLISH QUOTATIONS.

III.

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LATIN PROVERBS AND MOTTOES.

A.

Absens carens.
The absent get nothing.

Abusus non tollit usum.
Abuse does not invalidate right.

Accusare nemo se debet, nisi coram Deo.
No one need accuse himself, unless to God.

A cruce salus.
Salvation (by means of the cross.)
Motto of the Irish Earl of Mayo.

A cuspide corona.
By my spear, a crown.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Middleton.

Ad astra per aspera.
To the stars through difficulties.
Motto of Kansas.

A Deo et rege.
By God and the king.
Motto of Earl Harrington, and Earl Stanhope.

Ægrescit medendo.
Worse than the sickness is the remedy.

Æquam æquanimiter.
With equanimity.
Motto of Lord Sheffield.

Æquam servare mentem.
To be unmoved.
Motto of Lord Rivers.

Æqua tellus pauperi recluditur regumque pueris.
We shall be all alike in our graves.

Afflavit Deus et dissipantur.
The breath of God has gone forth, and they are dispersed.
Inscription on a medal struck in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, on the destruction of the Spanish armada.

Alienâ optimum frui insaniâ.
It is of the highest advantage to gain instruction from another's folly.

Alis Volat Propriis.
Another flies on his own wings.
Motto of Oregon.

Aliud mihi est agendum.
I have other fish to fry.

Amantes amentes.
Lovers are fools.

Amare inepte nil ab odio discrepat.
To love absurdly is as bad as to hate.

Ambiguum pactum contra venditorem interpretandum est.
An ambiguous contract is to be interpreted against the seller or grantor.

Amicus certus in re incertâ cernitur.
A friend is never known till one have need.

Amor tussisque non celantur.
Love and a cough cannot be concealed.

Amor vincit omnia.
Love conquers everything.

Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus: hoc est
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.
A good man doubles the length of his life: to look back with pleasure on our past life is to double it.

Animo et fide.
By courage and faith.
Motto of Earl of Guildford.

Animo imperabit sapiens, stultus serviet.
The wise man is master of his passions, the fool is their slave.

Annosa vulpes non capitur laqueo.
"You can't catch old birds with chaff."

Ante victoriam ne canas triumphum.
"Count not your chickens before they are hatched."

Aperte mala cum est mulier, tum demum est bona.
When a woman is openly bad, she then is at the best.

Appetitus rationi pareat.
Let the appetite be obedient to reason.
Motto of Irish Earl Fitz William.

Argent comptant porte mèdecine.
Ready money brings medicine.

Ars longa, vita brevis.
Art is long, life short.

Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus.
The stars govern men, but God governs the stars.

At spes non fracta.
But my hope is not broken.
Motto of the second Earl Hopetoun.

Auctor pretiosa facit.
The giver makes the gift more precious.
Motto of the Earl of Buckingham.

Audaces fortuna juvat, timidosque repellit.
Fortune assists the bold and repels the coward.

Audaciter et sincere.
Boldly and sincerely.
Motto of Lords Clare and Clive.

Auditque vocatus Apollo.
Apollo hears when called upon.

Aurea mediocritas.
The golden mean.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti; caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.
Whoever chooses the golden mean, serene and safe dwells neither in a wretched hovel, nor in an envied palace.

Aut Cæsar, aut nullus.
He will be Cæsar or nobody.

Aut nunquam tentes aut perfice.
Either never attempt or else accomplish.
Motto of Duke of Dorset.

Avi memorantur avorum.
I count grandfathers' grandfathers: (I follow a long train of ancestors.)
Motto of Lord Grantley.

Avise la fin.
Consider the end.
Motto of Second Earl of Cassilis.

B.

Basis virtutum constantia.
Steadiness is the foundation of all virtues.
Motto of Viscount Hereford.

Beneficia dare qui nescit, injuste petit.
He who knows not how to confer a kindness cannot justly ask for one.

Bene qui latuit, bene vixit.
Who lives in retirement, lives well.

Benigno numine.
By a kind providence.
Motto of the Founder of the House of Chatham.

Benignus etiam dandi causam cogitat.
Even the benevolent man reflects on the cause of giving.

Bis dat qui cito dat.
He gives twice who gives soon.

Bis est gratum quod opus est si ultro offeras.
That which is necessary is doubly grateful if you offer it of your own accord.

Bonum magis carendo quam fruendo, cernitur.
A good thing is appreciated more by its absence than by its enjoyment.

C.

Candidè et constanter.
Candidly and constantly.
Motto of the Earl of Coventry

Candor dat viribus alas.
Truth gives wings to strength.
The Motto of the Irish Earl of Belvedere.

Caseus est nequâm quia digerit omnia æquam.
Cheese is good for little. It digests all things but itself.

Casus, quem sæpe transit, aliquando invenit.
Whom chance frequently passes over, it at some time finds.

Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.
The cat loves fish but will not wet her paws.

Cavendo tutus.
Safe by caution.
The Motto of the House of Cavendish.

Cave tibi cane muto, aquâ silente.
Beware of the silent dog and still water.

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ.
Let arms yield to the gown, and the laurel give way to the tongue.

Cede Deo.
Yield to Providence.

Celsæ graviore casu decidunt turres.
Lofty towers fall with the greatest crash.

Citò maturum citò putridum.
Soon ripe soon rotten.

Clarior e tenebris.

More bright from obscurity.
The Motto of the Irish Earl of Miltown.

Cœlum non animum.

You may change your climate not your mind.
Motto of Earl Waldgrave.

Cogito ergo sum.

I think, therefore I exist.
Maxim of Descartes.

Compendiaria res improbitas, virtusque tarda.

Wickedness takes the shorter road, and virtue the longer.

Confido, conquiesco,

I confide, and am content.
Motto of the Second Earl of Dysart.

Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia ridet.

The mind which is conscious of right despises the lies of rumor.

Consequitur quodcunque petit.

He attains whatever he pursues.
Motto of the Irish Earl Bective.

Consilio et animis.

By wisdom and courage.
Motto of Second Earl of Lauderdale.

Constantia et virtute.

By constancy and virtue.
Motto of Lord Amherst.

Corrumpunt bonus mores colloquia prava.

Depraved conversation will corrupt the best morals.

Corruptio optimi pessima.

The corruption of the best is productive of the worst.

Cor unum, via una.

One heart, one way.
Motto of Earl of Exeter.

Cras credemus, hodie nihil.

To-morrow we will believe but not to-day.

Crescite, et multiplicamini.

Increase, and multiply.
Motto of Maryland.

Crescit sub pondere virtus.

Virtue grows under an imposed weight.
Motto of Earl of Dunbigh.

Crimina qui cernunt aliorum, non sua cernunt;

There are those who can see the faults of others, but who cannot discern their own.

Cruci, dum spiro, fido.

While I breathe I trust in the cross.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Netterville.

Cuilibet in arte suâ credendum est.

Every man is to be trusted in his own art.

Cujuslibet est solum, ejus usque ad cœlum.

He who has property in the soil has the same up to the sky.

Cum licet fugere, ne quaré litem.

Do not seek the quarrel which there is an opportunity of escaping.

Cur omnium fit culpâ, paucorum scelus?

Why should the wickedness of a few be laid to the account of all?

D.

Damnum appellandum est cum malâ fama lucrum.

The gain which is made at the expense of reputation should rather be set down as a loss.

Data fata secutus.

Following his declared fate.
Motto of Lord St. John.

Decori decus addit avito.

He adds honor to his ancestral honors.
Motto of Second Earl of Kellie.

Decrevi.

I have decreed.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Westmeath.

Dedecus ille domûs sciet ultimus.

The good man is the last who knows what is amiss at home.

De gustibus non est disputandum.

There is no disputing about tastes.

De monte alto.

From a high mountain.
Motto of the Irish Baron De Montalt.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

Let nothing but good be spoken of the dead.

De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.

The reasoning with respect to things which do not appear, and things which do not exist must be the same.

Deo adjuvante non timendum.

By God's aid there is nothing to be feared.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Fitz William.

Deo date.

Give to God.
Motto of Lord Arundel.

Deo duce, ferro comitante.
My God my guide, and my sword my companion.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Charlemont.

Deo, non fortunâ.
From God, not fortune.
Motto of Lord Digby.

Dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.
Call no one happy before he dies.

Dies diem docet.
One day teaches the other.

Difficilia quæ pulchra.
The best of things are difficult to get.

Dirigo.
I lead.
Motto of Maine.

Divide et impera.
Divide and govern.

Docendo discimus.
We learn by teaching.

Docti male pingunt.
Learned men paint badly, (write a bad hand).

Dominus providebit.
God will provide.
Motto of Second Earl of Glasgow.

Ducit amor patriæ.
The love of my country leads me.
Motto of the Irish Baron Milford.

Dum spiro, spero.
Whilst I breathe, I hope.
Motto of the Irish Viscounts Dillon.

Dum vivimus, vivamus.
While we live, let us live.

Duo quum faciunt idem, non est idem.
When two persons do the same thing yet it is not the same.

Duos qui sequitur lepores, neutrum capit.
He who follows two hares is sure to catch neither.

E.

Ecce Homo.
Behold the man.

E duobus malis minimum eligendum.
Of two evils choose the least.

Empta dolore docet experientia.
Experience bought by suffering is instructive.

Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.
With the sword she seeks a quiet peace with liberty.
Motto of Massachusetts.

Eodem collyrio mederi omnibus.
To cure all by the same salve.

E pluribus unum.
From many, one.
Motto of the United States.

Esse quam videri malim.
I should wish to be rather than to seem.
Motto of the Earl of Winterton.

Et decus et pretium recti.
Both the ornament and the reward of virtue.
Motto of the Duke of Grafton and Lord Southampton.

Etiam quod esse videris.
Be what you seem to be.
Motto of Lord Sondes.

Et nos quoque tela sparsimus.
We, too, have hurled weapons.
Motto of Lord Rawdon.

Eureka. (Gr.)
I have found it.
Motto of California.

Excelsior.
Still higher.
Motto of the State of New York.

Excitari non hebescere.
Spirited, not inactive.
Motto of Lord Walsingham.

Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus.
We live more by example than by reason.

Exitus acta probat.
The event justifies the deed.
Washington's Motto.

Ex necessitate rei.
From the necessity of the case.

Ex nihilo nihil fit.
Out of nothing nothing comes.

Ex pede Herculem.
We recognize Hercules from his foot.

Experientia est optima rerum magistra.
Experience is the best teacher in all things.

Experientia stultorum magistra.
Experience is the mistress of fools.

Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.
A Mercury is not to be carved out of every wood.

F.

Facies tua computat annos.
Your face tells your age.

Facile est inventis addere.
It is easy to add to things already invented.

Fare—fac.
Speak—do.
Motto of the Second Baron Fairfax.

Fari quæ sentiat.
To speak what he thinks.
Motto of the Earl of Oxford, and of Lord Walpole.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri.
It is fair to derive instruction even from an enemy.

Fax mentis, incendium gloriæ.
The torch of the mind is the flame of glory.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Granard.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.
Happy is he who can learn prudence from the danger of others.

Felix qui nihil debet.
Happy is the man who owes nothing.

Festinatio tarda est.
Haste is slow.

Fide et amore.
By faith and love.
Motto of the Earl of Hertford.

Fide et fiduciâ.
By faith and courage.
Motto of the Second Earl of Roseberry.

Fide et fortitudine.
By faith and fortitude.
Motto of the Earl of Essex.

Fidei coticula crux.
The cross is the touch-stone of faith.
Motto of Earl Clarendon, Earl Jersey, and of the Irish Earl Grandison.

Fideli certi merces.
The faithful are certain of their reward.
Motto of Earl Boringdon.

Fidelis ad urnam.
Faithful to the ashes.
Motto of the Irish Baron Sunderlin.

Fideliter.
Faithfully.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Banff.

Fide; sed cui, vide.
Trust, but look to whom.

Fides probata coronat.
Approved faith crowns.
Motto of the Scotch Earl of Marchmont.

Fidus et audax.
Faithful and intrepid.
Motto of the Irish Baron Lismore.

Finem respice.
Look to the end.
Motto of Lord Clifton.

Finis coronat opus.
The end crowns the work.

Flecti non frangi.
To bend, not to break.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Palmerston.

Formosa facies muta commendatio est.
A pleasing countenance is a silent recommendation.

Fortem posce animum.
Ask for a brave soul.
Motto of Lord Say and Lele.

Forte scutum, salus ducum.
A strong shield is the safety of leaders.
Motto of the Irish Earl Clermont.

Fortes fortuna juvat.
Fortune assists the bold.

Forti et fideli nil difficile.
Nothing is difficult to the brave and faithful.
Motto of the Irish Baron Muskerry.

Fortis cadere, cedere non potest.
The brave man may fall, but cannot yield.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Drogheda.

Fortis sub forti fatiscet.
A brave man will yield to a braver man.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Upper Ossory.

Fortiter et recte.
Courageously and honorably.
Motto of Lord Heathfield.

Fortiter geret crucem.
He will bravely support the cross.
Motto of the Irish Baron Donaghmore.

Fortitudine et prudentiâ.
By fortitude and prudence.
Motto of Earl Powis.

Fortuna favet fatuis.
Fortune favors fools.

Fortuna nimium quem fovet, stultum facit.
Fortune when she caresses a man too much, makes him a fool.

Fortuna sequatur.
Let fortune follow.
Motto of the Earl of Aberdeen.

Frangas non flectas.
You may break, but not bend me.
Motto of the Marquis of Stafford.

Fronti nulla fides.
There is no trusting to the countenance.

Frustra laborat qui omnibus placere studet.
He labours vainly who endeavours to please every person.

Fuimus.
We have been.
Motto of the Earl of Aylesbury, and of the Scotch Earl Elgin.

Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia.
Patience when too often outraged is converted into madness.

G.

Gaudet tentamine virtus.
Virtue rejoices in temptation.
Motto of Earl Dartmouth.

Gloria virtutis umbra.
Glory is the shadow (*i. e.* the companion) of virtue.
Motto of the Irish Baron Longford.

Graviora quædam sunt remedia periculis.
Some remedies are worse than the disease.

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo.
The drop hollows the stone not by its force, but by the frequency of its falling.

H.

Habet et musca penem.
Tread on a worm, and it will turn.

Hæc generi incrementa fides.
This faith will furnish new increase to our race.
Motto of Marquis Townshend.

Hæredis fletus sub personâ risus est.
The weeping of an heir is laughter under a mask.

Hæreticis non est servanda fides.
A promise to heretics need not be kept.

Honores mutant mores.
Honors change manners.

Honor virtutis præmium.
Honor is the reward of virtue.
Motto of Lord Boston and Earl Ferrers.

Hora e semper.
It is always time.
Motto of Earl Pomfret.

Humani nihil alienum.
Nothing human is foreign to me.
Motto of Earl Talbot.

Humanum est errare.
To err is human.

I.

Illæso lumine solem.
With sight unhurt to view the sun; (the quality ascribed to the eagle).
Motto of Lord Loughborough.

Indignante invidiâ florebit justus.
The just man will flourish in despite of envy.
Motto of the Irish Earl Glendore.

Inest sua gratia parvis.
Even little things have their peculiar grace.

In ferrum pro libertate ruebant.
For freedom they rushed upon the sword.
Motto of Earl Leicester.

Ingens telum necessitas.
Necessity hath no law.

Ingratum si dixeris omnia dicis.
If you say that a man is ungrateful, you say everything.

In hoc signo spes mea.
In this sign (or standard) is my hope.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Taaffe.

In hoc signo vinces.
Under this standard (sign) thou shalt conquer.
Motto of Emperor Constantine.

Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero.
I prefer the most unjust peace to the justest war.

Invitum sequitur honor.
Honor follows him against his inclination.
Motto of Irish Marquis Donegal.

In nullum avarus bonus est, in se pessimus.
The avaricious man is kind to no person, but he is most unkind to himself.

Inopem copia fecit.
His plenty made him poor.

In pace leones, in prælio cervi.
In peace they are lions, in battle deer.

Insanus omnis furere credit ceteros.
Every madman thinks that all the rest of the world are mad.

In te, Domine, speravi.
In thee O Lord have I hoped.
Motto of the Scotch Earl of Strathmore.

Integra mens augustissima possessio.
A pure mind is the most august possession.
Motto of the Irish Lord Blayney.

Interdum lacrymæ pondera vocis habent.
Tears sometimes have the weight of words.

Inter folia fructus.
Fruit among the leaves.

In utroque fidelis.
Faithful in both.
Motto of the Scotch Viscount Falkland.

In vino veritas.
There is truth in wine.

L.

Labor ipse voluptas.
Labor is itself a pleasure.
Motto of Lord King.

Lateat scintillula forsan.
A small spark may lurk unseen.

Latet anguis in herba.
There is a snake concealed in the grass.

Laus Deo.
Praise be to God.
Motto of the Scotch Count Arbuthnot.

Levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas.—*Horace.*
What cannot be cured must be endured.

Libertas.
Liberty.
Motto of the Irish Baron Carbery.

Lucri bonus odor ex re quâlibet.
The smell of gain is good from whatever it proceeds.

Lupus pilum mutat non mentem.
The wolf changes his coat, but not his disposition.

M.

Magistratus indicat virum.
The office shows the man.
Motto of Earl Lonsdale.

Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.
Truth is powerful, and will prevail.

Magnum hoc vitium vino est;
Pedes captat primum, luctator dolosus.
This is the great fault of wine; it first trips up the feet; it is a cunning wrestler.

Mala ultro adsunt.
Sorrow comes unsent for.

Male parta mal dilabuntur.
Things ill acquired are ill expended.

Malo mori quam fœdari.
I had rather die than be debased.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Athlone and of Viscount Kingsland.

Malum malo proximum.
Misfortunes are close to one another.

Malum vas non frangitur.
A bad vessel is seldom broken.

Manu forte.
With brave hand.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Reay.

Manus hæc inimica tyrannis.
This hand is an enemy to tyrants.
Motto of Lord Carysfort.

Mediocra firma.
The middle station is the safest.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Grimston.

Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis.
Honey in his mouth, words of milk; gall in his heart, and fraud in his acts.

Melius est cavere semper quam patii semel.
It is better to be always on our guard, than to suffer once.

Memento Mori.
Remember Death.

Memoriâ in æternâ.
In eternal remembrance.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Tracey.

Mens conscia recti.
A mind conscious of rectitude.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Ashbrook, and of Lord Macartney.

Mihi cura futuri.
My care is for the future.
Motto of the Irish Baron Ongley.

Miramur ex intervallo fallentia.
We admire at a distance the things that deceive us.

Miris modos dii ludos faciunt hominibus,
Mirisque exemplis somnia in somnis donant.
The gods make sport of men in wondrous ways; and in wondrous fashion do they send dreams in sleep.

Miserrima fortuna est quæ inimico caret.
That is a most wretched fortune which is without an enemy.

Moderata durant.
Moderate things last.

Moniti meliori sequamur.
Being admonished, let us follow better things.

Montani semper liberi.
Mountaineers are always freemen.
Motto of West Virginia.

Mors mortis, morti mortem nisi morte dedisses;
Æternæ vitæ Janua clausa foret.
O death of death! unless thou hadst given up death to death by death, the gate of eternal life would have been closed.

Mors omnibus communis.
Death is common to all men.

Mortuis non conviciandum, et de mortuis nil nisi bonum.
The dead cannot defend themselves, therefore speak well of the dead.

Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant.
Even hares can insult a dead lion.

Moveo et propitior.
I rise and am appeased.
Motto of the Irish Baron Welles.

Mulier quæ sola cogitat, male cogitat.
When a woman thinks by herself, she thinks of mischief.

Multa docet fames.
Hunger teaches many things.

Multi te oderint, si teipsum ames.
Many will hate you if you love yourself.

Multorum manibus grande levatur onus.
Many hands make light work.

Multis ictibus dejicitur quercus.
Little strokes fell great oaks.

Mutare vel timere sperno.
I scorn to change or fear.
Motto of the Duke of Beaufort.

N.

Naturalia non sunt turpia.
Natural things are not shameful.

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.
Though you expel Nature with a club, yet she will always return.

Natura paucis contenta.
Nature is content with little.

Nec cupias nec metuas.
Neither desire nor fear.
Motto of Lord Dover, and of the Earl Hardwicke.

Ne cede malis.
Do not yield to misfortunes.
Motto of Earl Albemarle.

Nec male notus eques.
A well known knight.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Southwell.

Nec placidâ contentus quiete est.
Nor is he content with soft repose.
Motto of Earl Peterborough.

Nec pluribus impar.
Not an unequal match for larger numbers.
Motto of Louis XIV.

Nec prece nec pretio.
Neither by bribe nor by entreaty.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Bateman.

Nec quærere nec spernere honorem.
Neither to seek nor to despise honors.
Motto of Viscount Bolingbroke.

Nec scire fas est omnia.
It is not permitted us to know all things.

Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.
The arrow will not always hit the object which it threatens.

Nec temere nec timide.
Neither rashly nor timidly.
Motto of Earl Dorlington, and of the Irish Viscount Bulkeley.

Nec timeo nec sperno.
I neither fear nor despise.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Boyne.

Ne Jupiter quidem omnibus placet.
Not Jupiter even can please all.

Nemo me impune lacessit.
No man provokes me with impunity.
Motto of the Order of the Thistle.

Ne puer gladium.
Do not trust a boy with a sword.

Neque extra necessitates belli præcipuum odium gero.
I bear no particular hatred beyond the necessity of war.

Nequicquam sapit qui sibi non sapit.
He is wise to no purpose, who is not wise to himself.

Neque culpa neque lauda teipsum.
Neither blame nor applaud thyself.

Nescio quid plus est, quod donet sæcula chartis;
Victurus Genium debet habere liber.
Something more is needed to give immortality to writings. A book that is destined to live must have genius.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.
Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last.

Ne tentes, aut perfice.
Attempt not, or accomplish.
Motto of the Irish Marquis of Downshire.

Ne vile fano.
Bring nothing base to the temple.
Motto of Earl of Westmoreland.

Ne vile velis.
Incline to nothing base.
Motto of Lord Abergavenny.

Nihil agendo, male agere discimus.
By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

Nihil dictum quod non dictum prius.
Nothing can now be said, which has not been said before.

Nil similius insano quam ebrius.
Nothing is more like a madman than a man who is drunk.

Nil sine numine.
There is nothing without a Providence.
Motto of Colorado.

Nimium altercando veritas amittitur.
In excessive altercation truth is lost.

Nimium ne crede colori.
Trust not too much to appearances.

Nibilitatis virtus non stemma character.
Virtue not pedigree should characterize nobility.
Motto of Earl Grosvenor.

Nisi Dominus frustra.
Unless God be with us, all labor is vain.

Nocet differre paratis.
Delay injures those who are prepared.

Noli equi dentes inspicere donati.
Look not a gift horse in the mouth.

Nolo episcopari.
I do not wish to be made a bishop.

Non amo te Zabidi, nec possum dicere quare; Hoc solum scio, non amo te, Zabidi.
I do not love you, Zabidio, I cannot tell why; but this I know, that I do not love you.

Non conscire sibi.
To be conscious of no fault.
Motto of Earl Winchelsea.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.
Every man cannot go to Corinth.

Non est fumus absque igne.
There is no smoke without fire.

Non inferiora secutus.
Not having followed mean pursuits.
Motto Lord Montford.

Non licet in bello bis peccare.
It is not permitted in war to err twice.

Non nobis solum sed toti mundo nati.
Born not for ourselves alone but for the whole world.
Motto of the Irish Baron Rokeby.

Non omne molitor quæ fluit unda videt.
The miller does not see everything that floats by his mill.

Non omnis error stultitia est dicenda.
Every error is not to be called a folly.

Non opus admisso subdere calcar equo.
Do not spur a free horse.

Non quo, sed quomodo.
Not by whom, but in what manner (the business is done).
Motto of Earl Suffolk.

Non revertar inultus.
I will not return unrevenged.
Motto of the Irish Earl Lisburne.

Non sibi sed patriæ.
Not for self but for country.
Motto of Earl Romney.

Noscitur ex sociis.
He is known by his companions.

Nos poma natamus.
We apples swim.

Nulla ætas ad prædiscendum sera est.
Never too old to learn.

Nulla falsa doctrina est quæ non permisceat aliquid veritatis.
There is no doctrine so false, but that it may be intermixed with some truth.

Nulla regula sine exceptione.
No rule without an exception.

Nullus tantus quæstus quam quod habes parcere.
There is no gain so certain as saving what you have.

Numini et patriæ asto.
I stand to God and my country.
Motto of the Scotch Lord Aston.

Nunc aut nunquam.
Now or never.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Kilmorey.

Nunquam ad liquidum fama perducitur.
Fame never reports things in their true light.

Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus.
Never less alone than when alone.

Nunquam non paratus.
Never unprepared.
Motto of Marquis Annandale.

O.

Occurrent nubes.
Clouds will intervene.
Motto of Baron Eliot.

Odimus accipitrem quia semper vivit in armis.
We hate the hawk, because it always lives in arms.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico.
Everything unknown is taken for magnificent.

Omne principium grave.
All beginnings are difficult.

Omne rarum carum.
What is scarce is dear.

Omne solum forti patria est.
To a brave man, every soil forms his country.

Omnia bona bonis.
All things are good with the good.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Wenman.

Omnia mea mecum porto.
All that is mine I carry with me.

Omnis fors ferendo superanda est.
Every fortune is to be overcome by enduring.

Opera illius mea sunt.
His works are mine.
Motto of Lord Brownlow.

Oportet iniquum petas, ut æquum feras.
You must ask what is unjust that you may obtain what is just.

Optimum obsonium labor.
Labor is the best sauce.

Ora et labora.
Pray and labor.
Motto of the Scotch Earl Dalhousie.

Ovem lupo commisist.
You have committed the sheep to the wolf.

P.

Palma non sine pulvere.
The palm is not gained without the dust of labor.

Palmam qui meruit ferat.
Let him who has won it bear the palm.
Motto of Lord Nelson.

Parcere personis, dicere de vitius.
Be sparing of persons and speak of crimes.

Parva leves capiunt animas.
Small minds are won by trifles.

Patria cara, carior libertas.
Country is dear, but liberty dearer.
Motto of Earl Radnor.

Patriæ infelici fidelis.
Faithful to my unhappy country.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Courtown.

Patriis virtutibus.
By ancestral virtues.
Motto of the Irish Baron Leitrim.

Pax potior bello.
Peace is preferable to war.

Pax in bello.
Peace in war.

Peraget angusta ad augusta.
Through difficulties to grandeur.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Massareene.

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.
May they perish who said our good things before us.

Perficitur dum cæditur.
He is made perfect by correction.

Periissem ni periissem.
I had perished unless I had perished.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Newark.

Perjurii pœna divina exitium, humana dedecus.
The crime of perjury is punished by Heaven with perdition, and by man with disgrace.

Per mare, per terras.
Through sea, through land.
Motto of the Irish Baron Mardonald.

Per multum risum poteris cognoscere stultum.
By his immoderate laughter you can always distinguish the fool.

Perseverando.
By perserverance.
Motto of Lord Ducie.

Plura crapula quam gladius.
Gluttony kills more than the sword.

Plura faciunt homines e consuetudine, quam e ratione.
Men do more from custom than from reason.

Plures adorant solem orientem quam occidentem.

The rising sun is more adored than the setting.

Plusque exemplo quam peccato nocent.

They do more mischief from the example, than from the sin.

Poeta nascitur, non fit.

A poet is born, not made.

Post cineres gloria venit.

Glory comes after death.

Post nubila Phœbus.

After clouds, sunshine.

Motto of the Irish Baron Shuldham.

Possunt, quia posse videntur.

They can, who think they can.

Post equitem sedet atra cura.

Dark care sits behind the horseman.

Potior tempore, potior jure.

First in time, first in right.

Præsto et persto.

I perform and I persevere.

Motto of the Scotch Earl of Haddington.

Primus inter pares.

First among his peers.

Principis est virtus maxima nosse suos.

It is a prince's highest duty to be acquainted with his subjects.

Probam pauperiem sine dote quæro.

I court virtuous poverty without a dowry.

Probitas laudatur, et alget.

Honesty praised, is left to starve.

Probitas verus honor.

Probity is true honour.

Motto of the Irish Viscount Chetwynd.

Probum non pœnitet.

The honest man does not repent.

Motto of Lord Sandys.

Pro Christo et patriâ.

For Christ and my country.

Motto of the Earl of Kerr.

Procul absit gloria vulgi.

I am beyond vulgar admiration.

Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine.

Being far from Jupiter, you are also far from his thunder.

Prodesse quam conspiceri.

To do good rather than be conspicuous.

Motto of Lord Somers.

Pro libertate patriæ.

For my country's liberty.

Motto of the Irish Baron Massey.

Pro magnâ chartâ.

For the great charter.

Motto of Lord Le Despencer.

Pro rege et patriâ.

For my king and country.

Motto of the Second Earl of Leven.

Pro rege, lege, et grege.

For the king, the law, and the people.

Motto of Lord Ponsonby.

Pulchrum est accusari ab accusandis.

It is honorable to be accused by those who deserve accusation.

Q.

Quæ amissa, salva.

What has been lost is safe.

Motto of the Scotch Lord of Kintore.

Quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos.

The things which are above us are nothing to us.

Qualis ab incepto.

The same from the beginning.

Motto of the Irish Lord Clanbrassil.

Qualis vir, talis oratio.

As the man, so his speech.

Quam prope ad crimen sine crimine.

How nearly a man may approach to guilt, without being guilty.

Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam.

How rashly do we sanction an unjust law which will yet injure ourselves.

Quem Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat.

Whom Jupiter wishes to destroy, he first deprives of reason.

Quem te Deus esse jussit.

What God commanded you to be.

Motto of the Irish Baron Sheffield.

Qui capit, ille facit.

He who takes it to himself, makes the allusion.

Quid futurum cras fuge quærere.

Do not seek to know what will happen tomorrow.

Qui de contemnendâ gloriâ libros scribunt, nomen suum subscribunt.

Those who write books about despising glory inscribe their own names.

Quid verum atque decens.

What is just and honorable.

Motto of the Irish Viscount Dungannon.

Qui e nuce nucleum esse vult, nucem frangit.
He that will eat the kernel must crack the nut.

Qui fingit sacros auro vel marmore vultus,
Non facit ille deos; qui rogat ille facit.
It is not he who forms sacred images of gold or marble, that makes them gods, but he who kneels before them.

Qui invidet minor est.
He who envies, admits his inferiority.
Motto of Lord Cadogan.

Quilibet præsumitur, donec probetur contrarium.
Every one is considered good until the contrary is proved.

Qui male agit odit lucem.
He who commits evil actions shuns the light.

Qui nimium probat, nihil probat.
He who proves too much, proves nothing.

Qui non proficit, deficit.
He who does not advance, recedes.

Quisque sibi proximus.
Every one is nearest to himself.

Quisque suorum verborum optimus interpres.
Every one can best explain his own words.

Quisquis ubique habitat, Maxime, nusquam habitat.
He dwells nowhere, who dwells everywhere.

Quis vult vitare Charybdim incidit in Scyllam.
To avoid Charybdis and fall into Scylla.

Qui tacet consentit.
Who is silent, consents.

Qui transtulit, sustinet.
He who transplanted, still sustains.
Motto of Connecticut.

Qui uti scit, ei bona.
That man should be possessed of wealth, who knows its proper use.
Motto of Lord Berwick.

Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.
If any man wishes to be deceived, let him be deceived.

Quod est violentum, non est durabile.
What is violent is not durable.

Quod fieri potest per pauca non debet per plura.
What can be done with little, need not be done with much.

Quod nemo aquam infundit in cineres.
No one pours water on the ashes, (to save the house from burning).

Quondam vicimus armis.
We were once victorious in arms.
Motto of Lord Dorchester.

Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.
Whom God wishes to destroy, he first makes mad.

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu.
The cask will long retain the flavor of what first filled it.

Quot homines, tot sententiæ; suus cuique mos.
Many men, many minds; every one has his own fashion.

R.

Recte et suaviter.
Justly and mildly.
Motto of Lord Scarsdale.

Refert sis bonus, an velis videri.
It matters much whether you are really good, or only wish to appear so.

Regnant populi.
The people rule.
Motto of Arkansas.

Renovato nomine.
By a revived name.
Motto of Irish Baron Westcote.

Ridendo corrigit mores.
He reforms manners by ridicule.

S.

Salus per Christum Redemptorem.
Salvation through Christ the Redeemer.
Motto of the Scotch Earl of Moray.

Salus populi suprema est lex.
The welfare of the people is the highest law.
Motto of Missouri.

Sat pulchra, si sat bona.
Handsome enough is good enough.

Saxum volutum non obducitur musco.
A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Semel insanivimus omnes.
We have all at some time been foolish.

Semper fidelis.
Always faithful.
Motto of Lord Onslow.

Semper graculus assidet graculo.
Birds of a feather flock together.

Semper paratus.
Always ready.
Motto of Lord Clifford.

Semper timidum scelus.
Guilt is always timid.

Sene, bis puer.
An old man is twice a child.

Sero sed serio.
Late, but seriously.
Motto of the Scotch Marquis of Lothian, and of Marquis of Salisbury.

Servata fides cineri.
Faithful to the memory of my ancestors.
Motto of Lord Harrowby.

Servabo fidem.
I will keep faith.
Motto of Lord Sherborne.

Sic semper tyrannis.
Thus may it always be with tyrants.
Motto of Virginia.

Sic tacuisses, philosophus mansisses.
Had you been silent, you might still have passed as a philosopher.

Sic transit gloria mundi.
So passes this world's glory.

Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas.
Thus I wish and order; my will stands in the place of reason.

Si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?
If God be with us, who shall be against us?
Motto of the Irish Viscount Mountmorris.

Si leonina pellis non satis est, assuenda vulpina.
If the lion's skin is not enough, sew on the fox's.

Similia similibus curantur.
Like cures like.

Similis simili gaudet.
One is pleased with his equal.

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.
Without Ceres and Bacchus, Venus freezes.

Si quæris peninsulam amœnam, circumspice.
If thou seekest a beautiful peninsula, behold it here.
Motto of Michigan.

Si sit prudentia.
If there be prudence.
Motto of Lord Auckland.

Si vis incolumem, si vis te reddere sanum,
Curas tolle graves, irasci crede profanum.
If you wish to preserve yourself in health and safety, avoid serious cares, and do not give way to passion.

Sola juvat virtus.
Virtue alone assists me.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Blantyre.

Sola nobilitas virtus.
Virtue alone is true nobility.
Motto of the Marquis of Abercorn.

Sola salus servire Deo.
Our only safety is in serving God.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Ross.

Sola virtus invicta.
Virtue alone is invincible.
Motto of the Duke of Norfolk.

Spectemur agendo.
Let us be seen by our deeds,
Motto of Earl Beaulieu, and of the Irish Viscount Cliefden.

Spero meliora.
I hope for better things.
Motto of Scotch Viscount Stormont, and the Scotch Baron Torphichen.

Spes durat avorum.
The hope of my ancestors endures.
Motto of Earl Rochford.

Spes mea Christus.
Christ is my hope.
Motto of the Irish Baron Lucan.

Spes mea in Deo.
My hope is in God.
Motto of Teynham.

Spes tutissima cœlis.
The safest hope is in Heaven.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Kingston.

Stant cetera tigno.
The rest stand on a beam.
Motto of Earl Aboyne.

Stare super vias antiquas.
To stand firm on the old paths.

Stat promissa fides.
The promised faith remains.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Linderes.

Studiis et rebus honestis.
By honest pursuits and studies.
Motto of Lord Ashburton.

Stultitiam patiuntur opes.
Riches will bear out folly.

Stultitiam simulare loco, sapientia summa est.
To assume the garb of folly is, in some cases, wisdom.

Stultus nisi quod ipse facit, nil rectum putat.
The fool thinks nothing well done but what is done by himself.

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.
Gentle in manners, firm in action.

Sub cruce candidâ.
Under the fair cross.
Motto of Lord Lovell.

Sub hoc signo vinces.
Under this sign thou shalt conquer.
Motto of the Irish Viscount De Vesci.

Sub rosâ.
Under the rose (privately).

Summum jus summa injuria.
The strictest law is sometimes the greatest injustice.

T.

Tandem fit surculus arbor.
The shoot at length becomes a tree.
Motto of Marquis of Waterford.

Templa quam dilecta!
Temples how beloved!
Motto of Marquis of Buckingham.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.
The times change and we change with them.

Thesaurus est malorum malâ mulier.
A wicked woman is a magazine of evils.

Timet pudorem.
He fears shame.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Downe.

Timidus se vocat cautum: parcum, sordidus.
The coward says that he is cautious; the miser, that he is sparing.

Triumpho morte tam vitâ.
I triumph in death, as in life.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Allen

Tuebor.
I will defend.
The Motto of Viscount Torrington.

Tu ne cede malis.
Yield not to misfortunes.
Motto of the Irish Baron Milton.

Tuum est?
Is it yours?
Motto of Earl Cowper.

U.

Ubicunque ars ostentatur, veritas abesse videtur.
Wherever art is displayed, truth seems to be wanting.

Ubi lapsus?—Quid feci?
Where am I fallen?—What have I done?
Motto of Viscount Courtenay.

Ubi mel, ibi apes.
Where there is honey there are bees.

Ubique patriam reminisci.
Everywhere to remember our country.
Motto of Earl Malmesbury.

Uni æquus virtuti.
Friendly to virtue alone.
Motto of Earl of Mansfield.

Unica virtus necessaria.
Virtue is the only thing necessary.
Motto of the Irish Earl Mornington.

Ut apes geometriam.
As bees (practice) geometry.
Motto of Marquis of Lansdown.

Utcumque placuerit.
As it shall please (God).
Motto of Earl Howe.

Ut prosim.
That I may do good.
The Motto of Lord Foley.

Ut quimus, quando ut volumus non licet.
When we cannot act as we wish, we must act as we can.

Ut quocunque paratus.
Prepared on every side.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Cavan.

Ut vitiis nemo sine nascitur.
Every man hath his faults.

V.

Velim, mehercule, cum isti errare quam cum aliis recte sentire.
I would rather be wrong with this man, than be right with others.

Ventis secundis.
With prosperous winds. With uniform success.
Motto of Lord Hood.

Veritas vincit.
Truth conquers.
Motto of the Scotch Earl Marishall.

Ver non semper viret.
Spring does not always flourish.
Motto of Lord Vernon.

Vestigia nulla retrorsum.
No steps backwards.

Victor volentes per populos dat jura.
He, as a conqueror, dictates his laws to a willing people.

Vigilantibus.
To the watchful.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Gosford.

Vincit amor patriæ.
The love of my country overcomes.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Molesworth, and Lord Muncaster.

Vincit omnia veritas.
Truth conquers all things.

Vincit qui se vincit.
He conquers who conquers himself.
Motto of Lord Howard of Walden.

Vincit veritas.
Truth conquers.
Motto of the Irish Earls of Ballamont and Montrath.

Virescit vulnere virtus.
Virtue flourishes from a wound.
Motto of Scotch Earl of Galloway.

Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.
He is wise who talks but little.

Virtus ariete fortior.
Virtue is stronger than a battering ram.
Motto of Earl of Abingdon.

Virtus in actione consistit.
Virtue consists in action.
Motto of Lord Craven.

Virtus in arduis.
Virtue in difficulties.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Cullen.

Virtus incendit vires.
Virtue kindles strength.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Strangford.

Virtus mille scuta,
Virtue is a thousand shields.
Motto of Earl of Effingham.

Virtus requiei nescia sordidæ.
Valor which knows not mean repose.
Motto of Irish Viscount Desart.

Virtus semper viridis.
Virtue is always flourishing.
Motto of Irish Viscount Belmore.

Virtus vincit invidiam.
Virtue conquers envy.
Motto of Marquis of Cornwallis.

Virtute ac fide.
By virtue and faith.
Motto of Earl of Oxford and Irish Viscount Melbourne.

Virtute ac labore.
By virtue and toil.
Motto of the Scotch Earl Dundonald.

Virtute et operâ.
By virtue and industry.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Fife.

Virtute fideque.
By virtue and faith.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Elibank.

Virtute non astutiâ.
By virtue, not by craft.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Perry.

Virtute non viris.
From virtue, not from men.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Kerry.

Virtute quies.
Content in virtue.
Motto of Baron Mulgrave.

Virtuti nihil obstat et armis.
Nothing can resist valor and arms.
Motto of the Earl of Aldborough.

Virtuti non armis fido.
I trust to virtue and not to arms.
Motto of Lord Gray de Wilton.

Virtutis amor.
The love of virtue.
Motto of the Irish Earl Annesley.

Virtutis amore.
Through the love of virtue.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Valentia.

Virtutis avorum præmium.
The reward of the virtue of my ancestors.
Motto of the Irish Baron Templetown.

Virtutis fortuna comes.
Fortune is the companion of virtue.
Motto of the Irish Barons Newhaven and Harberton.

Vis unita fortior.
Force or power is strengthened by union.
Motto of the Irish Earl Mount Cashel.

Vitæ via virtus.
Virtue is the way of life.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Portarlington.

Vitiis nemo sine nascitur.
No man is born without his faults.

Viva vox docet.
The living voice teaches (better than books).

Vivere sat vincere.
To conquer is to live enough.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Sefton.

Vivit post funera virtus.
Virtue survives the grave.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Shannon.

Vix ea nostra voco.

I can scarcely call these things our own.

Motto of Lord Sundridge and Earl Warwick.

Volens et potens.

Willing and able.

Motto of Nevada.

Volo non valeo.

I am willing but unable.

Motto of the Earl of Carlisle.

Vota vita mea.

My life is devoted.

Motto of the Irish Earl of Meath.

Vox et præterea nihil.

A voice, and nothing more.

Vox populi, vox Dei.

The voice of the people is the voice of God.

Vultus est index animi.

The face is the index of the mind.

PROVERBS AND MOTTOES

CULLED FROM MODERN FOREIGN TONGUES.

FRENCH.

A.

A barbe de fol, on apprend à raser.
Men learn to shave on the beard of a fool.

A bon chat, bon rat.
To a good cat, a good rat.

A bon chien il ne vient jamais un bon os.
A good bone never comes to a good dog.

A bon vin, il ne faut point bouchon.
Good wine needs no bush.

A chemin battu il ne croit point d'herbe.
No grass grows on a beaten road.

Aide toi, le ciel t' aidera.
Help yourself, and Heaven will help you.

A la faim il n' y a point de mauvais pain.
To the hungry no bread is bad.

A la guerre comme à la guerre.
In war according to war.

A l'aise on marche à pied qui mène son cheval par la bride.
'Tis easy to go on foot when one has a horse by the bridle.

A laver la tête d'un âne on perd sa lessive.
He who washes a donkey's head wastes his soap.

Aller en l' autre monde est très-grande sottise,
Tant que dans celui-ci l'on peut être de mise.
It is very foolish to rush into the next world when we can be well placed in this.

Amour fait beaucoup, mais argent fait tout.
Love does much, but money does all.

A petit mercier, petit panier.
For the small trader, a small basket.
A small pack serves a small back.

Après la pluie vient le beau temps.
After a storm comes a calm.

Après la poire, ou le vin ou le prêtre.
After the fruit, wine or the priest.

Après la mort le médecin.
After death the doctor.

Après moi le déluge.
After me the deluge.

Argent fait tout.
Money does all.

Argent reçu, le bras rompu.
The money received, the arm is broken.

Assez consent qui ne mot dit.
Silence is consent.

Assez y a, si trop n' y a.
Enough is as good as a feast.

A tous oiseaux leur nids sont beaux.
Every bird likes its own nest.

Au bon droit.
To the just right.
Motto of the Earl of Egremont.

Au bout du fossé la culbute.
At the end of the ditch, the summerset.

Aujourd' hui roi, demain rien.
To-day King, to-morrow nothing.
Fortune is always changing.

Au regnard endormi rien ne chut en la gueule.
When the fox is asleep, nothing falls into his mouth.

Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait.
No sooner said than done.

Avoir l'aller pour le venir.
To have the going for the coming.

Aymez loyauté.
Love loyalty.
Motto of the Duke of Bolton.

B.

Bon avocat mauvais voisin.
A good lawyer is a bad neighbor.

Bonne et belle assez.
Good and handsome enough.
Motto of Earl of Fauconberg.

Bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée.
A good name is better than a girdle of gold.

Bon jour, bonne œuvre.
Good day, good work.
The Better the Day the Better the Deed.

Bon marché tire l'argent hors de la bourse.
A cheap bargain takes money from the purse.

Boutez en avant.
Push forward.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Barrymore.

Brebis comptées, le loup les mange.
The wolf eats the counted sheep.

Brûler la chandelle par les deux bouts.
Burning the candle at both ends.
Extravagance Leads to Penury.

C.

Celui-là est le mieux servi, qui n'a pas besoin de mettre les mains des autres au bout de ses bras.
The man is best served who has no occasion to put the hands of others at the ends of his arms.

Celui-là qui dévore la substance du pauvre, y trouve à la fin un os qui l'étrangle.
He who devours the substance of the poor will find at length a bone to choke him.

Celui peut hardiment nager à qui l'on soûtient le menton.
He must needs swim that's held up by the chin.

Ce monde est plein de fous; et qui n'en veut pas voir
Doit se renfermer seul, et casser son miroir.
This world is full of fools, and he who would not see one, must shut himself up alone, and break his looking-glass.

Ce n'est pas être bien aisé que de rire.
Laughing is not a proof that the mind is at ease.

Ce qui fait qu'on n'est pas content de sa condition, c'est l'idée chimerique que l'on se forme du bonheur d'autrui.
What makes many persons discontented with their own condition is the absurd idea which they form of the happiness of others.

Ce qui manque aux orateurs en profondeur, Ils vous la donnent en longueur.
What orators want in depth they give you in length.

Ce qui vient par la flute, s'en va par le tambourin.
What comes by the flute, goes away by the tambourine.
Easy come, easy go.

Ce qu'on nomme liberalité n'est souvent que la vanité de donner, que nous aimons mieux que ce que nous donnons.
That which is called liberality is frequently nothing more than the vanity of giving, of which we are more fond than of the thing given.

Ce sont toujours les aventuriers qui font des grandes choses, et non pas les souverains de grandes empires.
It is only adventurers that perform great actions, and not the sovereigns of empires.

C'est une grande folie de vouloir être sage tout seul.
It is great folly to think of being wise alone.

C'est une grande habilité que de savoir cacher son habilité.
The greatest skill is shown in hiding our skill.

Ceux qui n'aiment pas ont rarement de grandes joies; ceux qui aiment ont souvent de grandes tristesses.
Those who do not love seldom feel great joy; those who do love are liable to great sorrow.

Chacun à son goût.
Every man to his taste.

Chacun demande sa sorte.
Each demands his own kind.
Every Jack must have his Gill.

Châteaux en Espagne.
Castles in Spain.
Castles in the air.

Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide.
A scalded cat fears cold water.

Comme je fus.
As I was.
Motto of Viscounts Dudley and Ward.

Craignez honte.
Fear shame.
Motto of Duke of Portland.

Craignez tout d'un auteur en courroux.
Fear the worst from an enraged author.

D.

Dans les conseils d'un état il ne faut pas tant regarder ce qu'on doit faire que ce qu'on peut faire.
In the councils of the state it is not necessary to examine what ought to be done, as what can be done.

Dans un pays libre on crie beaucoup quoiqu' on souffre peu; dans un pays de tyrannie on se plaint peu quoiqu' on souffre beaucoup.
In a free country there is much clamor with little suffering; in a despotic state there is little complaint but much grievance.

De bon commencement bonne fin.
A good beginning makes a good ending.

De bon vouloir servir le roy.
To serve the king with good will.
Motto of Earl Tankerville.

De court plasir long repentir.
Short pleasure, long repentance.

De la main à la bouche, se perd souvent la soupe.
From the hand to the mouth the soup is often lost.

Droit et avant.
Right and forward.
Motto of Viscount Sydney.

D'un dévot souvent au chrétien véritable,
La distance est deux fois plus longue, à mon avis,
Que du pôle antarctique au détroit de Davis.
The distance between a devotee and a true Christian is often twice as great as that from the Southern Pole to Davis Strait.

E.

En Dieu est ma fiance.
In God is my trust.
Motto of Irish Earl Carhampton.

En Dieu est tout.
In God is everything.
Motto of Earl of Strafford.

En la rose je fleuris.
I flourish in the rose.
Motto of the Duke of Richmond.

En parole je vis.
I live in the word.
Motto of Lord Stowell.

En suivant la vérité.
In following truth.
Motto of the Earl of Portsmouth.

En vieillissant, on devient plus fou et plus sage.
When men grow old, they become more foolish and more wise.

Espérance et Dieu.
Hope and God.
Motto of Lord Lovaine.

Espérance en Dieu.
Hope in God.
Motto of Duke of Northumberland.

Être pauvre sans être libre, c' est le pire etat où l' homme puisse tomber.
To be poor without being free is the worst state into which man can fall.

F.

Femme rit quand elle peut, et pleure quand elle veut.
Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.

Fidélité est de Dieu.
Fidelity is of God.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Powerscourt.

Fol est qui plus dépense que sa rente ne vaut.
He is a fool that spends more money than his receipts.

Foy en tout.
Faith is everything.
Motto of the Earl of Sussex.

Foy pour devoir.
Faith for duty.
Motto of the Duke of Somerset.

G.

Gardez bien.
Take care.
Motto of Scotch Earl of Eglinton.

Gardez la foy.
Keep faith.
Motto of Earl Poulett.

Gardez la foi.
Guard the faith.
Motto of the Irish Baron Kensington.

H.

Haut et bon.
Great and good.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Donéraile.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.
Evil to him who evil thinks.
Motto of Great Britain.

I.

Il a la mer à boire.

He has to drink up the sea.
A great work to accomplish.

Il a le vin mauvais.

He has bad wine.
He is quarrelsome when in his cups.

Il bat le buisson sans prendre l'oiseau.

He beats the bush, and another catches the bird.

Il coûte peu à amasser beaucoup de richesses, et beaucoup à en amasser peu.

It requires but little effort to amass a great deal of riches, but it requires much effort to collect a little.

Il est plus honteux de se défier de ses amis que d'en être trompé.

It is more disgraceful to suspect our friends than to be deceived by them.

Il est temps de fermer l'étable quand les chevaux en sont allés.

When the steed is stolen, it is time to shut the stable door.

Il fait bon battre le fer, tandis qu'il est chaud.

Strike while the iron is hot.

Il faut attendre le boiteux.

It is necessary to wait for the lame man.

Il faut des plus grands vertus pour soutenir la bonne fortune que la mauvaise.

It requires a greater share of virtue to sustain a situation of prosperity, than one of adversity.

Il faut hazarder un petit poisson pour prendre un grand.

Venture a small fish to catch a great one.

Il n'a ni bouche, ni éperon.

He has neither a mouth nor a spur.
He can neither talk nor act.

Il n'appartient qu'aux grands hommes d'avoir de grands défauts.

It belongs only to great men, to possess great defects.

Il n'aura jamais bon marché qui ne le demande pas.

You will never buy cheap if you don't ask the price.

Il n 'est sauce que d'appétit.

Hunger is the best sauce.

Il ne faut pas jetter les marguerites devant les pourceaux.

You must not throw pearls before swine.

Il ne faut pas parler de corde dans la maison d' un pendu.

Do not speak of a rope in the house of one who was hanged.

Il ne sait sur quel pied danser.

He knows not on which leg to dance.

Il n'y a point au monde un si pénible métier que celui de se faire un grand nom; la vie s'achève avant que l'on a à peine ébauché son ouvrage.

There is not in the world so difficult a task as that of getting a great name. Life is closed, when the work is scarcely begun.

Il n'y a point des gens qui sont plus méprisés que les petits beaux esprits et les grands sans probité.

There are no people so much despised as men of small wit, and those of rank without probity.

Il n'y a point d'homme vertueux qui n'ait quelque vice, et de méchant qui n'ait quelque vertu.

There is no virtuous man without some vice, or any wicked man who has not some virtue.

Il n'y a que le matin en toutes choses.

The duration of all things is but as the morning.

Il sent de fagot.

He smells of the faggot.
He is known by his trade.

Il vaut mieux plier que rompre.

Better to bend than break.

Il vaut mieux tâcher d'oublier ses malheurs que d'en parler.

It is much better for a man to forget his misfortunes than to talk of them.

Il vaut mieux tard que jamais.

Better late than never.

Il y a anguille sous roche.

There is an eel under the rock.
If you wish to find you must search.

Il y a des gens à qui la vertu sied presque aussi mal que le vice.

There are some persons on whom virtue sits almost as ungraciously as vice.

Il y a des gens dégoutants avec du mérite; et d'autres qui plaisent avec des défauts.

There are people of merit who are disgusting, and there are others who please with all their defects.

Il y a des reproches qui louent, et des louanges qui médisent.

There are some reproaches which commend, and some praises which slander.

Il y a plus d' un âne à la foire qui s' appelle Martin.

There is more than one donkey at the fair whose name is Martin.

J.

J'ai bonne cause.

I have a good cause.

Motto of the Marquis of Bath.

J'ai eu toujours pour principe de ne faire jamais par autrui ce que je pouvais faire par moi-même.

I have ever held it as a maxim, never to do that through another, which it was possible for me to do myself.

Jamais arrière.

Never behind.

Motto of the Scotch Earl of Selkirk.

Je le tiens.

I hold it.

Motto of Lord Audley.

Je ne cherche qu'un.

I seek but for one.

Motto of the Earl of Northampton.

Je n'oublierai jamais.

I shall never forget.

Motto of the Earl of Bristol.

Je pense.

I think.

Motto of the Scotch Earl of Wemyss.

Je suis prêt.

I am ready.

Motto of the Irish Earl of Farnham.

Jeu de main, jeu de vilain.

Practical jokes belong only to the low classes.

Jeune on conserve pour la viellesse: vieux on épargne pour la mort.

When young, men lay up for old age; when aged, they hoard for death.

Jour de ma vie.

The day of my life.

Motto of Earl Delawar.

L.

La beauté de l'esprit donne de l'admiration, celle de l'âme donne de l'estime, et celle du corps de l'amour.

The charms of wit excite admiration, those of the heart impress esteem, and those of the body lead to love.

La beauté sans vertu est une fleur sans parfum.

Beauty without virtue is a flower without perfume.

La chaumière est un palais au pauvre.

The cottage is a palace to the poor.

La clémence des princes n'est souvent qu' une politique pour gagner l'affection des peuples.

The clemency of princes is frequently nothing more than a measure of policy, to gain the affections of the people.

La confidence fournit plus à la conversation que l' esprit.

Confidence furnishes more to conversation than wit or talent.

La cour ne rend pas content; mais elle empêche qu'on ne le soit ailleurs.

The court does not make a man happy, but it prevents a man from enjoying happiness elsewhere.

L'adresse surmonte la force.

Policy goes further than strength.

La décence est le teint naturel de la vertu et le fard du vice.

Decency is the genuine tint of virtue and the disguise of vice.

La docte antiquité fut toujours vénérable,
Je ne la trouve pas cependant adorable.

The learning of antiquity was always venable, but it is not therefore sacred.

L'adversité fait l'homme, et le bonheur les monstres.

Adversity makes men, and prosperity makes monsters.

La faiblesse de l'ennemi fait notre propre force.

The weakness of the enemy makes our own strength.

La femme de bien n'a ni yeux ni oreilles.

Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears.

La grande sagesse de l'homme consiste à connaître ses folies.

The great wisdom in man consists in knowing his follies.

La libéralité consiste moins à donner beaucoup qu'à donner à propos.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving seasonably.

L'allegorie habite un palais diaphane.

Allegory dwells in a transparent place.

La maladie sans maladie.

Disease without a disease.

The hypocondriac.

La marque d'un mérite extraordinaire, c'est de voir que ceux que le'envient le plus sont contraints de le louer.

The proof of extraordinary merit is to see that it extorts praise from those who envy it.

La moitié du monde prend plaisir à médire et l'autre moitié à croire les médisantes.

One half the world takes a pleasure in slander, the other half in believing the slanderers.

L'amour de la justice n'est en la plupart des hommes que la crainte de souffrir l'injustice.

The love of justice is in most men nothing more than the fear of suffering injustice.

L'amour est une passion que vient souvent sans savoir comment, et qui s'en va au juste de même.

Love is a passion which frequently comes we know not how, and which quits us exactly in the same manner.

L'amour et la fumée
Ne peuvent se cacher.

Love and smoke cannot be hidden.

La moquerie est souvent une indigence d'esprit.

Jesting is often a poverty of understanding.

La mort est plus aisée à supporter sans y penser, que la pensée de la mort sans péril.

Death is itself more easy to encounter without reflection, than the thought of death without danger.

L'amour-propre est le plus grand de tous les flatteurs.

Self-love is the greatest of all flatterers.

La nuit donne conseil.

Night gives counsel.

La nuit tous les chats sont gris.

At night all cats are gray.
All colors are alike in the dark.

Là où Dieu veut il pleut.

Where God wishes it rains.
When God pleases unlikely things turn to our advantage.

La parfaite valeur est de faire sans témoins ce qu'on serait capable de faire devant tout le monde.

True courage is shown by doing, without witnesses, that which a man is capable of doing before the world.

La passion fait souvent un fou du plus habile homme, et rend souvent habiles les plus sots.

Love often makes a fool of the cleverest men, and as often gives cleverness to the most foolish.

La patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

La philosophie, qui nous promet de nous rendre heureux, nous trompe.

Philosophy, which promises to render us happy, deceives us.

La philosophie triomphe aisément des maux passés et de maux à venir; mais les maux présents triomphent d'elle.

Philosophy easily triumphs over the misfortunes which are past and to come; but those which are present triumph over her.

La plupart des hommes n'ont pas le courage de corriger les autres, parceque ils n'ont pas le courage de souffrir qu'on les corrige.

The generality of mankind have not sufficient courage to correct others, because they themselves have not fortitude to suffer correction.

La réputation d'un homme est comme son ombre, qui tantôt le suive, et tantôt le précède: quelquefois elle est plus longue et quelquefois plus courte que lui.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow; it sometimes follows or precedes him; it is sometimes longer, and sometimes shorter, than himself.

L'argent est un bon serviteur et un méchant maître.

Money is a good servant, but a bad master.

L'art de vaincre est celui de mépriser la mort.

The art of conquering is that of despising death.

La science du gouvernment n'est qu'une science de combinaisons, d'applications et déceptions, selon les temps, les lieux, les circonstances.

The science of government is only a science of combinations, of applications, and of deceptions, according to times, places, and circumstances.

La vérité ne fait pas autant de bien dans le monde, que ses apparences y font de mal.

Truth does not so much good in the world, as its appearances do evil.

La vertu dans l'indigence est comme un voyageur, que le vent et la pluie contraignent de s'envelopper de son manteau.

Virtue in indigence is like a traveller who is compelled, by the wind and rain, to wrap himself up in his cloak.

La vertu est la seule noblesse.

Virtue only is nobility.

La vertu n'irait pas si loin si la vanité ne lui tenait compagnie.

Virtue would not go so far, if vanity did not bear it company.

Le bonheur de l'homme en cette vie ne consiste pas à être sans passions, il consiste à en être le maître.

The happiness of man in this life does not consist in the absence, but in the mastery of his passions.

Le bonheur ou le malheur des hommes ne dépend pas moins de leur humeur que de la fortune.

The good or bad fortunes of men depend not less on their own disposition than on chance.

Le bon temps viendra.

The good time will come.
Motto of Earl Harcourt.

Le cœur d'une femme est un vrai miroir qui reçoit toutes sortes d'objets sans s'attacher à aucun.

The heart of a woman is a real mirror, which reflects every object without attaching itself to any.

Le cœur ne veut douloir ce que l'œil ne peut voir.

What the eye sees not, the heart will not complain of.

Les consolations indiscrètes ne font qu'aigrir les violentes afflictions.

Indiscreet consolation only irritates affliction.

Le coût en ôte le goût.

The cost takes away the taste.

Le grand œuvre.

The great work.
The philosopher's stone.

Le jeu est le fils d'avarice, et le père du désespoir.

Gaming is the son of avarice, and the father of despair.

Le mérite est souvent un obstacle à la fortune, et la raison de cela c'est qu'il produit toujours deux mauvais effets, l'envie et la crainte.

Merit is often an obstacle to success, for the reason that it ever produces two bad effects, envy and fear.

Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.

The best is the enemy of well.
We forget what we have, in seeking something better.

Le moineau en la main vaut mieux que l'oie qui vole.

A sparrow in the hand is better than a goose on the wing.

Le monde est le livre des femmes.

The world is the book of women.

Le moyen le plus sûr de se consoler de tout ce qui peut arriver c'est d'attendre toujours au pire.

The most certain consolation against all that can happen is always to expect the worst.

L'ennui du beau, amène le goût du singulier.

A disgust for that which is proper, leads to a taste for singularity.

Le pays du mariage a cela de particulier, que les étrangers ont envie de l'habiter, et les habitans naturels voudraient en être exilés.

The land of marriage has this peculiarity, that strangers are desirous of inhabiting it, whilst its natural inhabitants would willingly be exiled from it.

Le petit gain remplit la bourse.

Light gains make a heavy purse.

Le plus lent à promettre est toujours le plus fidèle à tenir.

The man who is most slow in promising, is most sure to keep his word.

Le refus des louanges est souvent un désir d'être loué deux fois.

The refusal of praise is often a desire for a double portion.

Le roi et l'état.

The king and the State.
Motto of Earl Ashburnham.

Le roi le veut.

The king wills it.
Motto of Lord Clifford.

Les absents ont toujours tort.

The absent are always at fault.

Le sage entend demi mot.

The sensible man understands half a word.

Le sage songe avant que de parler à ce qui il doit dire, le fou parle et ensuite songe à ce qu'il a dit.

A wise man thinks before he speaks; but a fool speaks and then thinks of what he has been saying.

Le savoir faire.

The knowledge how to act.
Ability, skill.

Les eaux sont basses chez lui.

The waters are low with him.
Fortune is at ebb tide.

Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.

The secret of tiring is to say all that can be said.

Les femmes peuvent tout, parcequ'elles gouvernent les personnes qui gouvernent tous.

Women can do everything, because they rule those who command everything.

Les femmes sont extrêmes; elles sont meilleures ou pires que les hommes.

Women are extreme. They are either better or worse than the men.

Les fous font des festins, et les sages les mangent.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

Les gens qui ont peu d'affaires sont de très grands parleurs. Moins on pense, plus on parle.

Men who have little business are great talkers. The less one thinks, the more one speaks.

Les grands noms abaissent, au lieu d'élever, ceux qui ne les savent pas soutenir.

Great names debase, instead of raising, those who know not how to sustain them.

Les hommes sont la cause que les femmes ne s'aiment point.

It is the men that cause the women to dislike each other.

Le silence est la vertu de ceux qui ne sont pas sages.

Silence is the virtue of those who are not wise.

Le silence est le parti le plus sûr de celui, qui se défie de soimême.

To be silent is the safest choice for the man who distrusts his own powers.

Les jeunes gens disent ce qu'ils font, les vieillards ce qu'ils ont fait, et les sots ce qu'ils ont envie de faire.

Young folks tell what they do, old ones what they have done, and fools what they intend to do.

Les larrons s'entrebattent, les larcins se découvrent.

When thieves fall out, thefts are discovered.

Le soleil ni la mort ne peuvent se regarder fixement.

Neither the sun nor death can be looked upon with fixed attention.

Les passions sont les vents qui font aller notre vaisseau, et la raison est le pilote qui le conduit; le vaisseau n'irait point sans les vents, et se perdrait sans le pilote.

The passions are the winds which urge our vessel forward, and reason is the pilot which steers it; the vessel could not advance without the winds, and without the pilot it would be lost.

L'espérance est le songe d'un homme éveillé.

Hope is the dream of a man awake.

L'esprit a son ordre, qui est par principes et démonstrations; le cœur en a un autre.

The mind has its methods; it proceeds from principles to demonstrations. The heart has a different mode of proceeding.

L'esprit est toujours la dupe du cœur.

The understanding is ever the dupe of the heart.

Les querelles ne dureraient pas longtemps si le tort n'était que d'un côté.

Disputes would not continue so long, if the wrong lay but on one side.

Les rats se promenent à l'aise, là où il n'y a point de chats.

When the cat is away, the mice will play.

Le travail du corps délivre des peines de l'esprit; et c'est ce qui rend les pauvres heureux.

Bodily labor relieves mental fatigue, and this forms the happiness of the poor.

Le travail éloigne de nous trois grands maux: l'ennui, le vice, et le besoin.

Labor rids us of three great evils—tediousness, vice and poverty.

Le vrai moyen d'être trompé, c'est de se croire plus fin que les autres.

The sure mode of being deceived, is to believe ourselves more cunning than others.

L'hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu.

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue.

Liberté toute entière.

Liberty complete.

Motto of the Irish Earl of Lanesborough.

L'imagination gallope, le jugement ne va que le pas.

The imagination gallops; judgment only goes a foot-pace.

L'industrie des hommes s'épuise à briguer les charges; il ne leur en reste plus pour en remplir les devoirs.

The industry of men is exhausted in canvassing for places, none is left for fulfilling the duties of them.

L'on espère de vieillir et l'on craint la vieillesse; c'est à dire, on aime la vie, et on fuit la mort.

We hope to get old, and yet are afraid of age; in other words we are in love with life, and wish to fly from death.

Louer les princes, des vertus qu' ils n'ont pas, c'est leur dire impunément des injures.

To praise princes for virtues which they have not, is to reproach them with impunity.

Loyal devoir.

Loyal duty.

Motto of Lord Corteret.

Loyal je serai durant ma vie.

I shall be loyal during my life.

Motto of Lord Stourt.

Loyauté n'a honte.

Loyalty has no shame.

Motto of Duke of Newcastle.

Loyauté m'oblige.

Loyalty binds me.

Motto of Duke of Ancaster.

L'une des marques de la médiocrité de l'esprit est de toujours conter.

One of the marks of mediocrity of understanding, is to be always telling stories.

M.

Maintien le droit.

Maintain the right.

Motto of Lord Chandos.

Malheur ne vient jamais seul.

Misfortunes seldom come alone.

Marchandise qui plaît est à demi vendue.

The goods which please are already half-sold.

Marie ton fils quand tu voudras, mais ta fille quand tu pourras.

Marry your son when you please, and your daughter when you can.

Mauvaise est la saison quand un loup mange l'autre.

'Tis a hard winter, when one wolf eats another.

Mauvaise herbe croît toujours.

Ill weeds grow a-pace.

Méchant ouvrier, jamais ne trouvera bons outils.

A bad workman always quarrels with his tools.

Mieux vaut un once de fortune qu'une livre de sagesse.

Better an ounce of fortune than a pound of wisdom.

Mieux vaut un "tiens" que deux "tu l'auras."

One "take this" is better than two "thou shalt have."

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

N.

Né pour la digestion.

Born for the benefit of digestion.

Ne remettez pas à demain ce que vous pouvez faire aujourd' hui.

Do not defer until to-morrow, what you can do to-day.

Noblesse oblige.

Nobility has its obligations.

Rank inpresses duty.

Notre mal s'empoisonne
Du secours qu'on lui donne.

Our disease is aggravated by the remedies which are given.

N'oubliez.

Do not forget.

Motto of the Scotch Earl Graham.

Nous aurions souvent honte de nos plus belles actions, si le monde voyait tous les motifs qui les produisent.

We should often be ashamed of our brightest actions, were the world but to see the motives by which they are produced.

Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui.

We all have sufficient strength to bear the misfortunes of others.

Nous désirerions peu de choses avec ardeur, si nous connaissions parfaitement ce que nous désirons.

We should wish for few things with eagerness, if we perfectly knew the object of our desire.

Nous ne savons ce que c'est que bonheur ou malheur absolu.

We do not know what is absolutely good or bad fortune.

Nous ne trouvons guère de gens de bon sens que ceux qui sont de notre avis.

We seldom find persons of good sense, but such as are of our opinion.

Nul bien sans peine.

Nothing is gained without work.

Nul n'aura de l'esprit,
Hors nous et nos amis.

No person shall be allowed to have wit outside of us and our friends.

O.

On connait l'ami au besoin.

A friend is known in time of need.

O l'utile secret que de mentir à propos!

Oh! what a useful secret it is to be able to lie to the purpose.

On a beau mener le bœuf à l'eau s'il n'a soif.

In vain do you lead the ox to the water if he is not thirsty.

On commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon.

One begins by being a fool and ends in being a knave.

On dit des gueux qu'ils ne sont jamais dans leur chemin, parcequ'ils n'ont point de demeure fixe. Il en est de même de ceux qui disputent, sans avoir de notions dérterminées.

It is said of beggars that they are never on their way, because they have no fixed abode. It is the same with those who argue without having any fixed ideas.

On fait souvent tort à la verité par la manière dont on se sert pour la défendre.

Injury is often done to the cause of truth by the manner in which it is defended.

On n'a jamais bon marché de mauvaise marchandise.

No one has a good market for bad merchandise.

On ne cherche point à prouver la lumiére.

There is no necessity for proving the existence of light.

On ne loué d'ordinaire que pour être loué.

Praise is generally given that it may be returned.

On ne méprise pas tous ceux qui ont des vices, mais on méprise tous ceux qui n'ont aucune vertu.

We do not despise all those who have vices ; but we despise those who are without any virtue.

On peut attirer les cœurs par les qualités qu'on montre, mais on ne les fixe que par celles qu'on a.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are fixed only by those which are real.

Oublier je ne puis.

I cannot forget.

Motto of Scotch Baron Colville.

Oui et non, sont bien courts à dire, mais avant que de les dire, il y faut penser longtemps.

Yes and no are very easily said, but before they are said it is necessary to think a long time.

On ne se blâme, que pour être loué.

Men only blame themselves for the purpose of being praised.

On n'est jamais si ridicule par les qualités que l'on a, que par celles que l'on affecte d'avoir.

Men are never so ridiculous from the qualities which really belong to them, as from those which they pretend to have.

On ne prend pas le lièvre au tambourin.

A hare is not caught with a drum.

On perd tout le temps qu'on peut mieux employer.

All that time is lost which might be better employed.

On prend le peuple par les oreilles, comme on fait un pot par les anses.

The people are taken by the ears as a pot is by the handles.

On touche toujours sur le cheval qui tire.

The horse that draws is most whipped.

P.

Pain tant qu'il dure, vin à mesure.

Eat at pleasure, drink by measure.

Par les mèmes voies on ne va pas toujours aux mêmes fins.

By the same means we do not always arrive at the same ends.

Parlez du loup et vous verrez sa queue.

Speak of the wolf, and you will see his tail.

Patience passe science.

Patience surpasses knowledge.

Motto of Viscount Falmouth.

Pauvres gens, je les plains, car on a pour les fous
Plus de pitié que de courroux.

Poor gentlemen, I pity them ; for one always entertains for fools more pity than anger.

Peu de bien, peu de soin.

Little wealth little care.

Peu de gens savent être vieux.

Few persons know how to be old.

Pense à bien.

Think for the best.

Motto of Viscount Wentworth.

Plus près est la chair que la chemise.

The skin fits closer than the shirt.

Pour bien désirer.

To desire good.

Motto of Lord Docre.

Pour connaître le prix de l'argent, il faut être oblige d'en emprunter.

To know the value of money, one must be obliged to borrow it.

Pour s'etablir dans le monde, on fait tout ce que l'on peut pour y paraître établi.

To establish himself in the world a man makes every effort to appear already established.

Pour y parvenir.

To attain the object.

Motto of the Duke of Rutland.

Précept commence, exemple achève.

Precept begins, example completes.

Prendre la lune avec les dents.

To seize the moon with one's teeth.

An effort to attain the impossible.

Prend moi tel que je suis.

Take me just as I am.

Motto of the Irish Viscount Loftus.

Prêt d'accomplir.
Ready to perform.
Motto of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Prêt pour mon pays.
Ready for my country.
Motto of Lord Monson.

Q.

Quand on ne trouve pas son repos en soi même, il est inutile de le chercher ailleurs.
When a man does not find repose in himself, it is vain for him to seek it elsewhere.

Querelle d'allemand.
A German quarrel.
A Quarrel without reason.

Qui a bruit de se lever matin, peut dormir jusqu'a diner.
He who has the reputation of rising early, may sleep till noon.

Qui aime Jean aime son chien.
Who loves John, loves his dog.
Love me, love my dog.

Qui compte sans son hôte, il lui convient compter deux fois.
He that reckons without his host, must reckon again.

Qui dit docteur, ne dit pas toujours un homme docte, mais un homme qui devrait être docte.
He who speaks of a doctor does not always speak of a learned man, but only of a man who ought to be learned.

Qui est plus esclave qu'un courtisan assidu, si ce n'est un courtisan plus assidu?
Who can be a greater slave than the assiduous courtier, if not the one who is still more assiduous?

Qui garde son diner il a mieux à souper.
He that saves his dinner will have more for his supper.

Qui n'a cœur, ait jambes.
Let him that has no heart have legs.

Qui n'a point de sens à trente ans, n' en aura jamais.
He who has not wisdom at the age of thirty will never have it.

Qui perd, pêche.
He who loses, sins.

Qui pense?
Who thinks?
Motto of the Irish Earl of Howth.

Qui premier arriver au moulin, premier doit moudre.
He who arrives first at the mill should first get his grist.
First come, first served.

Qui prête à l'ami perd au double.
He who lends his money to a friend, is sure to lose both.

Qui se couche avec les chiens, se lève avec des puces.
Who lies down with dogs, rises with fleas.

Qui trop se hâte en cheminant, en beau chemin se fourvoye souvent.
He that walks too hastily, often stumbles in plain way.

Qui veut prendre un oiseau, qu'il ne l'effarouche.
To frighten a bird is not the way to catch it.

Qui vin ne boit apres salade, est en danger d'être malade.
He that drinks not wine after salad is in danger of being sick.

R.

Revenons à nos moutons.
Let us return to the mutton.
Let us resume the subject.

Rien de plus estimable que la cerémonie.
Nothing is of more value than civility.

Rien n'empêche tant d'être naturel que l'envie de le paraître.
Nothing prevents a person from being natural so much as the desire of appearing such.

Rira bien, qui rira le dernier.
He laughs well who laughs last.

S.

Sans Dieu rien.
Without God, nothing.
Motto of Lord Petre.

Sans les femmes les deux extrémités de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisirs.
Without woman the two extremities of life would be without help and the middle of it without pleasure.

Selon le pain il faut le couteau.
According to the bread must be the knife.

Si ceux, qui sont enemis des divertissements honnêtes, avaient la direction du monde, ils voudraient ôter le printemps et la jeunesse—l'un de l'année et l'autre de la vie.
If those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away spring and youth—the former from the year, the latter from life.

Si le ciel tombait les cailles seraient prises.
If the sky falls we shall catch larks.

Si nous ne nous flattions pas nous-mêmes, la flatterie des autres ne nous pourrait nuire.

If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could do us no harm.

Si souhaits furent vrais, pastoreaux seraient rois.

If wishes were true, farmers would be kings.

Soyez ferme.

Be firm.

Motto of the Irish Earl of Carrick.

Suivez raison.

Follow reason.

Motto of the Irish Earl Altamont, Viscount Montague, and Lord Kilmaine.

T.

Tâche sans tache.

A work without a stain.

The Motto of the Scotch Earl of Northesk.

Tant souvent va le pot a l'eau que l'anse y demeure.

The pitcher doth not go so often to the water, but the handle is broken at last.

Tel en vous lisant, admire chaque trait,
Qui dans le fond de l'âme et vous craint et vous hait.

Such a one, on reading your work, admires every stroke, but from the bottom of his soul he fears and hates you.

Telle brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier.

A man may shine in the second rank, who would be eclipsed in the first.

Tel maître, tel valet.

As the master so the valet.

Like master, like man.

Tiens ta foy.

Keep thy faith.

Motto of Earl Bathurst.

Toujours prêt.

Always ready.

Motto of the Irish Marquis of Antrim and Earl Clanwilliam.

Toujours propice.

Always propitious.

Motto of the Irish Viscount Cremorne.

Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgré leur soins
Ne diffèrent entr'eux, que du plus ou du moins.

All men are fools, and in spite of every effort, they only differ in degree.

Tout bien ou rien.

The whole or nothing.

Motto of Earl Gainsborough.

Tout ce qui luit n'est pas or.

All is not gold that glitters.

Tout éloge imposteur blesse une âme sincère.

An honest man is hurt by praise unjustly bestowed.

Tout le monde se plaint de sa mémoire, et personne ne plaint de son jugment.

Every man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.

U.

Un averti en vaut deux.

A person warned is worth two.

Un barbier rase l'autre.

One barber shaves another.

A Roland for an Oliver.

Un clou pousse l'autre.

One nail drives out another.

Un enfant en ouvrant ses yeux doit voir la patrie, et jusqu'à la mort ne voir qu'elle.

The infant, on first opening his eyes, ought to see his country, and to the hour of his death never lose sight of it.

Un homme d'esprit serait souvent bien embarrassé sans la compagnie des sots.

A man of wit may be often much embarrassed without the company of fools.

Un homme toujours satisfait de lui-même, l'est peu souvent des autres, rarement on l'est de lui.

A man who is always well satisfied with himself, is seldom so with others, and others are as little pleased with him.

Un je servirai

One I will serve.

Motto of Earl Pembroke and Lord Porchester.

Un Roy, une foy, une loy.

One King, one faith, one law.

Motto of the Irish Marquis of Clanricarde.

Un sac perce ne peut tenir le grain.

A broken sack will hold no corn.

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.

A fool always finds a greater fool to admire him.

Un tout seul.

One alone.

Motto of the Irish Earl Verney.

V.

Ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles.
A starved belly has no ears.

Vérité sans peur.
Truth without fear.
Motto of Lord Middleton.

Vive la bagatelle.
Success to humbug.

Vivre ce n'est pas respirer, c'est agir.
Life does not consist in breathing, but in action.

Voir le dessous des cartes.
To see under the cards.
To understand the game.

Vous y perdrez vos pas.
You will there lose your steps.
You will have your trouble for nothing.

GERMAN.

A.

Abbitte ist die beste Busse.
Beg pardon is the best penitence.

Abends wird der Faule fleissig.
The lazy become industrious in the evening.

Adelig und edel sind zweierlei.
Nobility and nobleness are two different things.

Adel sitzt im Gemüthe, nicht im Geblüte.
Nobility lies in the mind, not in the blood.

Advocaten und Soldaten, sind des Teufels Spielkamraden.
Lawyers and soldiers are the devil's playmates.

"Aller Anfang ist schwer," sprach der Dieb, und stahl zuerst einen Amboss.
Every beginning is difficult, as said the thief, on stealing an anvil to commence with.

Alles wäre gut, wäre kein aber dabei.
Everything might be well, if there was no *but* added to it.

Allzu klug ist dumm.
Too wise is stupid.

Alte soll man ehren,
Junge soll man bekehren,
Weise soll man fragen,
Narren vertragen.
Honor the old, instruct the young, consult the wise, and bear with the foolish.

B.

Besser ohne Abendessen zu Bette gehen, als mit Schulden aufstehen.
Better go to bed without supper than rise with debts.

D.

Die Pfarrer bauen den Acker Gottes und die Aerzte den Gottesacker.
The parsons labor in God's vineyard, and the doctors in his churchyard.

E.

Ein Alter so ein jung Weib heirathet, ladet den Tod zu Gaste.
An old man who marries a young woman gives an invitation to death.

Eine Stunde nach zwölf, ist es eins, was man thut.
An hour after twelve, is just *one*, whatever you do.

F.

Freiheit is von Gott, Freiheiten von Teufel.
Liberty is from God, liberties from the devil.

G.

Geld regiert die Welt.
Money rules the world.

H.

Hut in der Hand, hilft durch's ganze Land.
With hat in hand, one gets on in the world.

J.

Jahre lehren mehr als Bücher.
Years teach more than books.

Ja und Nein, ist ein langer Streit.
Yes and no is a long dispute.

Jemand der nicht wird vor zwanzig Jahren schön, vor dreiszig stark, vor vierzig witzig, vor fünfzig reich, an dem ist Hopfen und Malz verloren.
He who does not become handsome before twenty years of age, strong before thirty, wise before forty, rich before fifty, on such a man hops and malt are lost.

K.

Kein warum ohne darum.
There is no *why* without a *because*.

M.

Mit den Alten soll man rathschlagen, und mit den Jungen fechten.
Consult with the old and fence with the young.

N.

Neuen Freunden und alten Häusern, ist nicht viel zu trauen.
Trust not too much in a new friend and an old house.

O.

Ohne Bruder kann man leben, nicht ohne Freund.
We can live without a brother, but not without a friend.

R.

Redet Geld, so schweigt die Welt.
Mention money, and the world is silent.

S.

Schönheit vergeht, Tugend besteht.
Beauty vanishes, virtue lasts.

Schwere Arbeit in der Jugend, ist sanfte Ruhe im Alter.
Heavy work in youth is sweet repose in old age.

Städte und Länder werden nie so sehr verwüstet als wenn man fremde Leute in den Rath zieht.
Towns and countries are never more ruined than when counsel is taken from foreigners.

T.

Trockner Husten ist des Todes Trompeter.
A dry cough is the trumpeter of death.

W.

Wer A sagt, muss auch B sagen.
Who says A, must also say B.

Wer nicht alt werden will, mag sich jung hängen lassen.
He who does not wish to become old, may hang himself when young.

Z.

Zwischen Freud und Leid, ist die Brücke nicht weit.
The bridge between joy and sorrow is not long.

ITALIAN.

A.

A cader va chi troppo alto sale.
Who climbs too high is sure to fall.

A chi consiglia, non duole il capo.
He who gives advice is not often with a headache.

Amor e signoria non vogliono compagnia.
Love and lordship like no fellowship.

Arricchiscon gli avvocati.
Foolish persons enrich the lawyers.

B.

Bacio di bocca spesso cuor non tocca.
A kiss of the lips does not always touch the heart.

Bella femina che ride, vuol dir, borsa che piange.
When a pretty woman laughs, it is certain that a purse complains.

Bisogna fa trottar la vecchia.
Need makes the old woman trot.

C.

Chi con l'occhio vede, col cuor crede.
He who sees with the eyes believes in his heart.

Chi ha la sanità è ricco e non lo sa.
He who has good health is rich though he may not know it.

Chi non sa niente, non dubita di niente.
He who knows nothing doubts nothing.

Chi per man d'altri s'imbocca tardi satolla.

He who relies upon another's table is apt to dine late.

Cosa ben fatta, è fatta due volte.

What is well done is done twice.

Cosa fatta capo ha.

A thing accomplished has a beginning.

D.

Di buona terra tò la vigna, di buon madre tò la figlia.

Take a vine of a good soil, and a daughter of a good mother.

Dono molto aspettato, è venduto non donato.

A gift long waited for is sold not given.

Due visi sotto una beretta.

Two faces under one cap.

E.

È cattivo vento che non è buono per qualcuno.

'Tis an ill wind that brings good to no one.

È meglio cader dalla finistra che dal tetto.

It is better to fall from the window than from the roof.

Of two evils choose the least.

È meglio esser mendicante che ignorante.

It is better to be a beggar than an ignoramus.

È meglio senza cibo restar che senz onore.

It is better to be without food than without honor.

L.

La povertà è la madre di tutte le arti.

Poverty is the mother of all the arts.

La speranza è il pan de' miseri.

Hope is the poor man's bread.

Lauda la moglie e tienti donzello.

Praise a wife, but remain a bachelor.

La verità è figlia del tempo.

Truth is the daughter of time.

M.

Meglio è dar la lana che la pecora.

It is better to give the wool than the sheep.

N.

Nè femina nè tela al lume di candela.

Choose neither women nor linen by the light of a candle.

Nè caldo nè gelo resta mai in cielo.

Neither winter nor summer rests always in the sky.

O.

Ogni debole ha sempre il suo tiranno.

Every weak man finds some one to tyrannize over him.

Onor di bocca assai giova e poco costa.

Pleasant words are valued and do not cost much.

P.

Per troppo dibatter la verità si perde.

In too much controversy the truth is lost.

Più vide un occhio del padron che quattro de' servitori.

The eye of the master sees more than four eyes of the servants.

Poca roba, poco pensiero.

Little wealth, little care.

S.

Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere.

Misfortune does not always come for our injury.

T.

Tanto buon che val niente.

So good that he is good for nothing.

Tre cose vuol il campo, buon tempo, buon seme e buon lavoratore.

A field hath three needs: good weather, good seed and a good husbandman.

Trista è quella casa dove le galline cantano e il gallo tace.

That is a sad house where the hen crows louder than the cock.

Troppo disputare la verità fa errare.

Too much dispute puts the truth to flight.

U.

Una scopa nuova spazza bene.

A new broom sweeps clean.

PORTUGUESE.

Abolza vazia, e a casa acabada faz o home sesudo mas tarde.

An empty purse, and a new house, make a man wise, but too late.

Auto da fé.

An act of faith. Formerly applied to the burning of heretics.

Mais barato he o comprado que o pedido.

What is bought is cheaper than a gift.

Si no va el otero a Mahoma, vaya Mahoma al otero.

If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, let Mahomet go to the mountain.

SPANISH.

A.

Aviendo prigonado vino, venden vinagre.

After praising the wine they sell us vinegar.

B.

Barato (Lo) es caro.

Cheaply bought, dear in the end.

Bien vengas mal, si vienes solo.

Welcome trouble, if thou comest alone.

C.

Cabello luengo y corto el seso.

Rich in hair and poor in brains.

Cada uno en su casa, y Dios en la de todas.

Every one in his own house, and God in all of them.

Cada uno sabe adonde la aprieta el zapato.

The wearer best knows where the shoe pinches him.

Conocidos muchos, amigos pocos.

Have many acquaintances, but few friends.

D.

Del dicho al hecho hay gran trecho.

Between saying and doing there is a great distance.

Del mal el menos.

Of evils choose the least.

De ruin paño nunca buen sayo.

From poor cloth you cannot make a good coat.

You cannot make a purse of a sow's ear.

E.

El consejo de la muger es poco, y el que no le toma es loco.

A woman's counsel is not much, but he that despises it is a fool.

El pie del dueño estiercol es para la heredad.

The foot of the owner is manure for his land.

L.

La gente pone, y Dios dispone.

Men propose God disposes.

La mano cuerda no hace, todo lo que dice la lengua loca.

The wise hand doeth not all the foolish tongue speaketh.

La mentira tiene las piernas cortas.

A lie has short legs.

La muger del ciego, para quien se afeita?

For whom does the blind man's wife ornament herself?

M.

Mas luye mala palabra, que espada afilada.

An evil word wounds more than a sharp sword.

Mas vale buen amigo que pariente primo.

A good friend is worth more than a near kinsman.

Mas vale puñado de natural, que almozada de sciencia.

A handful of common sense is worth more than a bushel of learning.

Mas vale el buen nombre que las muchas riquezas.

A good name is better than great riches.

Mas vale rodear que no ahogar.

Better go about than fall into the ditch.

Mas quero asno que me leve, que cavallo que me derrube.

Better ride on an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.

Mas ven quatro ojos que no dos.

Four eyes see more than two.

Mucho en el suelo, poco en el cielo.

Much on earth, little in heaven.

Muito sabe a zaposa, mas mais quien a toma.

The fox is knowing, but more so he that catches him.

N.

Ni firmes carta que no leas, ni bebas agua que no veas.

Never sign a paper you have not read, nor drink water you have not examined.

No hay cerradura si es de oro la ganzua.

There is no lock but a golden key will open.

No hay mejor espejo, que el amigo viejo.

The best mirror is an old friend.

No se acuerda la suegra, que fue nuera.

The mother-in-law does not remember she was once a daughter-in-law.

O.

Ojos que no ven, corazon no quebrantan.

Eyes that see not do not break the heart.

Olla que mucho yerve, sabor perde.

Too many bitter herbs spoil the stew.

A hasty man never lacks trouble.

P.

Palabras y plumas el viento las lleva.

Words and feathers are tossed by the wind.

Pereza llave de pobreza.

Sloth is the key to poverty.

Poca barba, poca vergüenza.

Little beard, little shame.

Preso por uno, preso por ciento.

In for a penny, in for a pound.

Q.

Quando amigo pide no hay mañana.

When a friend asks, there is no to-morrow.

Quando la mala ventura si duerme, nadie la despierte.

When ill-luck falls asleep, let nobody wake her.

Quien ara, y cria, oro hila,

He that ploughs and thrives, spins gold.

Quien come y condesa dos veces pone la mesa.

He that eats and saves sets the table twice.

A penny saved is a penny earned.

Quien el diablo hà de engañar, de mañana se ha de levantar.

He that will deceive the devil must rise betimes.

Quien la fama ha perdida muerto anda en vida.

He that hath an ill name, is half hanged.

Quien quiere ruido, compre un cochino.

He that loves noise must buy a pig.

Quien solo come su gallo, solo ensille su cavallo.

Who eats his dinner alone, must saddle his horse alone.

Quien tiene tienda, que atienda.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

R.

Remuda de pasturaje hace bicerros gordos.

A change of pasturage makes fat calves.

Ruin señor cria ruin servidor.

A bad master makes a bad servant.

Like master like man.

S.

Si quieres hembra, escoge la el Sabado, y no el Domingo.

If thou desirest a wife, choose her on Saturday, but not on Sunday.

Si quieres vivir sano, hazte viejo temprano.

If thou wouldst be healthful make thyself old betimes.

Si teneis la cabeza de vidro, no os tomeis à pedradas co-migo.

If you have a glass head you must not throw stones at another.

He that lives in a glass house must not throw stones.

Sobre melon, vino fellon.

After melon, wine is a felon.

Sufre por saber, y trabaja por tener.

Suffer that you may be wise, and labor that you may have.

V.

Vendran por lana y volverán transquilados.

Many go out for wool and come back shorn.

Vida sin amigo, muerte sin testigo.

Life without a friend is death without a witness.

LATIN LAW TERMS AND PHRASES.

A.

Ab initio.
From the beginning.

Ab irato (testamentum).
(A will) made in anger.

Absolutio ab instatio.
Momentary acquittal.

Absolutio plenaria.
Full acquittal.

Accedas ad curiam.
Approach the court.

Accessorium sequitur suum principale.
Accessory matters follow the principal.

Accusare nemo se debet nisi coram Deo.
No man is bound to accuse himself except before God.

Ac etiam.
And also: (a plea of debt).

Acta exteriora indicant interiora secreta.
Outward acts indicate the inner secrets.

Actio personalis moritur cum persona.
A personal action dies with the person.

Actore non probante reus absolvitur.
When the plaintiff does not prove his case, the defendant is absolved.

Actor qui contra regulam quid adduxit, non est audiendus.
He ought not to be heard who advances a proposition contrary to the rules of law.

Actum ut supra.
Done on the above date (or date).

Actus Dei nemini facit injuriam.
The act of God injures no one.

Actus legis nulli facit injuriam.
The act of the law injures no one.

Actus me invito factus, non est meus actus.
An act done against my will is not my act.

Actus meræ facultatis.
A cause not lost by limitation.

Actus non facit reum nisi mens sit rea.
The act does not make a man guilty unless the mind condemns him.

Ademtio civitatis.
Deprivation of civil rights.

Ad quæstionem juris respondeant judices ad quæstionem facti respondeant juratores.
Let the judges answer to the question of law, and the jurors to the matter of fact.

Ad quod damnum?
To what damage?

Adventitia bona.
Additional (other than inherited) property.

Æquitas sequitur legem.
Equity follows the law.

Æquum et bonum est lex legum.
What is good and equal is the law of laws.

Æstimatio præteriti delicti ex postremo facto nunquam crescit.
The estimation of a crime committed never increases from a subsequent fact.

A facto ad jus non datur consequentia.
The inference from the fact to the law is not allowed.

Affirmanti, non neganti incumbit probatio.
The proof lies upon him who affirms, not on him who denies.

Aliquis non debet esse judex in propriâ causâ,
No man should be judge in his own case.

Aliud est celare, aliud tacere.
To conceal is one thing, to be silent another.

Ambitiosum decretum.
A partial decree.

A mensâ et toro.
From bed and board.

Aucupia verborum sunt judice indigna.
Quibbling is unworthy of a judge.

Animus furandi.
The intention of stealing.

Apices juris non sunt jura.
Points of law are not laws.

Aquâ et igne interdictus.
One forbidden the use of water and fire.

Argumentum ab aucoritate est fortissimum in lege.
An argument drawn from authority is the strongest in law.

As assis.
The whole of the whole.
(The whole undivided inheritance.)

Assumpsit.
He assumed the payment.

Audita querela.
The complaint being heard.

A verbis legis non est recedendum.
There is no departing from the words of the law.

B.

Boni judicis est causas litium deremere.
It is the duty of a good judge to remove the cause of litigation.

Bonum necessarium extra terminos necessitatis non est bonum.
Necessary good is not good beyond the bounds of necessity.

C.

Cadit quæstio.
The question falls: (there is no further discussion).

Capias ad respondendum.
Take to answer.

Causa proxima, non remota spectatur.
The immediate, and not the remote cause, is to be considered.

Caveat actor.
Let the doer beware.

Caveat emptor.
Let the buyer beware.

Certiorari.
To make more certain.

Citra consequentiam.
Without anything to follow.

Clausula quæ abrogationem excludit ab initio non valet.
A clause in a law which precludes its abrogation, is invalid from the beginning.

Cognovit actionem.
He has acknowledged the action.

Commodum ex injuriâ suâ non habere debet.
No man ought to derive any benefit from his own wrong.

Compos mentis.
Sound in mind.

Confessio facta in judicio omni probatione major est.
A confession made in court is of greater effect than any proof.

Consensus facit legem.
Consent makes law.

Consequentiæ non est consequentia.
A consequence ought not to be drawn from another consequence.

Consilii, non fraudulenti, nulla est obligatio.
Advice, unless fraudulent, does not create an obligation.

Constructio contra rationem introducta, potius usurpatio quam consuetudo appellari debet.
A custom introduced against reason ought rather to be called a usurpation than a custom.

Consuetudo est altera lex.
Custom is another law.

Consuetudo manerii et loci est observanda.
The custom of the manor and the place must be observed.

Consuetudo pro lege servatur.
Custom is held to be as law.

Consuetudo volentis ducit, lex nolentes trahit.
Custom leads the willing, law compels or draws the unwilling.

Conventio privatorum non potest publico juri derogare.
An agreement between individuals cannot set aside the public law.

Capias ad satisfaciendum.
Take to satisfy.

Corpus delicti.
The body (foundation) of the offense.

Cui licet, quod majus, non debet quod minus est non licere.
He to whom the greater thing is lawful has certainly a right to do the lesser thing.

Cujus est commodum, ejus debet esse incommodum.

He who receives the benefit should also bear the disadvantage.

Cujus est dare ejus est disponere.

He who has a right to give has the right to dispose of the gift.

Cujus est divisio, alterius est electio.

Whichever of two parties has the division, the other has the choice.

Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum.

He who owns the soil, owns up to the sky.

Cujus per errorem dati repetitio est, ejus consulto dati donatio est.

He who gives by mistake what he does not owe may recover it, but he who gives knowing he owes nothing, is presumed to give.

Cujusque rei potissima pars principium est.

The principal part of everything is the beginning.

Culpa est immiscere se rei ad se non pertinenti.

It is a fault to meddle with what does not concern you.

Culpa lata æquiparatur dolo.

A concealed fault is equal to a deceit.

Culpa pœnâ par esto.

Let the punishment be proportioned to the crime.

Culpa tenet suos auctores.

A fault finds its own authors.

Cum adsunt testimonia rerum quid opus est verbis?

When the proofs are present, what need is there of words?

Cum confitente sponte mitius est agendum.

One making a voluntary confession is to be dealt with more mercifully.

Cum duo inter se pugnatia reperiuntur in testamento ultimum ratum est.

When two things repugnant to each other are found in a will, the last is to be confirmed.

D.

Debita sequuntur personam debitoris.

Debts follow the person of the debtor.

Debito justitiæ.

By debt of justice: (a claim justly established).

Deductis deducendis.

After proving what was to be proved.

De facto.

According to the fact.

De fide et officio judicis non recipitur quæstio.

No question can be entertained respecting the good intention and duty of the judge.

De jure.

According to the law.

De jure judices, de facto juratores, respondent.

The judges answer as to the law, the jury as to the facts.

Delegata potestas non potest delegari.

A delegated authority cannot be again delegated.

Delegatus non potest delegare.

A delegate (or deputy) cannot appoint another.

Deminutio capitis.

Civil death.

De morte hominis nulla est cunctatio longa.

When the death of a human being may be the consequence, no delay that is afforded is long.

De vitâ hominis nulla cunctatio longa est.

When the life of a man is at stake, no delay that is afforded can be too long.

Dies dominicus non est juridicus.

Sunday is not a day in law.

Dilationes in lege sunt odiosæ.

Delays in law are odious.

Divinatio non interpretatio est, quæ omnino recedit a litera.

It is a guess not an interpretation which altogether departs from the letter.

Dominium a possessione cœpisse dicitur.

Dominion (the right of domain) is said to have its beginning in possession.

Domus sua cuique est tutissimum refugium.

Every man's house is his safest refuge.

Donatio perficitur possessione accipientis.

A gift is rendered complete by the possession of the receiver.

Donator nunquam desinit possidere antequam donatarius incipiat possidere.

The giver never ceases to possess until the receiver begins to possess.

Dormitur aliquando jus, moritur nunquam.

A right sometimes sleeps, but never dies.

Dormiunt aliquando leges, nunquam moriuntur.

The laws sometimes sleep, but never die.

Duo non possunt in solido unam rem possidere.

Two cannot possess one thing each in entirety.

E.

Ea est accipienda interpretatio, quæ vitio caret.

That interpretation is to be received, which will not intend a wrong.

Ei incumbit probatio qui dicit, non qui negat.

The burden of the proof lies upon him who affirms, not on him who denies.

Ei nihil turpe, cui nihil satis.

To whom nothing is sufficient nothing is base.

Ejus est periculum cujus est dominium aut commodum.

He who has the risk has the dominion or advantage.

Elegit.

He has chosen.

Error fucatus, nudâ veritate in multis est probabilior; et sæpenumero rationibus vincit veritatem error.

Error artfully colored is in many things more probable than naked truth; and frequently conquers truth by much reasoning.

Ex abusâ non arguitur ad usum.

From the abuse of a thing no argument can be drawn against its use.

Ex antecedentibus et consequentibus fit optima interpretatio.

The best interpretation is made from antecedents and consequents.

Exceptio falsi omnium ultima.

A false plea is the basest of all things.

Exceptio firmat regulam in casibus non exceptis.

The exception affirms the rule in cases not excepted.

Exceptio firmat regulam in contrarium.

The exception confirms the rule in contrary cases.

Exceptio probat regulam.

The exception proves the rule.

Exceptio semper ultima ponenda est.

An exception is always to be put last.

Ex facto jus oritur.

The law arises from the fact.

Expressio unius est exclusio alterius.

The naming of one man is the exclusion of the other.

Expressum facit cessare tacitum.

A matter expressed, causes that to cease which otherwise would have been implied.

Ex turpi causa non oritur actio.

No action arises out of an immoral consideration.

F.

Facta sunt potentiora verbis.

Facts are more powerful than words.

Factum a judice quod ad ejus officium non spectat, non ratum est.

An act of a judge which does not relate to his office, is of no force.

Factum negantis nulla probatio.

Negative facts are not proof.

Falsa orthographia, sive falsa grammatica, non vitiat concessionem.

False spelling or false grammar does not vitiate a grant.

Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.

False in one thing, false in everything.

Fatetur facinus is qui judicium fugit.

He confesses his crime who flies from judgment.

Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.

Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall.

Fiat proüt fieri censuerit, nil temere novandum.

Let it be done as formerly, let nothing be done rashly.

Fieri facias.

Cause it to be done.

Finis finem litibus imponit.

The end puts an end to litigation.

Finis unius diei est principium alterius.

The end of one day is the beginning of another.

Firmior et potentior est operatio legis quam dispositio hominis.

The disposition of law is firmer and more powerful than the will of man.

Fortior et potentior est dispositio legis quam hominis.

The disposition of the law is of greater force and potency than the disposition of man.

Fraus est celare fraudem.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

Frustrà feruntur legis nisi subditis et obedientibus.

Laws are made to no purpose unless for those who are subject and obedient.

Furiosus furore suo punitur.

A madman is punished by his own madness.

Furtum non est ubi initium habet detentionis per dominum rei.

It is not theft where the commencement of the detention arises through the owner of the thing.

G.

Generale nihil certum implicat.

A general expression implies nothing certain.

Generalia sunt præponenda singularibus.

General things are to be put before particular things.

H.

Habeas corpus ad prosequendum.

Bring the body for prosecution.

Habeas corpus ad respondendum.

Bring the body to answer.

Habeas corpus ad satisfaciendum.

Bring the body to satisfy.

Habere facias possessionem.

You shall cause to take possession.

Hæredem Deus facit, non homo.

God and not man, makes the heir.

Hæres hæredis mei est meus hæres.

The heir of my heir is my heir.

I.

Id certum est quod certum reddi potest.

That is certain which may be rendered certain.

Idem non esse et non apparere.

It is the same thing not to exist and not to appear.

Ignorantia excusatur, non juris sed facti.

Ignorance of fact may excuse, but not ignorance of law.

Incerta pro nullius habentur.

Things uncertain are held for nothing.

In civil est nisi tota sententia inspectu, de aliqua parte judicare.

It is improper to pass an opinion on any part of a sentence, without examining the whole.

Inclusio unius est exclusio alterius.

The name of one being included supposes an exclusion of the other.

In conventibus contrahentium voluntatem potius quam verba spectari placuit.

In the agreement of the contracting parties, the rule is to regard the intention rather than the words.

In criminalibus, probationes debent esse luce clariores.

In criminal cases, the proofs ought to be clearer than the light.

In criminalibus, probationes debent esse luce clariores.

In criminal cases, the proofs ought to be clearer than the light.

Index animi sermo.

Speech is the index of the mind.

In dubio, hæc legis constructio quam verba ostendunt.

In a doubtful case, that is the construction of the law which the words indicate.

Injuria fit ei cui convicium dictum est, vel de quo factum carmen famosum.

It is a slander of him of whom a reproachful thing is said, or concerning whom an infamous song is made.

Injuria non præsumitur.

A wrong is not presumed.

In maleficio ratihabitio mandato comparatur.

He who ratifies a bad action is considered as having ordered it.

In obscuris, quod minimum est, sequitur.

In obscure cases, the milder course ought to be pursued.

In omnibus fere minori ætati succurritur.

In all cases relief is afforded to persons under age.

In omnibus quidem, maxime tamen in jure, æquitas est.

In all things, but particularly in the law, there is equity.

In pari causa possessor potior haberi debet.

When two parties have equal rights, the advantage is always in favor of the possessor.

In propriâ causâ nemo judex.

No one can be judged in his own cause.

Intentio mea imponit nomen operi meo.

My intent gives a name to my act.

Invito beneficium non datur.

No one is obliged to accept a benefit against his consent.

Ipsæ legis cupiunt ut jure regantur.

The laws themselves require that they should be governed by right.

J.

Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.

The judge is condemned when the guilty are acquitted.

Judex est lex loquens.

The judge is the speaking law.

Judex non potest esse testis in propriâ causâ.

A judge cannot be a witness in his own cause.

Judex non potest injuriam sibi datum punire.

A judge cannot punish a wrong done to himself.

Judicandum est legibus non exemplis.

The judgment must be pronounced from law, not from precedent.

Judici satis pœna est quod Deum habet ultorem.

It is punishment enough for a judge that he is responsible to God.

Jus ex injuria non oritur.

A right cannot arise from a wrong.

Jus publicum privatorum pactis mutari non potest.

A public right cannot be changed by private agreement.

Justitia est virtus excellens et Altissimo complacens.

Justice is an excellent virtue, and pleasing to the Most High.

Justitia non est neganda non differenda.

Justice is not to be denied nor delayed.

Justitia non novit patrem nec matrem, solum veritatem spectat justitia.

Justice knows neither father nor mother; justice looks to truth alone.

L.

Legis constructio non facit injuriam.

The interpretative construction of the law wrongs no person.

Lex citius tolerare vult privatum damnum quam publicum malum.

The law would rather tolerate a private wrong than a public evil.

Lex de futuro, judex de præterito.

The law provides for the future, the judge for the past.

Lex est ab æterno.

The law is from everlasting.

Lex est ratio summa, quæ jubet quæ sunt utilia et necessaria, et contraria prohibet.

Law is the perfection of reason, which commands what is useful and necessary and forbids the contrary.

Lex neminem cogit ad impossibilia.

The law compels no man (to perform) impossibilities.

Lex nemini operatur iniquum, nemini facit injuriam.

The law never works an injury to any one or does him a wrong.

Lex non cogit ad impossibilia.

The law forces not to impossibilities.

Lex non intendit aliquid impossibile.

The law intends not anything impossible.

Lex prospicit, non respicit.

The law looks forward, not backward.

Lex semper dabit remedium.

The law always gives a remedy.

Lex spectat naturæ ordinem.

The law regards the order of nature.

Lex succurit ignoranti.

The law succors the ignorant.

Luat in corpore, qui non habet in ære.

Who cannot pay with money, must pay with his body.

Lubricum linguæ non facile in pœnam est trahendum.

A slip of the tongue is not easily punishable.

M.

Magna negligentia culpa est, magna culpa dolus est.

Gross negligence is a fault, gross fault is a fraud.

Majus est delictum seipsum occidere quam alium.

It is a greater crime to kill one's self than another.

Mala grammatica non vitiat chartam.

Bad grammar does not vitiate the deed.

Malum quo communius eo pejus.

The more common the evil, the worse.

Manifesta probatione non indigent.

Manifest things require no proof.

Maxime ita dicta quia maxima ejus dignitas et certissima auctoritas, atque quod maximè omnibus probetur.

A maxim is so called because its dignity is chiefest, and its authority the most certain, and because universally approved by all.

Melior est justitia vere prævenienS quam severe puniens.

That justice which justly prevents a crime, is better than that which severely punishes it.

Mercis appellatio ad res mobiles tantum pertinet.

The term merchandise belongs to movable things only.

Merx est quidquid vendi potest.

Merchandise is whatever can be sold.

Minor minorem custodire non debet, alios enim præsumitur male regere qui seipsum regere nescit.

A minor ought not to be guardian of a minor, for he is unfit to govern others who does not know how to govern himself.

Molliter manus imposuit.

He gently laid hands.

Mos pro lege.

Custom for law.

Multiplicatâ transgressione crescat pœnæ inflictio.

The increase of punishment should be in proportion to the increase of crime.

Multitudo errantium non parit errori patrocinium.

The multitude of those who err is no excuse for error.

Multitudo imperitorum perdit curiam.

A multitude of ignorant practitioners destroys a court.

Mutatâ formâ interimitur prope substantia rei.

The form being changed, the substance of the thing is destroyed.

Mutatis mutandis.

The necessary changes being made.

N.

Necessarium est quod non potest aliter se habere.

That is necessity which cannot be dispensed with.

Necessitas est lex temporis et loci.

Necessity is the law of a particular time and place.

Necessitas excusat aut extenuat delictum in capitalibus, quod non operatur idem in civilibus.

Necessity excuses or extenuates delinquency in capital cases, but not in civil.

Necessitas facit licitum quod alias non est licitum.

Necessity makes that lawful which otherwise is unlawful.

Necessitas non habet legem.

Necessity has no law.

Necessitas publica major est quam privata.

Public necessity is greater than private.

Necessitas vincit legem.

Necessity overcomes the law.

Negatio conclusionis est error in lege.

The negative of a conclusion is error in law.

Negatio destruit negationem, et ambæ faciunt affirmativum.

A negative destroys a negative, and both make an affirmative.

Nemo admittendus est inhabilitare seipsum.

No one is allowed to incapacitate himself.

Nemo allegans suam turpitudinem audiendus est.

No man alleging his own crime is to be heard.

Nemo bis punitur pro eodem delicto.

No one can be punished twice for the same crime or misdemeanor.

Nemo contra factum suum venire potest.

No man can contradict his own deed.

Nemo damnum facit, nisi qui id fecit quod facere jus non habet.

No one is considered as committing damages, unless he is doing what he has no right to do.

Nemo dat qui non habet.

No one can give who does not possess.

Nemo debet immiscere se rei alienæ ad se nihil pertenenti.

No one should interfere in what no way concerns him.

Nemo ex alterius facto prægravari debet.

No man ought to be burdened in consequence of another's act.

Nemo ex consilio obligatur.

No man is bound by the advice he gives.

Nemo inauditus condemnari debet, si non sit contumax.

No man ought to be condemned unheard, unless he be contumacious.

Nemo plus juris ad alienum transfere potest quam ipse habent.

One cannot transfer to another a greater right than he has himself.

Nemo potest sibi debere.

No one can owe to himself.

Nemo præsumitur ludere in extremis.

No one is presumed to trifle at the point of death.

Nemo præsumitur malus.
No one is presumed to be bad.

Nemo prohibetur plures negotiationes sive artes exercere.
No one is restrained from exercising several kinds of business or arts.

Nemo punitur pro alieno delicto.
No one is to be punished for the crime or wrong of another.

Nemo, qui condemnare potest, absolvere non potest.
He who may condemn may acquit.

Nemo tenetur armare adversarum contra se.
No one is bound to arm his adversary.

Nemo tenetur divinare.
No one is bound to foretell.

Nemo tenetur informare qui nescit, sed quisquis scire quod informat.
No one is bound to inform about a thing he knows not, but he who gives information is bound to know what he says.

Nemo tenetur seipsum infortunis et periculis exponere.
No one is bound to expose himself to misfortunes and dangers.

Nihil facit error nominis cum de corpore constat.
An error in the name is nothing when there is certainty as to the person.

Nihil habet forum ex scenâ.
The court has nothing to do with what is not before it.

Nihil in lege intolerabilius est, eandem rem diverso jure censeri.
Nothing in law is more intolerable than to apply the law differently to the same cases.

Nihil perfectum est dum aliquid restat agendum.
Nothing is perfect while something remains to be done.

Nihil possumus contra veritatem.
We can do nothing against truth.

Nihil potest rex quam quod de jure potest.
The king can do nothing but what he can do by law.

Nihil simul inventum est et perfectum.
Nothing is invented and perfected at the same moment.

Nihil tam naturale est, quàm eo genere quidque dissolvere, quo colligatum est.
It is very natural that an obligation should not be dissolved but by the same principles which were observed in contracting it.

Nil debet.
He owes nothing.

Nolle prosequi.
To be unwilling to proceed.

Non assumpsit.
He has not promised.

Non decipitur qui scit se decipi.
He is not deceived who knows himself to be deceived.

Non effecit affectus nisi sequatur effectus.
The intention amounts to nothing unless some effect follows.

Non est arctius vinculum inter homines quam jusjurandum.
There is no stronger link among men than an oath.

Non est regula quin fallat.
There is no rule but what may fail.

Non faciat malum, ut inde veniat bonum.
You are not to do evil that good may come of it.

Non in legendo sed in intelligendo leges consistunt.
The laws consist not in being read, but in being understood.

Non liquet.
It is not clear.

Non quod dictum est, sed quod factum est, inspicitur.
Not what is said, but what is done, is to be regarded.

Non refert an quis assensum suum præfert verbis, an rebus ipsis et factis.
It is immaterial whether a man gives his assent by words or by acts and deeds.

Non videntur qui errant consentire.
He who errs is not considered as consenting.

Novum judicium non dat novum jus, sed declarat antiquum.
A new judgment does not make a new law, but declares the old.

Nulla impossibilia aut inhonesta sunt præsumenda.
Impossibilities and dishonesty are not to be presumed.

Nullum iniquum præsumendum in jure.
Nothing unjust is presumed in law.

Nullum tempus occurrit regi.
Time matters not to the king.

Nullus commodum capere potest de injuriâ suâ propriâ.

No man can take advantage of his own wrong.

O.

Obiter dictum.

Said by the way (or in passing).

Obitus jurium.

Loss of claim by litigation.

Omne actum ab intentione agentis est judicandum.

Every act is to be estimated by the intention of the doer.

Omne crimen ebrietas et incendit et detegit.

Drunkenness inflames and produces every crime.

Omne sacramentum debet esse de certa scientiâ.

Every oath ought to be founded on certain knowledge.

Omnia delicta in aperto leviora sunt.

All crimes committed openly are considered lighter.

Omnia pœna corporalis, quamvis minima, major est omni pœna pecuniariâ quamvis maximâ.

The smallest corporal punishment falls with more weight than the largest pecuniary punishment.

Omnia præsumuntur contra spoliatorem.

All things are presumed against a wrong doer.

Omnia præsumuntur legitime facta donec probetur in contrarium.

All things are presumed to be done legitimately, until the contrary is proved.

Optimam esse legem, quæ minimum relinquit arbitrio judicis; id quod certitudo ejus præstat.

That law is the best which leaves the least discretion to the judge; and this is an advantage which results from certainty.

Optimus judex, qui minimum sibi.

He is the best judge who relies as little as possible on his own discretion.

Optimus legum interpres consuetudo.

Custom is the best interpreter of laws.

P.

Par in parem imperium non habet.

An equal has no power over an equal.

Parum proficit scire quid fieri debet si non cognoscas quomodo sit facturum.

It avails little to know what ought to be done, if you do not know how it is to be done.

Patria potestas in pietate debet, non in atrocitate consistere.

Paternal power should consist in affection, not atrocity.

Peccata contra naturam sunt gravissima.

Offences against nature are the heaviest.

Per rerum naturam factum negantis nulla probatio est.

It is in the nature of things that he who denies a fact is not bound to prove it.

Plures cohæredes sunt quasi unum corpus, propter unitatem juris quod habent.

Several co-heirs are as one body, by reason of the unity of right which they possess.

Plures participes sunt quasi unum corpus, in eo quod unum jus habent.

Several partners are as one body, by reason of the unity of their rights.

Plus peccat auctor quam actor.

The instigator of a crime is worse than he who perpetrates it.

Plus valet unus oculatus testis, quam aurili decem.

One eye witness is better than ten ear listeners.

Pœna ad paucos, metus ad omnes.

The punishment of a few causes fear to all.

Potior est conditio defendentis.

Better is the condition of the defendant than that of the plaintiff.

Præstat cautela quam medela.

Prevention is better than cure.

Prætextu liciti non debet admitti illicitum.

Under pretext of legality, what is illegal ought not to be admitted.

Principium est potissima pars cujusque rei.

The principle of a thing is its most powerful part.

Privatum commodum publico cedit.

Private yields to public good.

Privatum incommodum publica bono pensatur.

Private inconvenience is made up for by public benefit.

Prohibetur ne quis faciat in suo quod nocere possit in alieno.

It is forbidden a man to do in his own (property) that which may injure another's.

Protectio trahit subjectionem, et subjectio protectionem,

Protection implies allegiance, and allegiance protection.

Proximus sum egomet mihi.

I am always nearest to myself.

Q.

Quæ ad unum finem loquuta sunt; non debent ad alium detorqueri.

Words spoken to one end, ought not to be perverted to another.

Quæ mala sunt inchoata in principio vix bono peragrentur exitu.

Things bad in the commencement seldom end well.

Quæ non valeant singula, juncta juvant.

Things which do not avail single, when united have an effect.

Quærere dat sapere quæ sunt legitima vere.

To inquire into them, is the way to know what things are really true.

Quæstio fit de legibus non de personis.

The question refers to the laws, and not to persons.

Quando aliquid prohibetur, prohibetur et omne per quod devenitur ad illud.

When anything is forbidden, whatever tends to it is also forbidden.

Quando lex aliquid alicui concedit, concedere videtur id sine quo res ipsa esse non potest.

When the law concedes anything, it concedes that without which the thing itself could not exist.

Qui bene distinguit, bene docet.

He who distinguishes well, learns well.

Qui facit per alium, facit per se.

What a man does by another, he does as of himself.

Qui melius probat, melius habet.

He who proves most, recovers most.

Qui molitur insidias in patriam, id facit quod insanus nauta perforans navem in quâ vehitur.

He who betrays his country, is like the insane sailor who bores a hole in the ship which carries him.

Qui non libere veritatem pronunciat, proditor est veritatis.

He who does not willingly speak the truth, is a betrayer of the truth.

Qui non obstat quod obstare potest, facere videtur.

He who does not prevent what he can, seems to commit the act.

Qui non prohibet quod prohibere potest, assentire videtur.

He who does not forbid what he can forbid, seems to assent.

Qui non propulsat injuriam quando potest, infert.

He who does not repel a wrong when he can, induces it.

Qui parcit nocentibus, innocentibus punit.

He who spares the guilty, punishes the innocent.

Qui per alium facit per seipsum facere videtur.

He who does anything through another, is considered as doing it himself.

Qui prior est tempore, potior est jure.

Who is first in time is strongest in law.

Qui primum peccat ille facit rixam.

He who first offends causes the strife.

Qui rationem in omnibus quærunt, rationem subvertunt.

He who seeks a reason for everything, subverts reason.

Qui semel actionem renunciaverit, amplius repetere non potest.

He who renounces his action once, cannot any more repeat it.

Qui tam.

An action in the nature of an information on a penal statute.

Qui tardius solvit, minus solvit.

He who pays tardily, pays less than he ought.

Quod ab initio non valet, tractu temporis convalescere non potest.

What has no force in the beginning, can gain no strength from the lapse of time.

Quod ad jus naturale attinet, omnes homines æquales sunt.

All men are equal before the natural law.

Quod alias bonum et justum est, si per vim aut fraudem petatur, malum et injustum est.

What otherwise is good and just, if it be sought by fraud or violence, becomes evil and unjust.

Quod dubitas, ne feceris.

When you doubt, do not act.

Quod est inconveniens et contra rationem non est permissum in lege.

Whatever is improper and contrary to reason is not permitted in the law.

Quod meum est sine me auferri non potest.

What is mine cannot be taken without my consent.

Quod pro minore licitum est, et pro majore licitum est.

What is lawful in the less, is lawful in the greater.

Quo warranto?
By what warrant?

R.

Ratio est radius divini luminis.
Reason is a ray of divine light.

Ratio et auctoritas duo clarissima mundi lumina.
Reason and authority are the two brightest lights in the world.

Retraxit.
He has recalled or revoked.

Reus læsæ majestatis punitur, ut pereat unus ne percant omnes.
A traitor is punished, that one may perish rather than all.

Rex datur propter regnum, non regnum propter regem.
The king is given for the kingdom, not the kingdom for the king.

S.

Sæpe viatorem nova non vetus orbita fallit.
Often it is the new road, not the old one, which deceives the traveller.

Salus ubi multi consiliarii.
In many counsellors there is safety.

Scandalum magnatum.
The name given to a statute of Richard II, by which punishment is to be inflicted for any scandal or wrong offered to, or uttered against a noble personage.

Scientia sciolorum est mixta ignorantia.
The knowledge of smatterers is mixed ignorance.

Scribere est agere.
To write is to act.

Secundum formam statuti.
According to the form of the statute.

Semel malus semper præsumitur esse malus.
He who is once bad is presumed always to be so.

Separatio quoad vinculum.
A total separation or divorce.

Sermo index animi.
Speech is an index of the mind.

Si a jure discedas vagus eris, et erunt omnia omnibus incerta.
If you depart from the law, you will wander without a guide, and everything will be in a state of uncertainty to everyone.

Sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas.
Use your property so as not to injure another's.

Si judicas, cognosce.
If you judge, understand.

Si meliores sunt quos ducit amor, plures sunt quos corrigit timor.
If many are better led by love, more are corrected by fear.

Solo cedit quod solo implantatur.
What is planted in the soil belongs to the soil.

Solvit ad diem.
He paid it to the day.

Solvuntur tabulæ.
The bills are discharged.

Spoliatus debet ante omnia restitui.
Spoil ought to be restored before anything else.

Stare decisis et non quieta movere.
To stand by things decided, and not to disturb those which are tranquil.

Substantia prior et dignior est accidente.
The substance should be considered as prior to the accidental, and of more weight.

T.

Tacita quædam habentur pro expressis.
Things silent are sometimes considered as expressed.

Tantum bona valent, quantum vendi possunt.
Things are worth what they will sell for.

Terminus annorum certus debet esse et determinatus.
A term of years ought to be certain and determinate.

Testibus deponentibus in pari numero dignioribus est credendum.
When the number of witnesses is equal on both sides, the more worthy they are to be believed.

Testis de visu præponderat aliis.
An eye witness outweighs others.

U.

Ubi jus, ibi remedium.
Where there is a right, there is a remedy.

Ubi jus incertum, ibi jus nullum.
Where the law is uncertain, there is no law.

Ubi major pars est, ibi est totum.
Where the greater part is, there by law is the whole.

Ubi non est condendi auctoritas, ibi non est parendi necessitas.
Where there is no authority to enforce, there is no authority to obey.

Ultra posse nemo obligatur.

No one is obliged (to do anything) beyond his power.

V.

Venire facias.

You shall cause to come.

Verba dicta de personâ, intelligi debent de conditione personæ.

Words spoken of the person are to be understood of the condition of the person.

Verba ita sunt intelligenda. ut res magis valeat quam pereat.

Words are to be so understood that the subject matter may be preserved rather than destroyed.

Veritas nihil veretur nisi abscondi.

Truth is afraid of nothing but concealment.

Vetustas pro lege semper habetur.

Ancient custom is always held as a law.

Vigilantibus non dormientibus æquitas subvenit.

Equity aids the vigilant, not the slothful.

Volenti non fit injuria.

An injury cannot be done to a willing person.

Voluntas reputabatur, pro facto.

The will is to be taken for the deed.

Voluntas testatoris ambulatoria est usque ad mortem.

The will of a testator is ambulatory until his death, (that is, he may change it at any time).

ECCLESIASTICAL TERMS AND DEFINITIONS.

CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

AGATHON. The mass as the only continuing good bestowed on mortals.

AGNUS DEI. "The Lamb of God." The name given to a cake of wax stamped with the figure of a lamb bearing the banner of the cross which is supposed to possess great virtue, being consecrated by the pope, with great solemnity. These cakes are distributed to the people who cover themselves with a piece of stuff the shape of a heart and carry them devoutly in their processions.

AISE. A linen napkin used for covering the chalice.

ALB. Lat. *Albus*. The second vestment worn by the priest; a large, loose garment of white linen entirely covering the body and secured at the neck by means of strings. It was formerly made of colored silk, and on festival occasions of cloth of gold.

ALLELUIA OR HALLELU-JAH. "Praise the Lord" or 'Praise to the Lord." This was sung by the Jews on solemn days of rejoicing, and is also used in the Roman Catholic church during Easter season, but never in times of mourning, except in masses for the dead.

ALL SAINTS' DAY. In 610 Pope Boniface III. ordered that the heathen temple Pantheon should be made a Christian church, which was done and it was dedicated to All Martyrs and so came to be called All Saints. The day then celebrated was May 1st, but in 834 was changed to November 1st. It was often called Allhallows day and Hallow E'en in Scotland, and Holy Eve in Ireland is the Eve of All Saints' Day.

ALL SOULS. A festival in the Roman Catholic church when special prayers are offered for *All Souls* departed. The day set apart is November 2nd.

ALMS-CHEST. A chest placed in the church for the reception of alms.

ALTAR. Lat. *Altus* and *Ara*. The sacred table on which the Mass is offered. It should be by rule, three and a half feet high, six and a half feet long and three feet wide. Properly it should be made of stone but variations are allowed.

ALTAR CLOTH. A covering for the table provided for the celebration of the Holy Communion. It is usually of silk, but at the time of ministration is of linen.

ALTAR PIECE. A picture placed over the altar.

ALTAR RAILS. By the order of Archbishop Laud the position of the holy table was changed from the middle to the east end of the chancel and was there protected by rails.

ALTAR SCREEN. A screen placed back of the altar bounding the presbytery on the east. In larger churches it separates it from the parts left free for processions between the presbytery and the Lady chapel when the latter is at the east end.

AMBO, THE. An elevated lectern or pulpit used in the early church for chanting the Epistle. Many churches possessed two, one for chanting the Epistle and one for chanting the Gospel; still one served for both purposes in most cases.

AMICE. Lat. *Amicire*. A rectangular piece of linen about three feet long and two feet wide, having a string at each of its two upper corners by which it is fastened on the shoulders of the wearer. There is a cross in the centre of the upper edge, which the priest kisses when vesting. It was used as a covering for the neck and head until about the tenth century when the ecclesiastical cap or berretta supplied its place.

ANABATA. The garment covering the back and shoulders of the priest.

ANAPHORA. The mass, so-called in ancient times because it raises the thoughts to Heaven, *anaphora* meaning a mounting or rising up.

ANGELUS DOMINE. Short prayers which Catholics are called upon to use three times each day at the ringing of the church bell. In some places the times are sunrise, noon and sunset, but the general custom is to ring the angelus at 6 o'clock morning and evening and at noon. It is thought by some that this custom originated during the Crusades, in order to establish uniformity in hours of prayer, but others credit it to Pope John XXII in 1327.

ANNATES. Called "*First Fruits.*" These were the profits of one year of every unoccupied bishopric in England. They were first claimed by the pope for defending Christians from infidels, and were paid by each bishop on his accession, and till that was done he could not receive his investiture from Rome. Now it is payable by the clergy in general.

ANTHEM. A hymn sung in parts, alternately. It is often applied to a short sentence sung before and after one of the Psalms of the day.

ANTIDORON. The name given to a large quantity of bread which is blessed before the Mass and placed on one of the side altars for distribution to those who for some valid reason, cannot approach the regular communion.

ANTIMENS. Also written ANTIMINS. Pieces of stuff, generally silk, about sixteen inches square and having a figure of the burial of our Lord by Joseph of Arimathea stamped upon them. They are held in great veneration and are consecrated with much ceremony, also having the Office of the Holy Eucharist celebrated on them for seven consecutive days.

ANTIPENDIUM. An appendage to be hung before the altar when it is made of any material but stone.

ANTIPHON. Alternate singing of a choir and congregation, the most ancient form of church music.

ANTIPHONAR. The book containing all that is sung by the choir, except the hymns devoted to the Communion service, which are contained in the Gradual or Grail.

ANTIPHONARY. A book composed of the Introit, Graduals, Offertories, Communions, etc.

APSE. Also called APIS. A semi-circular termination of the choir or any other part of the church.

ARCADE. A series of arches, supported by pillars either belonging to the building or used in relieving large surfaces of masonry.

ARCHBISHOP. The chief of the clergy in a whole province, and having the care of the bishops and inferior officers of that province and also the right to deprive them for flagrant offences.

ARCHDEACON. A priest who presides over an archdeaconry or a division of a diocese.

ARCHES, COURT OF. An ancient court of appeal belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the judge of which was called the Dean of Arches, as the court was held in the church of St. Mary de Arcubus.

ASPERGILLUM. An implement resembling a brush used for sprinkling holy water over objects to be blessed.

AUDIENCE, COURT OF. A court belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury where he disposed of those matters which he reserved for his own hearing.

AUMBRIE. A small closet.

BAND. A linen ornament worn about the neck by clergymen. It is also worn by the scholars at Winchester, etc., and was formerly worn with the surplice by singing men, lay vicars and occasionally by parish clerks.

BASIN. "Whilst the sentences for the Offertory are in reading, the deacons, churchwardens, and other fit persons appointed for that purpose, shall receive the alms for the poor and other devotions of the people, in a decent basin, to be provided by the parish for that purpose."

Rubric.

BELLS. The use of bells in religious services is very ancient, dating back to the time of the writing of the book of Exodus. They were used by the Jews to summon the priests to the service, the Levites to sing, and the men to bring the unclean to the gate called Micanor. Before bells came into general use in the church, sounding boards struck with a mallet of hard wood and called semantrous supplied their place, and these are still in use in some of the Oriental churches. Bells are not rung during the last days of Holy Week, and hence it is sometimes called Still Week. During this time small wooden clappers are used.

BENEDICITE. A canticle so named because it so commences in the Latin version. It is also called the Song of the Three Children as Hananiah, Mishæl and Abednego are said to have sung it in the fiery furnace. It is used at Morning Prayer, after the first lesson.

BERRETTA. A square cap with three corners rising from the crown and having a tassel hanging. It was worn as early as the ninth century, when it had no corners, but resembled an ordinary cap; but its pliability making it difficult to place properly on the head, the shape was changed to the present one, the three

corners being symbolical of the Blessed Trinity. It is of two colors, red and black: red being worn by cardinals and without a tassel, and black by all inferior officers, a bishop's having a green lining. The berretta beside daily use, can be worn in the sanctuary during the less solemn portions of the mass. As worn by the Greeks it is round and close fitting and is generally of a violet color. Fastened to the back is a triangular piece called περιστερχ or the dove, from its resemblance to the tail of that bird. The Greek bishops never wear a mitre, but use a low hat without a peak, over which is thrown a large veil.

BREVIARY. A compilation in an abbreviated form of the different books anciently used in the service of the Roman Catholic church.

BURSE. The receptacle for the Corporal and Pall when not in use, corresponding in color and material with the vestments and having a cross worked in the centre.

CANDLES. On every altar for the celebration of Mass there are placed near the crucifix two candle-sticks containing candles of pure wax, which are kept burning during the service. At Solemn High Mass, six are required, at Low Mass, four. An ordinary priest uses only two.

CANON. A law of the church. The derivation of the word, which is Greek, signifies a rule or measure.

CARDS, ALTAR. Three cards placed on the altar to assist the memory of the priest. The first contains the Gloria in Excelsis and Credo, the prayers said at the offertory, the Qui Pridie, the form of consecration and the Placeat. The others contain minor prayers used in the service.

CASSOCK. Lat. *Vestis talaris*. A long outer garment, the ordinary dress of priests, the color of which varies. Cardinals wear red, except in times of penance and mourning, when they wear violet. The bishop's Cassock is violet, except on the occasions mentioned, when it is black, but priests of no particular order wear black. The pope's cassock is always white silk.

CATHEDRAL. Lat. *Cathedra*, a chair. The principal church in a diocese, and so called because there the bishop has his seat or throne.

CENSER. The modern designation of the Thurible.

CHALICE. The Eucharistic cup in which is placed the wine for consecration, and generally in shape resembling a lily. It is usually made of silver or gold; wood, brass and glass being forbidden, except where the need is very great. The ornamentation is generally some scene taken from our Lord's life.

CHANCEL. Lat. *Cancelli*. That part of the church which contains the holy table and stalls for the clergy.

CHANT. Ecclesiastical music. The most solemn chants in the Catholic church are attributed to St. Ambrose and St. Gregory.

CHASUBLE. This garment is the last in the catalogue of sacred vestments. It is open at both sides, reaching to the knees in front of the priest and extending a few inches longer at the back. It is composed of precious cloth, and the colors are the five mentioned in the rubrics, viz: white, red, violet, green and black.

CHIMERE. The outer garment worn by a bishop, to which the lawn sleeves are generally fastened.

CHRISTE ELEISON. Christ have mercy on us.

CIBORIUM. A cup resembling the chalice, only more shallow and wide, and used when the number of communicants is great.

CINCTURE. A linen girdle sufficiently long to encircle, when doubled, the body of the priest, and worn to keep the Alb in place. Formerly it was made of costly materials, studded with gems and was broad like a sash. That worn by the Oriental priest is much broader and fastened around the waist by a gilt hook, shaped like an S.

CŒNOBITES. Gr. *Koivo Biov*. Monks having a fixed habitation and forming an association under a chief called Father or Abbot.

COLLAR. A strip of thin linen two inches in width and long enough to encircle the neck of the wearer. This is folded over a circular band of partially stiff material and to this is sewed a piece of cloth about large enough to cover the chest. It is kept in position by being buttoned in the back or fastened to the neck by strings. It is three colors: red for Cardinals, violet for bishops, and black for priests.

COLLECTS. Short prayers found in all liturgies and public devotional offices.

COLOBION. A garment worn by the Greek priests corresponding to the Dalmatic of the Catholic church, but different in being without sleeves and covered with small crosses.

CONCLAVE. The cardinals' place of meeting for the choosing of a new pope. For some time the Vatican has been the place selected.

CONFESSIONAL. An enclosed recess where penitents make confession to the priest.

CONFITEOR. The confession which the priest recites with great humility, saying, "I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary ever Virgin, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and to all the Saints and to you brethren, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word and deed, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. Therefore I do beseech the blessed Mary, ever Virgin, the blessed Michael the archangel, the blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul and all the Saints, and you, brethren, to pray to the Lord our God for me."

COPE. A cloak worn during service by Catholic priests. It reaches from the shoulders nearly to the feet and is open only in front, where it is fastened at the neck by a clasp.

CORPORAL. A square of linen the size of a handkerchief, folded in four parts, with a small black cross worked in the centre of its anterior edge. It is spread on the altar at the commencement of mass, the Chalice being placed upon it.

CREED. A summary of Christian belief. The Apostles' Creed is so called because each one is said to have contributed one of its twelve articles.

CROSS, SIGN OF THE. The Greek priest first crosses his thumb on the fourth finger, and bends his little finger so that it resembles the curve of a crescent; the index finger stands erect, and having bent the middle one in the same way as the little, lifts his hand and traces the sign of the Cross. The meaning of this is as follows: The outstretched finger stands for the Greek letter I, the bending of the middle finger for the letter C—an old way of writing Sigma or the English S—the letters I and C or S thus standing for Jesus. The thumb crossed upon the fourth finger is the Greek X, equivalent to our ch, and this with the little finger representing S or C, stands for Christ; so that the interpretation is Jesus Christ. The Roman Catholic sign of the cross is made by touching the forehead, breast, left and right shoulder, the priest saying: "In nomine Patris, et Fil.i, et Spiritus Sancte, Amen"—in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, amen; the last invocation being uttered as the hand passes from the left to the right shoulder.

CROSS, DOUBLE. A cross having at the head two transverse beams differing in length. It is also called Archiepiscopal.

CROSS, JANSENISTIC. A cross in which the Lord's arms are not fully extended, this signifying that He died only for the good.

CROSS, TRIPLE. A cross having three transverse bars.

CRUCIFIX. There are six variations of the cross: 1. The Latin cross most commonly in use, the transverse beam being near the top, ✝ 2. The Greek cross, where two equal beams cut each other in the centre, +. 3. St. Andrew's, the form of cross on which that saint was crucified, ×. 4. The Egyptian, T. 5. The Maltese. 6. The Russian.

CRUETS. The glasses in which the wine and water for the Holy sacrifice are kept. They are generally of glass, but are sometimes gold or silver.

DALMATIC. The garment worn by the deacon in administering the Holy Eucharist, and also worn at stated times by the bishops. It reaches below the knees, and is open at each side for a distance varying at different periods.

DATOR. An officer in the pope's court commissioned by him to receive petitions respecting the provision of benefices. He is empowered, without conferring with the pope, to grant to all benefices that do not produce more than twenty-four ducats yearly, but for the others, he must have the signature of the pope. He can also, where there are several candidates for a benefice, decide on whom it shall be bestowed.

DEDICATION, FEAST OF. The wake or festival for the dedication of churches.

DEIPNON. The mass as being the means of giving to our souls the Bread of Life.

DEO GRATIÆ. "Thanks be to God." An exclamation used at the conclusion of the Epistle, or an expression of gratitude for the sacred words.

DIAPER. In church architecture a decoration of large surfaces with a constant recurring pattern either carved or painted.
Hook's Church Dictionary.

DRIPSTONE. The projecting moulding which crowns doors, windows and other arches in the exterior of a building.
Hook's Church Dictionary.

EAST, PRAYING TOWARDS THE. This is an ancient custom, and in early times most of the churches were built with a view to this practice. A number of reasons are given, of which the most important is this: At the Saviour's crucifixion His face was towards the west, hence by praying turned to the East, is signified looking in His face.

EMBER DAYS. The Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent,

the feast of Whitsunday, the fourteenth of September, and the thirteenth of December, all being fast days. The week in which these days fall is called Ember Week, and the Sunday in December which begins it is always the third Sunday in Advent.

ENTHRONISATION. The placing of a bishop in his stall or on the throne in his cathedral. *Hoole's Church Dictionary.*

EPIGONATON. A lozenge-shaped appendage hung from the girdle and worn on the right side. It represents the napkin with which our Lord girded himself at the last supper and has either His head or a cross embroidered on it. In the Catholic church, none but the pope is allowed to use it, but in the Greek church permission is granted to all the bishops.

EXARCH. An officer in the Greek church whose business it is to visit the provinces in his charge to acquaint himself with lives and manners of the clergy, the manner of celebrating Divine service, and administering the sacraments, confession in particular; also monastic discipline, affairs of marriage, divorces, etc.

FALDISTORY. Lat. *Faldistorium.* The bishop's chair near the altar, which he occupies when addressing the candidates for orders. This name is also given to the episcopal chair within the chancel.

FLAGON. A vessel for holding the wine before and at the consecration in the Holy Eucharist. It differs from the chalice in being the vessel in which some of the wine is placed for consecration, if more than one vessel is used.

FONT. The baptismal vase or basin. It supplies the place of rivers, etc., where the rite of Baptism was formerly administered.

FORMULARY. A book containing the ceremonies, rites and forms of the Church. In the Church of England it is the Book of Common Prayer.

FRIDAY, GOOD. The Friday in Passion Week, and so called from the good effects on us of our Lord's sufferings. It was called Long Friday by the Saxons.

GIRDLE. A cincture fastening the alb around the waist. It was formerly broad and flat, but is now a cord with tassels at the ends.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. "Glory to God in the highest." As this is a hymn of joy it is not sung during seasons of penance and mourning, consequently is never heard during Lent or Masses for the Dead. It is recited while the Dominicans and Carthusians stand at the centre of the altar, the initial words only being said from that place, the remainder being finished at the missal. At the conclusion thereof the priest stoops and kisses the altar, when he salutes the congregation with "Dominus vobiscum"—"The Lord be with you."

GLORIA PATRI. "Glory be to the Father." The doxology reads, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, &c."

HOST. The altar bread, which is circular in shape and has been since the third century. It is differently stamped, some bearing the letters I. H. S., others a cross, &c. The Greek Host has a square projection rising from the surface which is called the Holy Lamb and cut off, is used for the sacrificial Host. The remainder of the loaf is divided and the particles grouped and dedicated to the Virgin, apostles, saints and martyrs. The Coptic Host has on one side "*Αγιος Αγιος, Αγιος, Κυριος Σαβέωθ*" Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hosts, and on the other side *Αγιος Ισχυρος* Holy, strong one.

HYMN, ANGELIC. The Doxology beginning, "Glory be to God on high." It is so named from having been sung by the angels when they appeared to the Bethlehem shepherds.

I. H. S. Formerly written I. H. C. The first three letters of the Lord's name in the Greek language *IHΣOΥΣ* which were often used, during the age of persecution, on the tombs of Christians. The interpretation, Jesus, the Saviour of men, originated with St. Bernardine in 443. He disapproved of devices on some cards which were being sold by a peddler and induced him to change them, substituting the letters I. H. S., which he said stood for Jesus Hominum Salvator.

INQUISITION. A court of justice in Roman Catholic countries for the trial and punishment of heretics.

INTERDICT. An ecclesiastical censure by which the Church of Rome forbids the performance of Divine service and the administration of the sacraments to a kingdom, town, etc.

INTROIT. The beginning of the Mass for the day, principally passages taken from the Psalms, followed by the minor doxology.

INVESTITURE. The act of conferring a bishopric by giving a pastoral staff or ring.

JUBILATE DEO. "O be joyful in God." One of the Psalms used after the second lesson in the morning service.

JUBILEE. A solemn season recurring every quarter of a century in the Church of Rome, marked chiefly by the indulgences granted by the pope to all of his communion.

JURE DIVINO. "By Divine right." An expression frequently found in controversial writings.

KEYS, POWER OF THE. The authority held by the priesthood of administering the discipline of the church and granting or withholding its privileges.

KYRIE ELEISON. 'Lord have mercy on us." The name given to the minor Litany which is recited after the Introits. The only Eastern Liturgy which enjoins its recital on the priest is that of St. James.

LANTERN. The middle tower of a cruciform church when it is open over the cross.

LAURA. A name given to a collection of cells in a wilderness inhabited by monks, each of whom provided for his own wants. Formerly the monasteries in Ireland were called Lauras.

LECTURN. The reading desk placed in the choir of churches. It was generally made of wood, but sometimes of brass, the shape being an eagle with extended wings.

LENT. A movable fast coming in the spring of the year, and lasting from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday. It commemorates the fasting of the Saviour for forty days and also his passion, death and resurrection. Lent is observed in the Catholic and some Protestant churches, and Good Friday is, in England and other countries observed by a general suspension of business. In the Greek church the fast of Lent is rigorously observed and there are several repetitions throughout the year.

LITURGIA. Formerly the name most frequently applied to the mass and now in use through the East.

LOGOS. The Word. One of the titles of our Lord. As men make known their sentiments to each other by speech, so God reveals His designs by His Son, the Word.

LYCHNOSCOPE. A narrow window near the ground, generally found at one end of the chancel, but sometimes in other parts of the church. There have been various opinions as to their use, but now they are supposed to have been confessionals.

MANIPLE. A small strip of precious cloth, of the same substance as the Stole and chasuble, on which are embroidered three crosses, one in the middle and one at each end. It is worn on the left wrist and is about two feet long and four inches wide, and when on, hangs equally on both sides. The Greeks wear two, one on each arm, and they are usually called *Epimanikia*, signifying something worn on the hand.

MASS, MISSA or MISSIO, dismissal. The origin of the word mass is disputed, but the general opinion of Roman Catholic writers is in favor of the above. They relate to the ancient custom of a two fold dismissal—the Catechumens before the Mass and the faithful at the end. The entire service was known by the plurals *missæ* or *missiones*.

MASS, BRIDAL OR NUPTIAL. In the Missal is found a Latin "Missa pro Sponso Et Sponsa," i. e., Mass for the Bridegroom and Bride.

MASS, CONVENTUAL. The mass which the rectors and canons attached to a cathedral are required to celebrate each day after the hour of Tierce, which is about nine o'clock.

MASS, DRY. So called when the consecration and consumption of the elements are omitted. Not now in use.

MASS, LOW. The mass repeated in a low tone of voice.

MASS, GOLDEN. MISSA AUREA. Out of use, but formerly celebrated on the Wednesdays of the quarter tenses of Advent in honor of the Mother of God; the bishops and all his canons assisting, at which time it was customary to distribute very costly gifts to those who took part. It was a splendid and Solemn High Mass, often lasting three or four hours. It is celebrated yearly in Brussels, at the Church of St. Gudule, on Dec. 23d.

MASS, MIGNIGHT. Also called Nocturnal. Was frequently celebrated during the persecution of Christians because they were forbidden to meet during the day. It is yet celebrated in many places at Christmas.

MASS OF JUDGMENT. An ancient custom used to prove or disprove the innocence of accused persons; unknown in the church at the present time, and condemned as early as A. D. 592.

MASS OF REQUIEM. A mass said in behalf of the dead.

MASS OF THE PRESANCTIFIED. The mass so called because celebrated with a previously consecrated Host, and without the consecration of either element.

MASS, PRIVATE. The mass when quietly celebrated in some oratory or chapel, not accessible to all.

MASS, SHOES WORN AT. While bishops are not limited as to color, for the lower order of the clergy black is always prescribed.

MASS, SIMPLE HIGH, OR MISSA CANTATA. The mass where there is neither deacon or sub-deacon ministering.

MASS, SOLEMN HIGH. So called when mass is solemnized with deacon and sub-deacon and a full corps of inferior ministers. It is sometimes called *grand*, because of its ritualistic display. Also *high*, on account of the greater part of it being chanted in a high tone of voice.

MASS, SOLITARY. Mass said by a priest alone, without the attendance of the people or even a server.

MASS, VOTIVE. Mass said by a priest, either to satisfy his own wishes or some member of his congregation.

MATINS. The ancient name for those prayers offered about day-break.

MISERERE. 1st. The psalm usually selected for penitential acts, being the 51st psalm. 2d. The seat of a stall made to turn up or down, so that it might be used for a seat or in long standing for a support. They are generally carved, and sometimes very handsomely.

MISSAL. Lat. LIBER MISSALES. Book of the mass. The Greeks use eighteen books in the service of the altar.

MONSTRANCE. The large appurtenance in which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed at Benediction; sometimes carried in solemn procession. It has a large stem, the upper part resembling the rays of the sun. In its centre there is a circular aperture in which the lunette with the Blessed Sacrament enclosed is placed during the exposition. The material is the same as that of other vessels. None but the clergy are allowed to touch the sacred vessels.

MYSTERION. The mass of mysteries.

MYSTAGOGIA. The mass, so called by St. Dyonysius from its being a participation of the sacred mysteries.

NAVE. The central portion of a church extending from the choir to the principal entrance.

NIPTER. Lat. PEDILUVIUM. The ceremony of washing the feet. It is performed by Greek Christians on Good Friday, in imitation of our Lord.

PALL. A stiff piece of linen, about five inches square, with a worked cross in the centre. It is used as a cover for the mouth of the chalice.

PARCLOSE. Screens which separate the chapel from the body of the church, especially those at the east end of the aisles.

PARVISE. The room over a church porch. It is used as a private room by some officer of the church, and sometimes as a temporary lodging for a priest.

PATEN. A small saucer-like dish, used to cover the mouth of the chalice, and made of the same material, on which is placed the large bread for consecration.

PATER NOSTER. "Our Father." The Lord's prayer, having this preface: "Being admonished by salutary precepts, and taught by divine institution, we presume to say."

PAX, PEACE. An elaborately ornamented metal tablet used in the mediæval church to receive the kiss of peace by priests and people.

PAX VOBISCUM. "Peace be with you." A form of greeting used in the offices of the ancient Christian church.

PORCH. A part of the church where formerly marriage and baptismal services were partly performed and then completed in the church.

POSTILS. The ancient name for sermons or homilies.

PRIORY. A house occupied by an order of monks or nuns, the chief of whom was called a prior or prioress.

PROSPHORA. The mass so called from the fact that through it we eventually obtain eternal happiness.

PROTHESIS. Also called CREDENCE. It is that place in a church on which the Eucharistic elements are put before being consecrated on the altar.

PULPIT. An elevated desk, generally placed in the nave of the church, from which the preacher addresses his congregation. Formerly sermons were delivered from the steps of the altar.

PURIFICATOR. Also called the Mundatory, is a piece of linen about twenty inches long, and when folded in three, four inches wide. In the centre there is a small cross, and it is kept wrapped in the Amice when not used.

PYX. A small box of gold or silver about the size and shape of a watch. It is used for carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick.

RELICS. It is the custom among Roman Catholics of placing some portion of the body of a saint or martyr in newly consecrated altars. The relics are enclosed in a metal box—silver is preferable—and this bears the name of the saint and the bishop who officiates at the ceremony.

REREDOS. A screen behind an altar. In large conventional churches, where there is a space behind the altar, this was the universal termination of the ritual presbytery.

Hook's Church Dictionary.

RITUAL. A book containing the order and forms to be observed in celebrating the Divine service and all matters connected with external order, in the performance of sacred offices.

ROCHET. The garment worn by the bishops under the chimire. It was made of linen, with narrow sleeves.

ROOD LOFT. A gallery extending along the top of the rood screen, which in parish churches generally crosses the chancel arch. On this was placed the rood or figure of our Lord on the Cross, and on either side the Blessed Virgin and St. John. The rood loft in large cross churches was usually of stone and occasionally contained a chapel and an altar.

ROOD SCREEN. That which separates the chancel from the nave and formerly supported the rood loft.

RUBRICS. Rules and orders formerly printed in red characters but now in Italics, directing the time, place and manner in which all things in the Divine service should be performed. The English clergy solemnly pledge themselves to observe these rubrics.

SACRISTAN. The person in whose care are the sacred vestments. The name is now changed to sexton.

SACRISTY. Now called vestry. The place where the sacred vestments are kept.

SANCTE BELL. A small bell which is rung when the "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus, Deus Sabaoth" was said, to prepare the people for the elevation of the Host.

Hook's Church Dictionary.

SEDILIA. Seats near to and generally on the south side of the altar for the ministers officiating at the Holy Eucharist, of which there are generally three, the celebrant, epistoler and gospeller, although the number varies from one to five.

SEE. The seat of episcopal dignity and jurisdiction, where the bishop has his throne or cathedra.

Hook's Church Dictionary.

SEPTUM. The enclosure made by the altar rails for the holy table.

SEPULCHRE. A niche usually at the north side of the altar used in the representations of our Lord's burial, resurrection and tomb, on Good Friday, Easter and before the Reformation. It is sometimes quite plain, at others very elaborate. The general subjects are the Roman soldiers sleeping and the angels.

SHRINE. The place of deposit for relics or other sacred things.

SOLIDEO. Lat. *Solus* and *Deus*. A tight fitting white cap worn by the pope instead of the berretta. The pope takes this cap off to no earthly person, but to God only, during the more solemn part of the mass.

STOLE. A band of precious cloth four inches wide and six feet long, worn around the neck and crossed on the breast, being kept in place by the cincture. A deacon is privileged to wear the stole from the time of his ordination, but only over the left shoulder and fastened at the right side, the priest wearing it around both and crossed, while the bishop wears it pendant on both sides without crossing. In the Greek Church this is generally known as the Epitrachelion and differs from the others in being made in one piece with a seam worked along the middle, and having an opening at the top wide enough to allow the priest's head to pass through.

STOUP. A basin for holy water generally placed near the entrance of a church, and on the right hand of the one who enters.

SUNDAY, LOW. Upon the octave of the first Sunday after Easter day, it was the custom of the ancients to repeat some part of the solemnity which was used upon Easter day whence this Sunday took the name of Low Sunday, being celebrated as a feast, though of a lower degree than Easter day itself.

Hook's Church Dictionary.

SURCINGLE. A belt used for fastening the cassock around the waist.

SURPLICE. A white linen garment worn by the clergy in celebrating the Divine services and on certain days by members of colleges, whether clerical or not

SYNAXIS. The mass so called by the Fathers as being the means of union with Christ.

TABERNACLE. A small structure resembling a church placed in the centre of the altar. It is generally made of wood but sometimes of marble and is then lined with wood, and in it is kept the Holy Eucharist under lock and key.

TARGUM. A book of hymns used by the Nestorians. It is derived from the Syriac word *turgmo*—interpretation.

TELEION. The mass signifying the perfect atonement made by the sacrifice of the Holy Lamb.

THURIBLE. The vessel in which the incense is burned. This is kept in a small boat-shaped vessel and conveyed to the thurible by means of a small spoon.

TIARA. The pope's triple crown. That and the keys are the badges of his dignity: the tiara of his civil rank, and the keys of his jurisdiction.

TONSURE. The clerical method of wearing the hair. Shaving the top of the head, leaving a rim of hair at the base, signifies wearing a crown of thorns.

TRAVERSE. A seat of state covered with a canopy for the use of the sovereign. It was formerly placed at the upper end of the choir in the royal chapels, and temporarily in cathedrals.

TRIFORIUM. The passage directly over the arches of the great arcade, but also applied to any passage in the walls of a church.

TUNICLE. A garment worn by the minister assisting at the Holy Communion. It has been the same as the dalmatic since the fourth century, before which time it had no sleeves.

VEIL. Made generally of silk, and used to cover the chalice.

VERGER. The one who carries the mace before the canons or dean in a cathedral or collegiate church. In some cathedrals the canons have their vergers, and the dean his, but frequently the verger goes before any member of the church.

VESTMENTS, COLORS OF THE. White, the symbol of purity, innocence and glory is used at the special feasts of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, and at those of the angels, virgins and confessors. Red, symbolic of fortitude is used at Pentecost and the feasts of the apostles and martyrs and the Lord's Passion. Green, the symbol of hope is used from the octave of the Epiphany to Septuagesima and from the octave of Pentecost to Advent. Violet, the symbol of penitence is used in times of public sorrow, fasting and penance, and in those processions which do not immediately relate to the Blessed Sacrament. Also at the feast of the Holy Innocents, except when it comes on Sunday, when it is changed to red, as is also the color of the octave. Black is used in Masses and Offices of the dead and on Good Friday. In the Greek church there are but two colors, red and white, the latter being the general, while red is used in all masses for the dead and through Lent.

VIRGIN MARY, ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED. A festival appointed by the church for the 25th of March to commemorate the appearance of the angel to Mary with the announcement that she should be the Mother of the Messiah.

WAFERS. The name given to the bread used by the Catholics in the Eucharist, and by the Lutheran Protestants in the Lord's Supper. They are formed to represent a Denarius or penny, the coin for which our Lord was betrayed.

WEEK, HOLY. The last week in Lent in which the church commemorates the sufferings and death of our Lord. It is also called Passion Week and the Great Week.

WEEK, STILL. Also called Holy Week, at which time no bells are rung from Thursday until Saturday when they are rung in memory of our Lord's resurrection.

WHITSUN-DAY. Also called White Sunday. A festival in the church commemorating the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. It occurs ten days after Holy Thursday or Ascension Day.

ZUCCHETTO. A small, closely fitting skull cap, in shape like a saucer. It can be worn by permission from the pope during Mass from the beginning to the Preface, and from the end of communion to the completion of the service. It is of three colors, red, violet, and black. Red is worn by the cardinals, violet by the patriarchs, archbishops and bishops and black by all the other clergy.

JEWISH CHURCH.

AARON-HAKADISH. The holy ark used in the Synagogue as a depository of the scrolls of the law.

ATONEMENT, DAY OF. Celebrated on the ninth and tenth days of Tishri. It was instituted by Moses, as a general day of expiation and sacrifice for sins.

BENSHEN. A corruption of the Latin word *benedicto*. The prayer after meals recited by Israelites.

BROCHO. BLESSING. A grace recited before partaking of food.

CHANUKKAH. DEDICATION. A day of celebration on the ninth day of Kisley to rejoice in the victory of the Hasmoneans, or Maccabees over Antiochus, King of Syria.

EPHOD, from *Aphad*, to put on. An upper garment worn by Hebrew priests. There were two kinds; that worn by the priests, of plain linen, and that by the high priests, of embroidered linen. It was a sort of girdle, which brought from the back of the neck over the shoulders, hung down in front, and was crossed at the waist and carried back and used as a girdle to the tunic.

GEMARA. A commentary on the Mishna.

KADDISH. A prayer recited in the Synagogue for the souls of departed parents.

KELAI KADESH. HOLY VESSELS. Silver ornaments used in the Synagogue to adorn the scrolls of the law.

KETHUBIM. WRITINGS. Containing the Psalms, Proverbs and the remaining books of the Bible.

KIDDUSH and HABDALLA. Prayers recited in Jewish houses; the first at the beginning, the latter at the close of Sabbaths and festivals. They are recited by the chief of the house, holding a glass of wine in his hand, at the conclusion of which he drinks and passes it around the table.

MESUSA. DOORPOST. A little scroll of parchment containing this passage of Scripture: "Thou shalt write them on the doorposts of thy house, and upon thy gates." It is enclosed in a tin box, and fastened to the right doorpost of Jewish houses.

MISHNA. The oral law consisting of traditions handed down respecting the law of Moses.

MONTHS—JEWISH.

Nisan, March 20 to April 16.
Iyar, April 19 to May 17.
Sivan, May 18 to June 16.
Tamuz, June 17 to July 15.
Ab, July 16 to August 14.
Elul, August 16 to September 13.
Tishri, September 14 to October 13.
Marchesvan, October 14 to November 13.
Kisley, November 14 to December 13.
Tebeth, December 14 to January 12.
Shebat, January 13 to February 12.
Adar, February 13 to March 15.

The Jewish months have 29 and 30 days, and Leap year has 13 months, the last being known as 2d Adar.

NEBIM. PROPHETS. Containing that portion of the Bible from the Book of Joshua to the end of the Prophets.

PAROCHES. The curtain before the holy shrine in the Synagogue.

PESACH. PASSOVER. The feast of Spring, beginning on the fourteenth day of the month Nisan and lasting seven days. It is the celebration of the Passover and commemorates the delivery of the Jews from Egyptian bondage, and the passing over of the last plague from the houses of the Israelites.

PHYLACTERY. In Hebrew, *tephelin*. Strips of parchment on which were inscribed passages from the Pentateuch. They were enclosed in a small box and worn on the forehead between the eyes, or on the arm near the heart, in accordance with the command in Exodus xiii, 16.

PURIM. LOT. A feast day, on the fourteenth of the month Adar, in remembrance of God's providence in saving the Israelites from the destruction, through Mordecai and Esther, planned by Haman, according to the book of Esther.

ROSH HASHANAH. NEW YEAR. Kept on the first day of the seventh month, Tishri, the Jewish civil New Year, Nisan being the religious. The biblical name of the feast is "Day of the Trumpet."

SEPTUAGINT. SEVENTY. The Old Testament, so called, from the number of translators engaged on the original Greek version. It was commenced by the Alexandrian

Jews, 280 B. C. There were many disputes as to its correctness, but it was the basis of all subsequent translations.

Shebuoth. Feast of Weeks. A celebration of the completion of the seven weeks of harvest, according to Deut. xvi, 9. At the present time the main object of the feast is to thank God for the giving of the commandments.

Sukkoth. Feast of Tabernacles. It lasts seven days, commencing on the fourteenth day of the seventh month, Tishri, the first day only being a holy day. This is also a harvest feast, and is in obedience to the command in Levit. xxiii, 40: "And ye shall take unto yourselves on the first day the fruit of the tree, hadar, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of the myrtle tree, and willows of the brook, and ye shall rejoice before the Eternal seven days."

Talith, and Arba-canforth. Vestments formerly worn during Divine service, to guard man against trespass and to remind him of his moral and religious obligations. They contained the thread of blue spoken of by Moses, a symbol to direct the eye and heart to God.

Talmud. This book contains the complete civil and canonical law of the Jewish people, embracing both the Mishna and the Gemara, the former being the earliest text. It is a book of doctrine, as the name implies, and this doctrine is elucidated and commented upon in a series of dialogues, in many cases of a fanciful character. The Mishna (doctrine) and the Gemara (teaching) contain, however, many curious and interesting statements regarding legal, medical, physical, ethical and astronomical subjects. They reveal much of the customs, practices, and decisions of the Jewish nation in the ages of antiquity. The word Talmud is from the Hebrew word *lamed*, and signifies, to learn.

Tefilla. A prayer known as *Sh'mona esreth*, on account of the eighteen benedictions that it originally contained.

Torah. Law. The five books of Moses, known as the Pentateuch.

QUOTED AUTHORS.

NATIVITY, DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH.

NOTE.—The first line of figures gives year of birth, the second death. The letter L signifies living.

ABD-EL-KADER,
Algeria..... 1807– L.
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY,
America..... 1767–1848
ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER,
England..... 1805–1848
ADDISON, JOSEPH,
England..... 1672–1719
AESCHINES,
Greece.....B. C. 389– 314
ÆSCHYLUS,
Greece.....B. C. 525– 456
AFRICANUS, SCIPIO,
Italy.....B. C. 235 or 4– 183
AKENSIDE, MARK,
England..... 1721–1770
AIRD, THOMAS,
Scotland..... 1802–1876
ALCOTT, AMOS BRONSON,
America..... 1799– L.
ALDRICH, JAMES,
America..... 1810–1856
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY,
America..... 1836– L.
ALDRIDGE, IRA,
America..... 1810–1867
ALEXANDER, WILLIAM (Earl of Sterling),
Scotland..... 1590–1640
ALFIERI,
Italy..... 1749–1803
ALFONSO V., King of Aragon,
Spain..... 1385–1458
ALI (Ali Ben Abu Taleb),
Arabia..... Flourished 655– 661
ALLEN, ELIZABETH AKERS,
America..... 1832– L.
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM,
Ireland..... 1828– L.
ALLISON, RICHARD.
ANDERSON, HANS CHRISTIAN,
Island of Fünen..... 1805–1875
ANGELO, MICHAEL,
Italy..... 1474–1564
ANTONIUS, MARCUS AURELIUS,
Italy..... 121– 180
APOLLODORUS,
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ARBITER, PETRONIUS,
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ARCHIAS, AULUS LICINIUS,
Syria.....Circa B. C. 120–
ARCHILOCHUS,
Island of Paros...Circa B. C. 714– 676
ARETINO,
Italy .....
ARIOSTO, LUDOVICO,
Italy..... 1474–1533
ARISTOPHANES,
Greece.....Circa B. C. 450–
ARISTOTLE,
Greece.....B. C. 384– 322
ARMSTRONG, JOHN,
Scotland..... 1709–1779
ARNOLD, EDWIN,
England..... 1832– L.
ARNOLD, MATTHEW,
England..... 1822– L.
ARNOLD, SAMUEL J.,
England..... –1852
AUERBACH, BERTHOLD,
Germany..... 1812– L.
AUERSPUG, COUNT (Anastasius Grün).
AUFFENBERG, JOSEPH,
Germany..... 1798–1857
AUGUSTUS, CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR OCTAVIANUS,
Italy.....B. C. 63 A. D. 14
AUNGERVYLE, RICHARD (Richard de Bury),
England..... 1281–1345
ANSONIUS, DECIUS MAGNUS,
France..... 309– 392
AVELINE, E. L.
AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE,
Scotland..... 1813–1865

BACON, LORD FRANCIS,
England..... 1561–1626
BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES,
England..... 1826– L.
BAILLIE, JOANNA,
Scotland..... 1762–1851
BALDUR, C. C.
BALLANTINE, JAMES,
Scotland..... 1808–1833
BALLOU, HOSEA,
America..... 1771–1852
BALLOU, MATURIN M.,
America..... 1820– L.
BALZAC, JOHN LOUIS GUEZ DE,
France..... 1594–1624
BANCROFT, GEORGE,
America..... 1800– L.
BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA AIKIN,
England..... 1743–1825

BARKER, JAMES NELSON, America..... 1784–1858
BARLOW, JOEL, America..... 1754–1812
BARNES, BARNABE, England..... 1569–1607
BARNES, KATE B. W., America..... 1836– L.
BARNFIELD, RICHARD, England..... 1574–1627
BARON, MARIE L.
BARR, MARY A., Scotland..... 1852– L.
BARRETT, EATON STANNARD, Ireland..... 1785–1820
BARRINGTON, GEORGE, England..... 1755–1835
BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH.
BARTAS, GUILLAUME DE SALLUSTE DU, France..... 1544–1590
BARTOL, CYRUS AUGUSTUS, America..... 1813– L.
BARTON, BERNARD, England..... 1784–1849
BASSE, WILLIAM, England..... 1613–1648
BATES, LEWIS J., America..... 1832– L.
BAXTER, RICHARD, England..... 1615–1691
BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES, England..... 1797–1839
BEACONSFIELD, LORD (Benjamin Disraeli), England..... 1805-1881
BEARD, DR. THOMAS, Circa 1560–
BEATTIE, JAMES, Scotland..... 1735–1803
BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, England..... 1586–1615 or 16
BEECHER, ESTHER CATHERINE, America..... 1800–1878
BEECHER, HENRY WARD, America..... 1813– L.
BEERS, ETHEL LYNN (Ethelinda Elliott), America..... 1827–1879
BENJAMIN, PARK, South America..... 1809–1864
BENSERADE, ISAAC DE, France..... 1612–1691
BENTHAM.
BENTZEL-STERNAU, CHRISTIAN ERNEST, Germany..... 1767–1850
BERKLEY, BISHOP GEORGE, Ireland..... 1684–1753
BIAS, OF PRIENE, Greece....Flourished B. C. – 750
BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC, Ireland..... 1735–1787
BINNEY, HORACE, America..... 1780–1847
BIRD, ROBERT MONTGOMERY, America..... 1803–1854
BLACKIE, JOHN STUART, Scotland..... 1809– L.
BLAIR, ROBERT, Scotland..... 1699–1746
BLAKE, WILLIAM, England..... 1757–1828
BLANCHARD, SAMUEL LAMAN, England..... 1803–1845
BLAND.
BLEEKER, ANNE ELIZABETH, America..... 1752–1783
BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT, England..... 1766–1823
BLUMAUER, LEWIS..... 1755–1795
BOARDMAN, S. L.
BOBART, JACOB, Germany.....Circa 1598–1679
BODENSTEDT, FRIEDERICH MARTIN VON, Hanover..... 1819– L.
BOËTHIUS, ANCIUS MAN, ...Circa 475– 525
BOHN, HENRY G., England..... 1795– L.
BOISTE, PIERRE CLAUDE VICTOIRE, France..... 1765–1824
BOKER, GEORGE HENRY, America..... 1823– L.
BOLINGBROKE, LORD (Henry St. John), England..... 1678–1751
BONAR, HORATIUS, Scotland..... 1808–1869
BONIFACE, JOSEPH XAVIER (J. X. B. Saintine), France..... 1798–1865
BONSTETTEN, CHARLES VICTOR DE, Switzerland..... 1745–1832
BOOTH, BARTON, England..... 1681–1733
BOSWELL, JAMES, Scotland..... 1740–1822
BOTTA, ANNA C. LYNCH, America.....Circa 1820– L.
BOVEE, C. NESTELL, America..... 1820– L.
BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE, England..... 1762–1850
BOYESEN, HJALMAR HJORTH, Norway..... 1848– L.
BRADLEY, MARY E., America..... 1835– L.
BRADSTREET, ANNE, England..... 1613–1672
BRADY, NICHOLAS, Ireland..... 1659–1726
BRAINARD, JOHN G. C., America..... 1796–1828
BREBEUF, GUILLAUMEDE, France..... 1618–1661
BRONTÉ, CHARLOTTE, Ireland..... 1816–1855
BROOKE, LORD (Fulke Greville), England..... 1544–1628
BROOKS, MARIA GOWEN, America..... 1795–1845
BROWN, TOM, England..... 1663–1704
BROWNE, SIR THOMAS, England..... 1605–1682
BROWNE, WILLIAM, England..... 1590–1645
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, England..... 1809–1861
BROWNING, ROBERT, England..... 1812– L.
BRUCE, MICHAEL, Scotland..... 1746–1767

BRUYERE, JEAN DE LA,
France.....Circa 1644–1696
BRYANT, JOHN HOWARD,
America..... 1807–
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN,
America..... 1794–1878
BRYDGES, SIR SAMUEL EGERTON,
England..... 1762–1836
BUCHANAN, ROBERT,
Scotland..... 1841– L.
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF,
England..... 1649–1720
BUCKLEY, THEODORE WILLIAM ALOIS,
England..... 1825–1856
BUDDHA—Asia, 5th Century B.C.
BUNGAY, GEORGE W.,
America..... 1825– L.
BUNYAN, JOHN,
England..... 1628–1688
BURGUILLOS, TOME.
BURKE, EDMUND,
Ireland..... 1728 or 9–1797
BURLEIGH, WILLIAM HENRY,
America..... 1812–1871
BURNS, JAMES DRUMMOND..... 1823–1864
BURNS, ROBERT,
Scotland..... 1759–1796
BURTON, ROBERT,
England..... 1576–1640
BURY, RICHARD DE (Richard Aungervyle),
England..... 1281–1345
BUSENBAUM, HERMAN,
Prussia..... 1600–1668
BUTLER, SAMUEL,
England..... 1612–1680
BYROM, JOHN,
England..... 1691–1763
BYRON, LORD GEORGE GORDON NOEL,
England..... 1788–1824

CÆSAR, JULIUS CAIUS,
Italy .....B. C. 100– 44
CALHOUN, JOHN CALDWELL,
America..... 1782–1850
CALLIMACHUS,
Greece .Flourished Circa B. C. – 250
CAMDEN, WILLIAM,
England..... 1551–1623
CAMPBELL, THOMAS,
Scotland..... 1777–1844
CANNING, GEORGE,
England..... 1770–1827
CAPILUSUS.
CAREW, THOMAS,
England..... 1589–1639
CAREY, HENRY,
England..... 1663–1743
CAREY, HENRY,
America.....Circa 1700–1743
CARLETON, WILL,
America..... 1845– L.
CARLYLE, THOMAS,
Scotland..... 1795–1881
CAROLINE MATILDA, Queen of Denmark,
England..... 1751–1775
CARY, ALICE,
America..... 1820–1871
CARY, PHOEBE,
America..... 1824–1871

CASE, LUELLA J. BARTLETT,
America..... 18–
CASTELAR, EMILO,
Spain..... 1832– L.
CATO, MARCUS PORCIUS,
B. C. 234– 149
CATULLUS, CAIUS VALERIUS,
Italy.....Circa B. C. 77– 45
CENTLIVRE, SUSANNAH,
England..... 1680–1723
CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE,
Spain..... 1547–1616
CHANDLER, ELIZABETH MARGARET,
America..... 1807–1834
CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY,
America..... 1780–1842
CHATEAUBRIAND.
CHATHAM, WILLIAM PITT, Earl of,
England..... 1708–1778
CHATTERTON, THOMAS,
England..... 1752–1770
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY,
England..... 1328–1400
CHESTERFIELD, (Philip Domer Stanhope)
Earl of, England..... 1694–1773
CHILD, LYDIA MARIA,
America..... 1802–1880
CHILO,
Greece....Flourished B. C. – 556
CHOATE, RUFUS,
America..... 1799–1859
CHORLEY, HENRY FOTHERGILL,
England..... 1808–1872
CHURCHILL, CHARLES,
England..... 1731–1764
CIBBER, COLLEY,
England..... 1671–1757
CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS,
Italy. .....B. C. 106– 43
CLARE, JOHN
England..... 1793–1864
CLARENDON, EDWARD HYDE,
England..... 1608–1674
CLARKE, CHARLES COWDEN,
England..... 1787–1877
CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN,
America..... 1810– L.
CLARKE, JAMES GOWDREY,
America..... 1830–
CLARKE, M'DONALD,
America..... 1798–1842
CLARKE, SIMEON TUCKER,
America..... 1836– L.
CLAUDIANUS, CLAUDIUS,
Egypt.....Circa 365– 410
CLEMMER, MARY ANN,
America..... 1839– L.
CLEOBULUS,
Greece....Flourished B. C. – 560
CLEVELAND, JOHN,
England.....1613 Circa 1658
CLODIA.
CLOUGH, AUTHUR HUGH,
England..... 1819–1861
CODRINGTON, CHRISTOPHER,
Island of Barbadoes 1668–1710
COECILLIUS.
COKE, SIR EDWARD,
England..... 1551 or 2–1633

COLE, THOMAS.
England..... 1802–1848
COLEMAN, GEORGE, the Younger,
England..... 1762–1836
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY,
England..... 1796–1849
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR,
England..... 1772–1834
COLES, ABRAHAM,
America..... 1813– L.
COLLINS, WILLIAM,
England..... 1720–1759
COLTON, CALEB CHARLES,
England..... 1780–1832
COLUMELLA. LUCIUS JUNIUS MODERATUS GADES,
Flourished 1st Century.
CONFUCIUS,
China.....B. C. 551– 479
CONGREVE, WILLIAM,
England..... 1670–1729
CONSTABLE, HENRY,
England.....Circa 1560–1612
COOK, ELIZA,
England.....Circa 1817– L.
COOKE, JOHN ESTEN,
America..... 1830– L.
COOKE, ROSE TERRY,
America..... 1827– L.
COOLIDGE, SUSAN (Sarah Woolsey),
America..... 18 – L.
CORNWALL, BARRY (Bryan Waller Procter),
England..... 1787–1874
CORTEZ, FERNANDO,
Spain..... 1485–1554
COTTON, CHARLES..... 1630–1687
COTTON, NATHANIEL,
England..... 1707–1788
COWLEY, ABRAHAM,
England..... 1618–1667
COWPER, WILLIAM,
England..... 1731–1800
COXE, BISHOP ARTHUR CLEVELAND,
America..... 1818– L.
CRABBE, REV. GEORGE,
England..... 1754–1832
CRAIK, MRS. (Dinah Maria Mulock),
England..... 1826– L.
CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE,
America..... 1813– L.
CRASHAW, RICHARD,
England.....Circa 1615–1650
CROLY, GEORGE,
Ireland..... 1780–1860
CROSS, MARIAN EVANS (George Eliot),
England..... 1820–1880
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN,
Scotland..... 1785–1842
CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM,
America..... 1324– L.
CUSHMAN, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS,
America..... 1816–1876

DACH, SIMON,
Germany..... 1605–1659
DAMIANI, CARDINAL PIETRO,
Italy..... 1000–1072
DANA, RICHARD HENRY,
America..... 1787–1877
DANIEL, SAMUEL,
England..... 1562–1619
DANTE, ALGHIERI,
Italy..... 1265–1321
DARLEY, GEORGE,
Ireland..... 1785–1849
DARWIN, ERASMUS,
England..... 1731–1802
DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM,
England.....1605 or 6–1668
DAVIE, ADAM.
DAVIES, SIR JOHN,
England..... 1570–1626
DAVIS, SIR JOHN FRANCIS,
England..... 1795– L.
DAVIS, SARAH FOSTER,
America..... 18 – L.
DAVY, SIR HUMPHREY,
England..... 1778–1829
DAWSON, REV. GEORGE..... 1821–1876
DAY, CAROLINE A.
DECATUR, STEPHEN,
America..... 1779–1820
DEEMS, CHARLES F.,
America..... 1820– L.
DEFOE, DANIEL,
England..... 1661–1731
DEKKER, THOMAS,
England..... –1638
DELAUNE, HENRY.....Wrote circa 1651–
DEMOPHILUS.
DEMOSTHENES,
Greece.....Circa B. C. 382– 322
DENHAM, SIR JOHN,
Ireland..... 1615–1668
DENMAN, LORD THOMAS,
England..... 1779–1854
DIBDIN, CHARLES,
England..... 1745–1814
DIBDIN, THOMAS,
England..... 1771–1841
DICKENS, CHARLES,
England..... 1812–1870
DICKINSON, CHARLES M.,
America..... 1842– L.
DICKINSON, JOHN,
America..... 1732–1808
DIDIER, GERARD (Erasmus),
Holland..... 1467–1536
DINNIES, ANNA PEYRE (Moina),
America.....Circa 1810– L.
DIONYSIUS,
Greece.....Flourished B. C. – 7
DISRAELI, BENJAMIN (Lord Beaconsfield),
England..... 1805–1881
DISRAELI, ISAAC,
England..... 1766–1848
DIXON, JAMES HENRY,
Scotland..... –1776
DOBELL, SYDNEY,
England..... 1824–1874
DOD, ALBERT BALDWIN,
America..... 1805–1845
DODDRIDGE, PHILIP,
England..... 1702–1751
DODDS, JAMES.
DODGE, MARY ABAGAIL (Gail Hamilton),
America.....Circa 1830– L.

DODGE, MARY MAPES,
America.....Circa. 1838– L.
DODSLEY, ROBERT,
England..... 1703–1764
DONNE, DR. JOHN,
England..... 1573–1631
DORR, JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY,
America..... 1825– L.
DOUBLEDAY, THOMAS,
England..... 1790–1870
DOUDNEY, SARAH.
DOW, LORENZO,
America..... 1777–1834
DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN,
America..... 1795–1820
DRAPER, JOHN WILLIAM,
England..... 1811– L.
DRAYTON, MICHAEL,
England..... 1563–1631
DRENNAN, DR. WILLIAM,
Ireland..... 1754–1820
DRUMMOND, WILLIAM,
Scotland..... 1585–1649
DRYDEN, JOHN,
England..... 1631–1700
DSCHAMI.
DUFFERIN, LADY HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN,
England..... 1807–1867
DUNSCOMB, JOHN,
England..... 1730–1786
DUPIN-DUDEVANT, AMANTINE LUCILLE AURÒRE,
(Georges Sand), France.... 1804–1877
DWIGHT, JOHN SULLIVAN,
America..... 1813– L.
DWIGHT, M. A. America..... 1844– L.
DYER, SIR EDWARD,
England..... 1540 or 50–1607
DYER, JOHN,
Wales..... 1700–1758

EASTMAN, CHARLES GAMAGE,
America..... 1816–1860
EDGEWORTH, MARIA,
England..... 1767–1849
ELIOT, GEORGE (Marian Evans Cross),
England..... 1820–1880
ELIZABETH, QUEEN,
England..... 1533–1603
ELLIOTT, EBENEZER,
England..... 1781–1849
ELLIOTT, ETHELINDA (Ethel Lynn Beers),
America..... 1827–1879
ELLIS, MRS. SARAH STICKNEY,
England..... 1812–1872
ELLISON, HENRY.
EMBURY, EMMA CATHERINE,
America..... 1806–1863
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO,
America..... 1803– L.
ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN,
America..... 1819– L.
ENNIUS EVENUS,
Island of Paros. Flourished B. C.– 500
EPICTETUS,
Phrygia.....Flourished – 60
ERASMUS (Gerard Didier),
Holland..... 1467–1536
E. R. M.

ERSKINE, HENRY,
Scotland..... 1746–1817
EURIPIDES,
Greece.....B. C. 480– 406
EVENUS,
..... Flourished B. C. – 450
EVERETT, DAVID,
America..... 1769–1813

FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM,
England..... 1815–1863
FALCONER, WILLIAM,
Scotland..... 1732–1769
FANE, JULIAN CHARLES HENRY,
England..... 1827–1870
FANSHAWE, CATHERINE M.,
England..... 1764–1834
FARQUHAR, GEORGE,
Ireland..... 1678–1707
FELTHAM, OWEN,
England.....Circa 1610–1678
FÉNÉLON,
France..... 1651–1715
FERGUSON, MRS. ELIZABETH GRAEME,
America..... 1739–1801
FERGUSSON, ROBERT,
Scotland..... 1751–1774
FIELDING, HENRY,
England..... 1707–1754
FIELDS, JAMES TICHNEY,
America..... 1817–1881
FINCH, FRANCIS MILES,
America..... 1828–
FISHER, MRS. (Caroline M. Sawyer),
America..... 1812–
FLETCHER, ANDREW of Saltoun,
Scotland..... 1653–1716
FLETCHER, GILES,
England..... 1550–1610
FLETCHER, JOHN,
England..... 1576–1625
FLETCHER, MRS. (Maria Jane Jewesbury),
England..... 1800–1833
FORD, JOHN,
England..... 1586–1639
FORDYCE, JAMES,
Scotland..... 1720–1796
FORSTER, JOHN,
England..... 1812–1876
FOSDICK, WILLIAM WHITMAN,
America..... 1822–1862
FOSTER, REV. JOHN,
England..... 1770–1843
FRANCIS, REV. PHILIP,
Ireland.....Circa 1710–1773
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN (Richard Saunders),
America..... 1706–1790
FRENEAU, PHILIP,
America..... 1752–1832
FRERE, JOHN HOOKHAM,
England..... 1769–1846
FROEBEL, FREIDRICH WILHELM AUGUST,
Germany..... 1782–1852
FROTHINGHAM, NATHANIEL LANGDON,
America..... 1793–1870
FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY,
England..... 1818– L.
FULLER, THOMAS,
England..... 1608–1661

GALLUS, CAIUS CORNELIUS,
Circa B. C. 66– 25
GARRICK, DAVID,
England 1716–1779
GARTH, Sir SAMUEL,
England 1670–1718
GASCOIGNE, GEORGE,
England 1537–1577
GATAKER, THOMAS,
England 1574–1654
GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE,
France ..... Circa 1810–1872
GAY, JOHN,
England 1688–1732
GEORGES, KARL EARNEST,
Germany 1806–
GETHIN, Lady GRACE,
England 1697–1766
GIBBON, EDWARD,
England 1737–1794
GIBBONS, THOMAS,
England 1720–1785
GIBSON, WILLIAM HAMILTON,
America ..... 1825– L.
GIFFORD, RICHARD,
England 1725–1807
GILDER, RICHARD WATSON,
America ..... 1844– L.
GILMAN, CAROLINE HOWARD,
America. ..... 1794– L.
GLADSTONE, Rt. Hon. WILLIAM EVART,
England ..... 1809– L.
GLAZIER, W. B.
GLOUCESTER (Josiah Tucker), Dean of,
Wales 1711–1799
GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON,
Germany 1749–1832
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER,
Ireland 1723–1774
GOOD, JOHN MASON,
England 1764–1827
GOODALE, DORA READ,
America ..... 1866– L.
GOODALE, ELAINE,
America ..... 1863– L.
GOOG, BARNABY,
Circa 1538–
GOTTFRIED,
Germany ..... Flourished 1170–
GOULD, HANNAH FLAG,
America 1789–1865
GOWER, JOHN,
England 1325–1408
GRAFTON, RICHARD,
England ..... 16th Century.
GRAHAME, JAMES (Marquis of Montrose),
Scotland 1612–1650
GRAHAME, JAMES,
Scotland 1765–1811
GRAINGER, Dr. JAMES,
England 1721–1767
GRANBY, Marquis of (John Manners),
England 1721–1770
GRANVILLE, GEORGE (Lord Lansdowne),
England 1667–1735
GRAVES, RICHARD,
England 1715–1804
GRAY, DAVID,
Scotland 1838 1861
GRAY, THOMAS,
England 1716–1771
GREEN, ANNA KATHARINE,
America ..... 18 – L.
GREEN, MATTHEW,
England 1696–1737
GREENE, ROBERT,
England 1560–1592
GREENWELL, DORA,
England ..... 1821– L.
GREENWOOD, GRACE (Sarah Jane Lippincott),
America. ..... 1823 L.
GREG, WILLIAM RATHBONE,
England ..... Circa 1810– L.
GREVILLE, FULKE (Lord Brooke),
England 1554–1628
GRIMOALD, NICHOLAS,
England ..... Circa 1520–1563
GRÜN, ANASTASIUS (Count Auersperg).

HABINGTON, WILLIAM,
England 1605–1654
HAFIZ,
Persia ..... Circa 1300–1389
HAGEMAN, SAMUEL MILLER,
America ..... 1848– L.
HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA.
America ..... 1795– L.
HALL, Bishop JOSEPH,
England 1574–1656
HALIBURTON, THOMAS CHANDLER, (Sam Slick)
Nova Scotia 1796–1865
HALL, LOUISA JANE PARK,
America ..... 1802– L.
HALL, Rev. ROBERT,
England 1764–1831
HALLAM, HENRY,
England 1777–1859
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE,
America 1790–1867
HAMILTON, GAIL (Mary Abigail Dodge),
America ..... Circa 1830– L.
HAMLE, CHRISTIAN VON.
HARE, AUGUSTUS WILLIAM,
England 1792–1834
HARE, JULIUS CHARLES,
Italy 1795–1855
HARPEL, OSCAR H.
HARRINGTON, Sir JOHN
England 1561–1612
HARTE, FRANCIS BRET,
America ..... 1839– L.
HARVEY, STEPHEN.
HATHAWAY, BENJAMIN.
HAVERGAL, FRANCES RIDLEY,
England 1836–1879
HAWKER, ROBERT STEPHEN,
England 1753–1827
HAWTHORNE, JULIAN,
America ..... 1846– L.
HAYES, EDWARD.
HAYLEY, WILLIAM,
England 1745–1820
HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON,
America ..... 1831– L.
HAZLITT, WILLIAM,
England 1778–1830
HEATH, JOHN,
England ..... Circa –1585

HEBER, BISHOP Reginald,
England..... 1783–1826
HEGGE, ROBERT,
England..... 1599–1629
HEINE, HENRICH,
Germany..... 1799–1856
HEMANS, FELICIA,
England..... 1794–1835
HENRY, MATTHEW,
England..... 1662–1714
HENRY, PATRICK,
America..... 1736–1799
HENSHAW, BISHOP JOHN PRENTISS KEWLEY,
America..... 1792–1852
HERBERT, GEORGE,
Wales..... 1593–1632
HERDER, JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON,
East Prussia..... 1741–1803
HERMES, J. H.,
Germany..... 1736–1821
HERRICK, ROBERT,
England..... 1591–1674
HERVEY, THOMAS KIBBLE,
England..... 1799–1859
HESIOD..... B. C. 8th Century.
HEYWOOD, JASPER,
England..... 1531–1588
HEYWOOD, JOHN,
England.....Circa 1500–1565
HEYWOOD, THOMAS,
England.....Circa 1570–1649
HIERON, JR.
HILL, AARON,
England..... 1685–1750
HILL, GEORGE,
Scotland..... 1750–1819
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END OF THE

CONCORDANCE

TO

ENGLISH QUOTATIONS.

CONCORDANCE TO ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE LATIN.

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Decided–can be d. but once...k 558
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Defense–the point of my d....c 518
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Den–towards thy d., and none.h 524
Deny–more we d. ourselves....k 532
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Depreciate–d. the excellencies.i 520
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Deserved–d. it in our lives....o 548
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Destroyed–d. in the place.....c 529
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Deviated–he who has once d..w 568
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Devours–that d. all things.....q 567
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difficult it is to prevent.... o 534
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disgrace of the age to envy..d 571
Discraceful–a d. object.....k 503
it is a disgrace when .....t 518
Dishonorable–it is d. to say....e 555
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Disposition–fretful d. make...d 509
a noble d. make men.....a 534
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Disregard–disregard what the..b 564
Dissatisfied–d. with his own..c 520
it is d. with itself.....t 558
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Dissolute–among the dissolute.a 521
Dissolution–rapid in their d...t 508
Distinguish–else can we d.....h 559
Distress–you see a man in d...r 510
help those who are in d.....s 510
great distress of another....n 511
a great help in distress.....c 527
Disturb–do not disturb us.....g 503
Divine–this particle of divine.b 522
divine things delight it.....a 560
everything d. and human...o 561
Divinity–the d. who rules ... a 516
other seat of divinity.....a 532
proof of its divinity,.....a 560
divinity within our breasts.o 565
Do–do not do what is already..e 507
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if anything remains to do...o 542
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Dogs–that pups are like dogs..q 510
held by a small dog .....h 555
Doing–the doings of men are..j 506
Dolphin–he paints a dolphin.m 537
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Done–in what is done or given.e 506
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what is already done.....s 507
what you have d. to another.u 560
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Door–reach those d's within..n 575
Doubtful–war is always d.....j 573
Dove–condemns the doves.....s 507
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Dowry–she has dowry enough.d 572
Drown–you d. him by your....i 565
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Drunkenness–not accomplish.r 539
drunkenness is nothing but.s 539
Dutifulness–d. of children is..e 519
everyone is dutifulness with.h 527
Duty–a lasting teacher of duty.f 524
who has performed its d's...d 544
greater power than duty.....h 551
duty of the nobles.....l 557

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Ear–not lend a ready ear.....l 558
the latter by the ears.....r 564
Earnest–not fair to take it in e.c 540
Earth–e. produces nothing....o 538
Easier–e. to do ill than well...u 574
Easy–it is e. at any moment...t 561
Eat–thou should'st e. to live..b 544
Eclipsed–e. but never .....c 569
Economy–e. is a great revenue.g 519
Edge–himself on the narrow e.h 557
Education–e. without natural.b 509

is perfected by education....g 572
Effort–other is the result of e..k 507
by great e's obtain great.....r 568
Elated–do not be elated.....f 527
are elated or cast down.....t 528
Elect–sometimes even e's a....o 562
Eloquence–e. you can approve.r 544
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Eloquent–any man may be e..h 519
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Emptiness–there is in human..s 506
Encourage–when he can e. it..h 515
Encouraged–more swiftly if e.g 561
End–beginning comes to an e..s 505
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in the end betrays itself....m 568
Enemy–heavy one an enemy..a 517
worst kind of enemies.....d 526
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the enemy were defeated....o 573
Engage–e. in the business.....a 507
Enjoy–not to enjoy them.....g 505
enjoy my remaining days...b 512
enjoy the present day.....j 519
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Enjoyment–the e's of this life.n 519
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Enmity–secret e's are more....a 520
Enough–let him who has e.....c 553
now that's enough.....d 563
we have enough for what....h 563
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to the wise is enough.....p 574
Enterprise–inconsiderate e's...c 507
in great e's the attempt.....j 513
hesitation in any enterprise.a 566
Envious–regarded as envious.d 520
the envious man grows.....e 520
Envy–the rage of biting envy.b 520
envy is blind and knows....i 520
envy like fire soars.....j 520
envy to be the attendant....k 520
envy depreciates the genius.l 520
envy feeds on the living....m 520
envy assails the noblest.....n 520
live without envy.....n 544
I do not envy your fortune..b 566
Error–pleasing e. of the mind.q 520
great error in my opinion..m 533
hangs on the errors of.....b 537
blinded with error they live.r 561
Escape–able to e. from himself.l 548
Estate–man raised to high e...f 511
from his former high estate.u 549
cultivate a small estate.....p 558
care of a large estate.....q 561
men do not get estates.....r 561
Esteem–e. of a worthless man.m 551
Eternal–honors of genius are e.d 531
a well-spent life is eternal...a 544
Event–precedes certain e's....s 520
events of great consequence.t 520
in extraordinary events.....r 536
Everywhere–who is e. is .....q 569
Evident–still more e. to those.d 568
Evil–evil has grown strong....r 505
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not equal to its evils.....n 519
every evil in the bud.....v 520
evil is fittest consort.....b 521
evil is the more tolerable....c 521
evil which is concealed.....d 521
no evil is great.....e 521
an evil life is a kind.....f 521
a thousand forms of evil....g 521
and e. speaker differs from...l 521
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evil manners soil a fine..... k 547
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obtained by evil means.....f 555
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Exact–the e. and studious ....m 507
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every great example of.....v 558
Exceed–e's its due bounds.....c 522
Excellence–e. when concealed.j 509
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whose e. causes envy.....f 520
e. without difficulty.....c 575
Excess–by the e. of yesterday..b 522
all things in excess bring...a 558
Excluded–which no one is e...e 557
Execution–in e. difficult .....r 506
Exile–what e. from his country.l 548
Exist–baseness cannot exist...p 518
Existence–e. to you honor.....b 536
Expect–e. it in any place.....q 516
where you least expect it....e 528
expect from one person.....w 560
Expected–where we least e. it.h 569
Expedient–e. to forget what...v 526
Expense–must be at some e... .f 562
Experience–I have found by e.j 510
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experience is the teacher....j 522
experience is always sowing.k 522
from the e. of others .....l 522
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gains it by another's e.....j 574
Exposed–to which you are e...l 515
Exposure–e. to dangers .....p 515
Extinction–does not bring e..u 515
Extol–we e. ancient things....l 503
Extreme–e. remedies at first...f 558
Eye–the eyes are charmed.....b 505
eyes mark its intentions....c 509
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F.

Face–the f. of a deformed one.v 525
fearful face usually betrays.q 534
Fact–after weighing the facts..l 540
time as well as the facts....r 540
need of words believe facts..f 569
Faction–becomes f. among the j 572
Fail–even though they fail....b 526
Faith–render implicit faith...d 530
good faith and probity.....g 573
Fall–if we must f. we should..q 513
their f. may be the heavier..k 527
fall off towards the end.....g 541
Fallen–f. from his former high.u 549
False–what is f. is increased ..u 524
Falsehood–to deceive by f.....c 517
near is falsehood to truth...h 557
falsehood by haste and .....m 569
Fame–live on the f. of others..b 523
if fame comes after death....c 523
the love of fame gives.....f 523
love of fame usually spurs..g 523
love of fame is the last.....i 523
small but not the fame.....k 523
fame is not to be despised..j 523
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other men have acquired f..k 538
character who seeks for f....n 568
the thirst for fame is.....n 571
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Farmer–the diligent f. plants..k 542
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Fashion–now become the f....c 526
fashions of human affairs...m 528
Fashioned–people are f.....v 521
Fast–makes fast to-morrow....p 530
Fate–f. will give an eternal...m 516
the f's lead the willing.....n 523
whither the f's lead virtue..p 523
can you exclude the fates...g 523
to know our own fate.....s 523
many have reached their f...t 523
no one becomes guilty by f.u 523
wherever the fates lead us..y 523
men often meet their fate...i 524
meets a worse fate than he..i 546
Father–our fathers used to say.l 507
he follows his father with...h 535
on both father and son.....n 538
the f. himself did not.....e 545
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Fault–every one has his f's...a 509
come from their own f's....a 524
without faults he is best....b 524
the faults of a friend.....c 524
to perceive the f's of others..g 526
bear with the faults.....f 530
he who overlooks a fault....v 537
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a few f's will not trouble....i 554
fault however is not.....b 562
cannot see our own faults...s 563
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to be free from fault is.....j 571
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seems to deny the favor.....k 531
to accept a favor is to sell...u 537
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Fear–by daring great fears....r 512
fear to death.....m 513
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f. is not a lasting teacher....f 524
fears to use his gains.....g 524
great fear is concealed by...k 524
whom he fears would perish.q 524
a god into the world was f...s 524
fear makes men believe.....t 524
increased through fear.... .u 524

must necessarily f. many...a 525
if you wish to fear nothing.f 525
it is foolish to fear what.....h 525
fear is the proof of a.....k 525
no f. of anything worse.....f 528
f. of the future is worse.....l 528
thing full of anxious fears...c 546
cannot be mixed with fear..l 546
fears in prosperity.....e 556
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a senseless fear of God.....j 566
by kindness than by fear....q 575
Feared–to be f. than open.....a 520
what we once feared.....m 524
feared rather than loved....n 524
everything is to be feared...f 525
what each man feared.....w 553
Fearing–fearing all things.....l 525
Feast–f. to-day makes fast....p 530
Feather–does not matter a f..h 513
Feel–f. but want the power...r 573
Feeling–would have our f's...b 506
Feet–what is before his feet...k 530
Fertilizer–eye was the best f...l 507
Fickleness–f. has always.....a 526
to oppose the fickleness.....l 457
Fiction–f. always increases....n 525
Fidelity–the f. of barbarians..o 525
fidelity bought with money.q 525
Field–a f. becomes exhausted..d 504
a field that has rested.....s 560
Fighting–forswears all f.....e 513
Find–anyone f. out in what...b 508
Finished–thou wilt have f.....l 505
Fire–f. when thrown into water.g 509
we tread on fires covered....g 517
like fire soars upward.....j 520
neighbor's house on fire.....r 525
what is more useful than f..s 525
stir the fire with the sword..i 526
his hand into the fire.....n 557
Fireside–than one's own f.....k 535
Firm–be firm or mild as.....v 508
First–from first to last a man..e 570
Fish–there will be fish.....e 528
Flatterer–skillful class of f's...v 525
f's are the worst kind of.....d 526
Flattery–f. the handmaid of...u 525
flattery was formerly a vice.c 526
Flock–shears his f. not flays...n 507
Flower–pluck the flower.....q 508
Flying–by f. men often meet...i 524
Follow–I follow the worst.....r 509
fates lead us let us follow....y 523
Folly–mingle a little folly.....l 504
pay for their folly.....w 525
to your folly add bloodshed..i 526
folly there is in human.....k 526
other evils folly has also.....o 526
prudence to loquacious folly.i 557
folly of the loquacious.....c 574
Fond–must be very f. of life...s 516
Food–filled with excessive f...a 522
give some food for thought..j 530
empty despises common f...u 531
best seasoning for food.....m 536
a kind of food supplied for..a 541
Fool–thou fool, what is sleep.m 516
none but a fool will stick....o 520
quality of a fool to perceive.g 526
all places are filled with f's..h 526
is a fool who looks.....n 526
she makes him a fool.....q 528
all fools are insane.....f 539
Foolish–he is foolish to blame.a 526
it is foolish to pluck out ...c 565
Foot–will come with silent f..r 542
time goes with rapid foot...b 568
Forbidden–things f. have a....c 554
Force–it is supported by f....m 533
do more than blind force....g 559
of so much force are.....g 575
Forced–he who can be forced..j 542
Forehead–the f. is the gate ...w 548
Foreigner–a f. in his own.....g 564
Foreseeing–f. what is to come.q 574
Forethought–f. and prudence.n 557
Forget–forget what you know.v 526
never allows to forget.....k 552
Forgive–forgive others often..r 526
Forgiveness–f. for his offense..w 526
Fortified–be f. by good will....j 533
Fortitude–meet them with f...b 513
fortitude is a great help.....c 527
has real f. who bears.....c 566
Fortune–some men make f's...g 505
varieties of fortune.....c 508
health and fortune have a...r 508
fortune returning after.....u 508
fortune of every man.....o 509
f's are already completed....e 512
good fortune conceals it.....f 512
fortune and love befriend...b 513
f. can take away riches.....k 513
persist even against f.....p 513
fortune favors the brave....r 513
fortune helps the bold.....s 513
my fortune not of me.....q 517
chance of great fortune.....j 518
our incomplete fortune.....b 519
depends on fortune.....o 525
if fortune favors you.....f 527
no one will separate fortune.g 527
with his own fortune.....h 527
it is fortune not wisdom....i 527
fortune does not fit him.....l 527
of what use is fortune.....o 527
fortune makes a fortune....p 527
on the most exalted fortune.t 527
fortune has never deceived..u 527
good fortune and good sense.a 528
doubtful what f. to-morrow.b 528
turn of fortune's wheel.....c 528
fortune gives too much.....d 528
the most wretched fortune..f 528
while fortune remains.....h 528
too high for f. to harm.....g 528
fortune moulds and.....i 528
perpetual good fortune.....j 528
fortune is gentle to the.....n 528
whatever fortune has raised.o 528
fortune cannot take away...p 528
when fortune favors a man..q 528
fortune is like glass.....r 528
wretched fortune which has.s 528
fortune never remains long.m 528
not of fortune but of men...o 529
fortune as proud as any.....f 533
while fortune was kind.....j 536
the effect of good fortune....t 556
within his own fortune.....n 557
yet, f. has not changed.....m 561
our imperfect fortune.....n 561
possession of a great f.....t 561
sudden change of fortune...u 561
of his own fortune.....v 561
I do not envy your fortune..b 566
the f. of war is always.....j 573
the conqueror of fortune....f 574
Fought–f. for or against him..j 575
Foul–nothing f. to either eye.n 575
Foundation–the f's of justice..h 540
Free–is any man free except...e 529
all go free when multitudes.b 543
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